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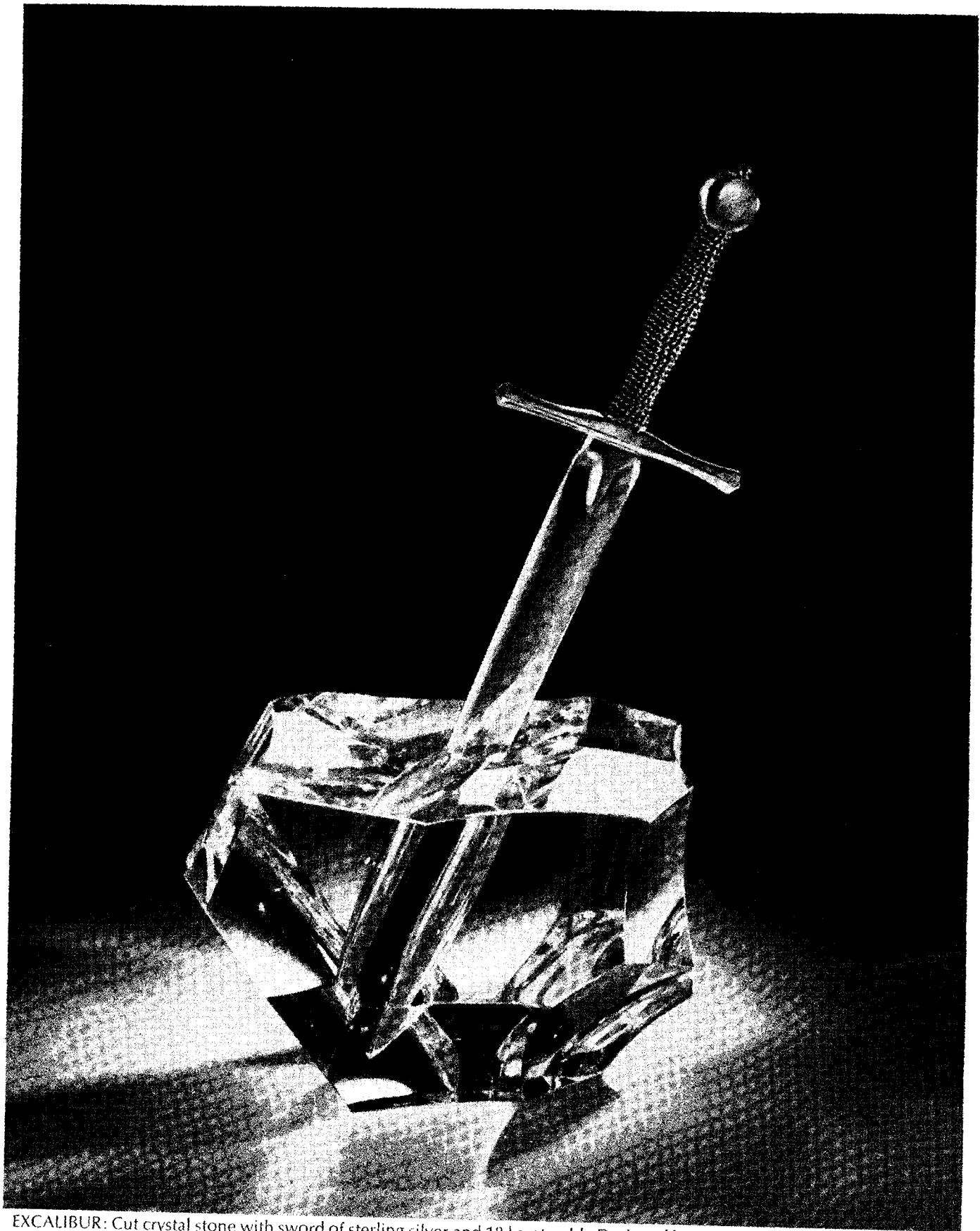
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

AND THEY PUT HANDCUFFS ON THE FLOWERS—A horror play by the Spanish dramatist Fernando Arrabal about the sufferings of political prisoners in Spain. The action is graphic, explicit, and ultimately self-defeating. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30.)

ANNA K.—Eugenie Leontovich, an enchantress if ever there was one, here directs and participates in a free-form studio production of "Anna Karenina." It doesn't quite work, but much of it is charming. (Actors 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-1980. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA—The beguiling Chelsea Theatre production has crossed the river from Brooklyn. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS—Elly Stone and Joe Masiell in a musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE—A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good; the presence of the great gospel singer Alex Bradford is especially encouraging. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DON'T PLAY US CHEAP!—A surprisingly conventional comedy, with occasional songs, by the unconventional Melvin Van Peebles. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

GREASE—A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. Your attitude toward the show may well depend upon your attitude toward that tiresome decade, or upon the fragility of your eardrums; microphones abound. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

HARK!—A dim, plaintive little revue, but with an engaging performance by a young singer and dancer named Sharron Miller. Dan Goggin and Marvin Solley wrote the music; Robert Lorick wrote the words. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

MAN OF LA MANCHA—A revival of the Wasserman-Leigh-Darion musical, with Richard Kiley, Joan Diener, Irving Jacobson, and Robert Rounseville. Staged by Albert Marre. David Atkinson and Gerianne Raphael substitute for Mr. Kiley and Miss Diener at the Wednesday and Saturday matinee performances. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)

THE REAL INSPECTOR HOUND and AFTER MAGRITTE—Two one-act samples of the British playwright Tom Stoppard's wild, sleight-of-hand comedies. Both are very funny. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

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SMALL CRAFT WARNINGS—A nebulous and rather meandering play by Tennessee Williams about a passel of seedy types who assemble each evening at a bar in southern California. There are some good moments amidst a lot of soggy ones, and there is a superior performance by William Hickey. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

SUGAR—Not even a patch on the great movie ("Some Like It Hot") from which it was borrowed, but Robert Morse is worth watching, in and out of drag. A musical. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON—This extremely well-written and important comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. The performance, under A. J. Antoon's direction, is all that any playwright could hope for. Rich-

ard and A. Dysart is the coach, and Walter McGinn, Michael McGuire, Paul Sorvino, and Charles Durning are the ex-teammates. All of them are perfect, and so is Santo Loquasto's setting. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

LONG RUNS—THE FANTASTICKS: 5,158 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

GODSPELL: A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR: A musical extravaganza with some pleasing songs and performers, adrift in a storm of Tom O'Horgan stage effects. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

NO, NO, NANETTE: A revival of the Youmans musical of 1925, with Ruby Keeler, Bobby Van, and Helen Gallagher, and with sets and costumes by Raoul Pène du Bois. Burt Shevelove directed. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Mat-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

inées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST:** Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE:** Art Carney and Barbara Barrie are now in Neil Simon's latest comedy, in which we are made to laugh all evening long at how miserable we are (and deserve to be) as resident New Yorkers. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **SLEUTH:** A witty games-playing mystery by Anthony Shaffer about games-playing, with Patrick Macnee and Brian Murray. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **STICKS AND BONES:** David Rabe, author of "Pavlo Hummel," has pulled off the impressive feat of writing a highly stylized comedy about the suffering of a young veteran of Vietnam and his family. Ably directed by Jeff Bleckner. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA:** A musical by John Guare. Galt MacDermot, and Mel Shapiro, directed by Mr. Shapiro, in which the Bard receives an amusing roughing-up at the hands of some remarkably attractive actors. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

BERYOZKA RUSSIAN DANCE COMPANY—A company of a hundred dancers, singers, and musicians in a two-week engagement that starts Wednesday, Sept. 20, and will run through Saturday, Sept. 30. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinees Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, Sept. 27, at 2.)

UTAH REPERTORY DANCE THEATRE—The resident modern-dance company of the University of Utah in the first three in a series of six programs that will run through Saturday, Oct. 7—Thursday, Sept. 28: "Concerto Grosso in D Minor," "Castor and Pollux," "The Legacy," "Tricycle," and "Diamond."... Friday, Sept. 29: "Chant," "Interim," "The Brood," "Opera," and "For Betty."... Saturday, Sept. 30: "Enchantment," "The Dorian Horizon," "Lyric Suite," "Piano Rags," and "Tin-Tal." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Evenings at 8.)

MISCELLANY

WONDERFUL WORLD OF HORSES—More than thirty Royal Lipizzan stallions in demonstrations of the precision equestrian art of *haute école*, plus dressage performances by Arabians, Andalusians, Palominos, American saddlebreds, American Albino, Morgans, quarter horses, and Appaloosas. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Sept. 22, at 7:30; Saturday, Sept. 23, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Sunday, Sept. 24, at 1:30 and 5:30.)

ICE SHOW—"Holiday on Ice," with Trixi Schuba. Opens Wednesday, Sept. 27, and will run through Monday, Oct. 9. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

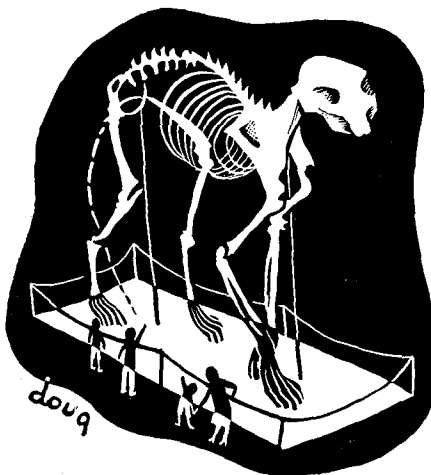
NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

ARTHUR'S TAVERN, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—



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Home of the Grove Street Stompers, a go-get-'em Dixieland band composed of people who hold other jobs most of the time but who turn this little bar into a rollicking room Mondays between nine and twelve-thirty. Tuesdays through Saturdays, pianist Mabel Godwin plays 1001 Songs Everyone Remembers. Closed Sundays.

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—You can't keep a good brother act down. The proof: The three Isley Brothers, who have been at it for a decade or so, and who will be here through Sunday, Sept. 24. Singer-songwriter Harry Chapin, of "Taxi" fame, opens Wednesday, Sept. 27. Coffee and tea are available. Tuesdays are reserved for visiting performers. Closed Monday, Sept. 25.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Jazz, soul food, red tablecloths—a formula that works well these days. Pianist Kenny Barron leads a trio Thursdays through Sundays, Sept. 21-24 and Sept. 28-Oct. 1. Tuesdays and Wednesdays, Cedar Walton plays piano, accompanied by a bassist. Music from nine-thirty to three. A jam session is held each Monday from eight to twelve.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A wood-paneled bar and restaurant where people come for a cocktail and, sometimes, stay the evening. The music is quietly lively, and it runs from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Hall Overton, piano, and Eddie Gomez, bass, remain through Saturday, Sept. 23. Beginning Tuesday, Sept. 26, pianist and guitarist Ralph Towner and bassist Glen Moore will engage in some of their astral meanderings. Mondays, singer-pianist Patti Wicks entertains. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

CELLAR, 70 W. 95th St. (866-1200)—A polished, comfortable restaurant whose only anomaly is the acoustics: loud and clear in the bar but faint and obscure in the dining area. Small-group jazz from ten until closing nightly. The menu is soulful.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Eddie Heywood, for whom the sunset is always Canadian, is at the Steinway six nights a week, alternating with flamenco guitarist Anita Sheer. On Sundays, Dick Hyman takes to the keyboard. Dining in pleasant surroundings.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—In the big room, reached by traversing a long bar, you can sit at tables and take your chances (some of the acts here are topflight, some not). Guitarist David Spinozza performs through Saturday, Sept. 23. The mikes are switched on at about nine.

GASLIGHT, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—Coffee and contemporaneity. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 21-24, a band called Full Moon will play. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 28-Oct. 1, a group known as High Voltage and a singer named Marya Small will be around.

Wednesdays, a twenty-nine-piece band called Brownie's Revenge takes the stand.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A felicitous combination of music, ambience, and circumstance has turned this little corner into a solid winner. Ellis Larkins, a pianist of tried-and-true sensibilities, plays with flawless taste, accompanied by bassist Al Hall, Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty. Tad Bruce does an earlier stint at the piano, playing for cocktails between five-thirty and eight. Snacks. Closed Sundays.

GUITAR, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Home (and a sweet one) for the six-stringed instrument. Two good men, Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma, will be teaming up on guitars through Saturday, Sept. 23. Bill Matthews, a skilled classicist, trades sets with them. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-thirty until two-thirty. A limited soul-food menu.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Down among the sheltering warehouses. Tenor saxophonist Buddy Tate will be in charge of a quartet through Sunday, Sept. 24. Trumpeter Pat Jenkins and baritone saxophonist Ben Richardson will make it a sextet on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 22-23. The J.P.J. Quartet, a fine machine, returns Tuesday, Sept. 26. Light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—No musical revolution here, and no sartorial one either, but traditionalists can hear some healthy Dixieland. Roy Eldridge, Joe Murray, Chuck Folds, Eddie Locke, and Bobby Pratt are the musicians. Closed Sundays.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Roughhewn furnishings and some rough-and-ready entertainment. Loudon Wainwright III, who can be philosophical and funny at the same time, will be performing his own songs through Sunday, Sept. 24. Fanny (June and Jean Millington, Nickey Barclay, Alice de Buhr) will come on with some strong rock and roll Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 27-28. Guitarist-composer John Fahey will be onstage Friday through Sunday, Sept. 29-Oct. 1. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Mondays and Tuesdays, from nine to midnight, there is a showcase for new talent, after which patrons may dance to recordings until two. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the shows are. Dining downstairs.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—More than just a pub, this new spot offers Britannc décor and some entertaining music. Tuesday through Saturday, from eight until two, Barbara Carroll displays her very melodic, highly developed jazz-piano technique. Mondays, from nine until midnight, clarinetist Woody Allen (the same) leads six of his friends in some rousing New Orleans jazz. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

MUGGS, 1134 First Ave., at 62nd St. (838-7050)—Suitable for dropping in when you're feeling informal and inclined toward easy-going jazz. Mel Dancy sings and plays piano, assisted by bassist Skip Crumby-Bey, Tuesday through Thursday from eight to one and Friday and Saturday from nine to two. Dining.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is east of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A banjo band smiles and makes music from the back of an old fire engine. Beer and peanuts. Polar bears and occasional old flicks. Closed Mondays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Tenor saxophonist Gato Barbieri, who has a new-jazz, Third World orientation, is leading a quartet. Beginning at about nine, and going on to trade sets with the Barbieri crew, is a talented pianist named Bill Rubenstein. On Mondays, these people are off, and new talent is auditioned. Music from about nine. Dining.

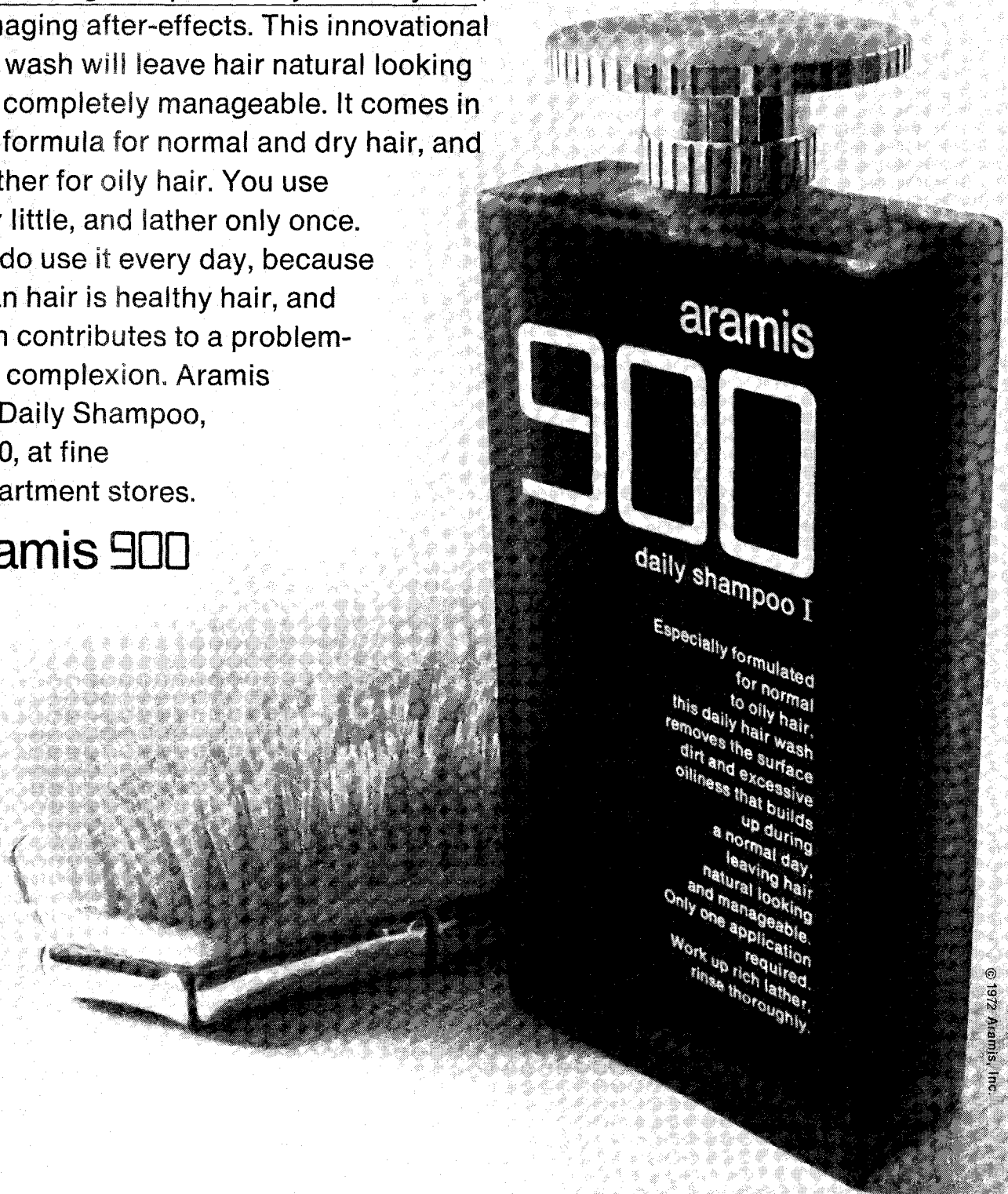
VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—The valley of the jolly jazz giants. Rahsaan Roland Kirk, a reed virtuoso, will be at the head of his exploratory quintet through Sunday, Sept. 24. Bassist Charles Mingus brings in his solid sextet on Tuesday, Sept. 26. Mondays, the big, dynamic Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band has the stage to itself. Music begins at nine-thirty, in theory.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, am-

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icable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Nat Jones and Lisle Atkinson play Mondays through Wednesdays. Another duo plays Thursdays through Sundays. Music from eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Balaban & Cats, a six-man outfit, produces some lively Dixieland every Sunday from seven to eleven. On Sunday, Sept. 24, trumpeter Billy Butterfield will sit in. People may dance to the jazz. The other nights of the week, this anachronous place offers a banjo band and some trumped-up nostalgia.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

L'ETOILE, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—Urbanity is the mood: glass, metal, and carpeting help create it. Dinner and supper are presided over by an experienced chef. Dancing, to recorded music, on Saturdays only, from nine-thirty to one.

HIPPOTAMUS, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—One of those ego-gratifying pleasure domes, where you are supposed to feel glad they let you in. The décor is British-in-India. Dancing to records from nine-thirty. An ample menu every night but Sunday, when only couscous is served. Reservations are required for dining.

SHEPHERD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Little Egypt. The interior design is elegantly ornate, and the cuisine is on the *haute* side, but the live entertainment often has a Caesar's Palace quality. Three times a night, the Vix do pop material. Between sets, people move to records. Dancing begins at five. Closed Sundays.

THURSDAY'S, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—Almost everything is on another level here, but that seems to be the point of the whole thing. There are two restaurant floors, two bars, and a dance floor situated on a kind of floating mezzanine. A fairly full menu. Dancing to tapes from 11 A.M. until 3 A.M.

TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—By gum and oh wow, the good old times are often used as backdrops for the good new times, which may explain why three-inch heels can be seen shuffling about beneath Tiffany-type lamps. Upstairs is for fancy hamburgers and such. Downstairs is for dancing to records from eight until three.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

DANGERFIELD'S, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Less tongue in cheek and more tongue and cheek is Rodney Dangerfield, the narrator here; whichever, the conversation is both brusque and bright. The speechmaking starts around eleven, and an hour earlier on Fridays and Saturdays. Steaks and what goes with them. Closed Sundays.

DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Comic David Brenner and a singing duo, known as Two of Us, will be on-stage through Saturday, Sept. 23. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays.

IMPROVISATION, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—One guess is as good as another about which newcomers will try out on a given night. One guest is *not* as good as another, but some of these neophytes have something to say, or sing, for themselves, so patience can be rewarded. Minimum internal nourishment. No Sundays.

MERCER ARTS CENTER, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. (673-3937)—Some young, insistent, and variously talented performers play and sing nightly in the Blue Room Cabaret, on the second floor of this theatre complex. Nine to one are the hours. Drinks and snacks.

UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—A potpourri of young singers and comedians are supplying continuous entertainment from nine-thirty to closing. Closed Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

ALPINE CELLAR, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—A bit of the Corn

Belt, but a bit of the Rhine Belt, too (*Schuhplattler* dancers and a sort of brass band). The two get along famously and cacophonously. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—"Catch a Rising Star" is the name of the just-arrived revue in the **ROYAL BOX**. Shows are at nine and eleven-fifteen, except Sundays and Mondays. Dancing to the Charles Peterson orchestra and the Peppi Morreale trio.

CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—At dinner and supper, Olga Guillot does a whirlwind recital of songs that are apt to glow in the dark. Los Muchachos de San Juan, a troupe of singers and dancers, are also on deck. On Thursday, Sept. 21, Puerto Rican singer Carmita Jimenez will take over for Miss Guillot. Dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty and Sundays from four. Closed Mondays. . . . In the **FLAMENCO ROOM**, there is activity, well along in the evening, by vocal and physical athletes who are *madrileños* in every respect, performing in a casually formless format until early morn. Closed Mondays.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—The establishment reopens on Thursday, Sept. 21, to present singer Al Green and comedian Herb Jubit. Closed Mondays. . . .

¶ The lounge will return to action the same night, with its Las Vegas-style music for homesick travellers. Closed Mondays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In **LA FORÊT**, a magic *forêt* if there ever was one, Mark Monte presides over his dance orchestra during the dinner hour, while predominantly English discothèque music is in effect after eleven. Tuesdays through Saturdays is the schedule. . . . ¶ Herb Winner spends Tuesdays through Saturdays in the **Café** with a trio, seven-thirty until quite late; Phil Wayne's triad is on duty Sundays and Mondays.

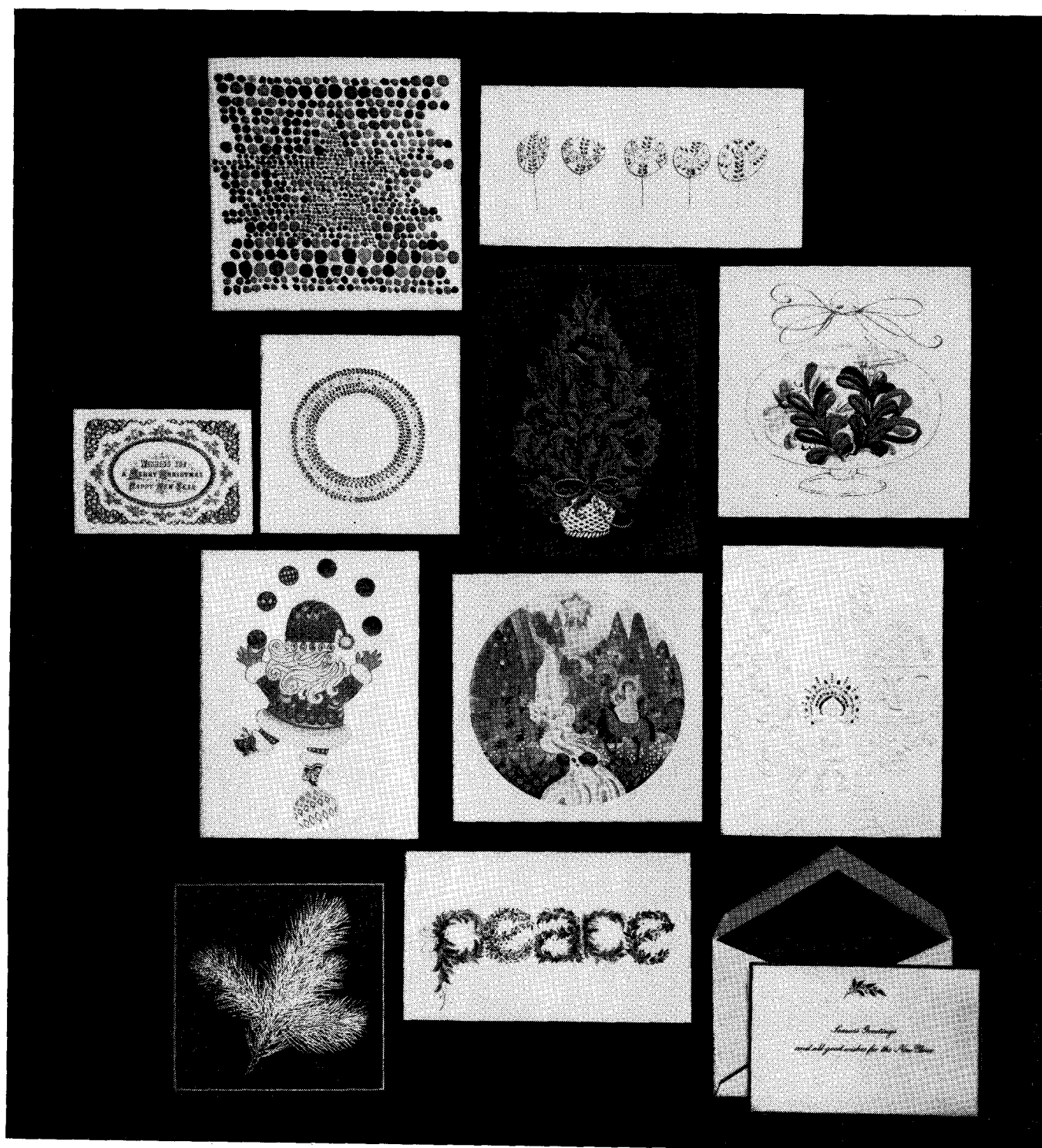
PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The **PERSIAN ROOM** is providing a spate of new singers and musicians this season. Jimmy Damon is currently presenting his group Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight. Dancing to the music of the Mugwumps the rest of the evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **GREEN TULIP**, the entertainment is the work of the Buffalo Bills, who could get a job doing "Sweet Adeline" in any barbershop. They disport themselves from six to ten, every night but Sunday. In addition, there is discothèque dancing from ten to one. . . . ¶ The **OYSTER BAR** has just installed singer-guitarist Robert Miano. His hours are Mondays through Fridays from five to seven. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT**, violinist Ernest Schoen is on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from five to seven and from eight to midnight.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—It can be stormy weather when Carmen McRae sings her dinner and supper sets, for she meets life and love head on, and we can all benefit from the sight and sound of her. She departs on Saturday, Sept. 23. On Monday, Sept. 25, a show involving comedian Joey Adams and singer Tiny Tim moves in. The dance tunes, which begin at eight, are on tape. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Saturday, Sept. 23, is closing night in the **MAISONETTE** for Mel Tormé, fluent indeed in his dealings with the songs of the day. The room reopens on Monday, Sept. 25, so that Lisa Kirk can do her knowing girl-about-town song-and-prance roundelays. The dance bands are Burt Farber's orchestra and Anthony Terini's trio. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **ST. REGIS ROOM**, Mabel Mercer, Delphic but never oracular, answers—in rhymed words and music—the questions that most concern mating man and maid, and answers them wryly and wittily. Buddy Barnes' piano is her background. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Singer Joey Heatherton is holding court in the **EMPIRE ROOM** at dinner and supper. On Wednesday, Sept. 27, she will be replaced by Shirley Bassey, who will sing only at dinner on opening night; thereafter, her hours are regular. Dancing to Charles Ture-

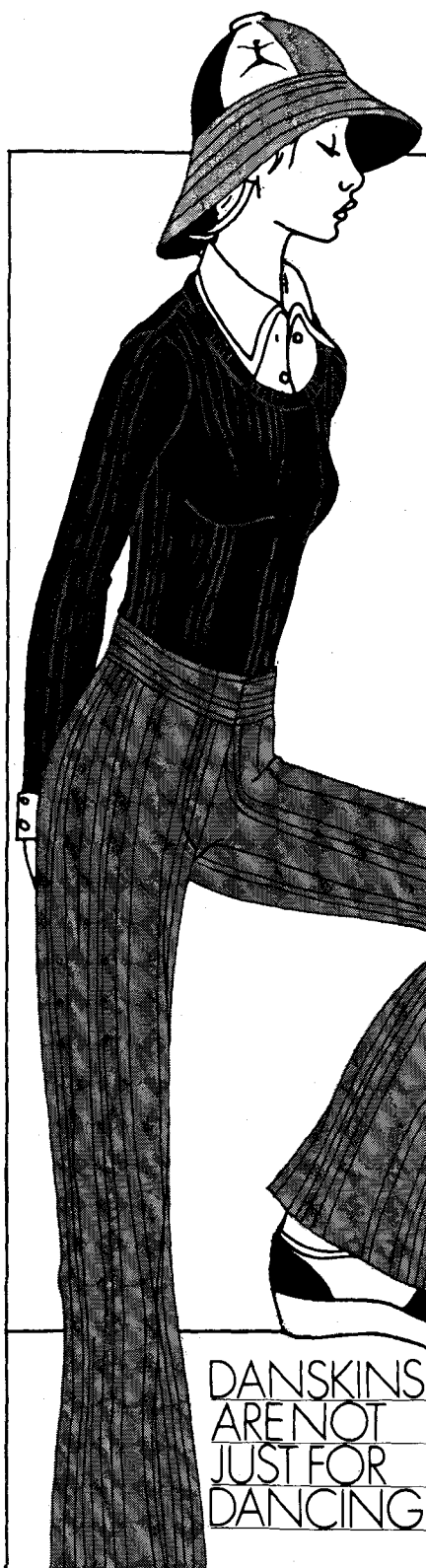
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

camo's band and the Felipe Yanez trio. Closed Sunday through Tuesday, Sept. 24-26.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): It might as well be called Café Congreve, for the ways of the wicked world we would all like to live in are merrily set forth by the words and music of Bobby Short, nine-forty-five until one-forty-five, every night but Sunday and Monday. His accomplices are the perennial Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. . . . **DUNCAN'S**, 303 E. 53rd St. (838-6154): Bill Halsey, a near-complete pianist, goes from Handy to Ellington (and sometimes beyond) between eight-thirty and two Tuesdays through Sundays. Leonard Gaskin is his bassist. On Mondays, another pianist fills in. A gas-light flickers. . . . **DIONYSOS**, 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): The *son-et-lumière* festival that brings the Acropolis to life every night is easily matched right in this spot. Eat, dance (sometimes to rock), and be merry from nine until very, very late, and admire the scenery. Closed Sundays. . . . **ADONIS**, 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Games, more Aegean scenery, more song, dance, and bouzouki—and thereby more fun, from eight-thirty until four, though (in the Greek fashion) never on Sunday. . . . **CHEZ VITO**, 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Sort of a New World *café chantant*, what with Leyna Gabriele and her chorus singing away from a midway table and a set of fiddlers in almost constant motion. Closed Sundays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER**, belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A bumper-to-bumper traffic jam that bothers none of the guests, who have no intention of moving on. Charlie La Torella plays piano from nine-thirty until three Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . **MYKONOS**, 349 W. 46th St. (265-1500): Greek meets Greek in an inn on the well-known island, dines *à la grecque*, and nods with the beat of an agile Athenian quartet. All quite jovial, and every night but Sunday. Dancing. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): An opera house quite as mad as the one the Marx Brothers once inhabited. The entire staff joins in, even during the process of serving dinner. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): *En famille* with Rita Dimitri, a fine figure of a soubrette, who, surveying her small domain from the top of a piano, sings during dinner through the week, and additionally during supper on Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing, too, in this neat pocket park. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): In the well-ordered Roman way of life, dining becomes a career instead of a wee pause for refreshments. The setting is circa 1975, but the music (the voice and guitar of Gino Toscano) belongs to a fine Old World. Seven until one. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 137 E. 55th St. (832-1128): Underneath Iperbole, in an equally ornamented, compartmented grotto, dance music flows from the Three Romans, seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henri IV moved into a modern co-op. The travelling violin plied by George Cardini and the retrospective piano plied by Herman Arminski are in service Tuesdays through Saturdays. Another pianist fills in on Mondays; no music Sundays. The restaurant is pastoral; the bar can be rambunctious. . . . **THE GRIFFIN**, 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): The dinner piano in this pleasurable and polite refectory is the work of Gene Bradley. His hours are seven-thirty to eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Lynn Mullinax, who has so many well-remembered tunes at his fingertips, keeps those fingertips on the piano in the bar of this two-level royal nonesuch from five to one Tuesdays through Fridays, and from six to two on Saturdays. Sundays and Mondays, Earl Rose plays piano from five to one. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE**, 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A hill town (pop. 70) at the very cul-de-sac end of the street, high

above First Avenue, wherefore the view is as good as the ambience and the ease. Norman Rollings, voice-over-piano, sits midway between bar and restaurant from eight until one Mondays through Thursdays, from nine until two Fridays and Saturdays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The old standby. From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, there is piano by Dick Hankinson, who cedes the instrument to other hands on Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 50th St. (EL 5-2800): The bar-restaurant is unarguably on the ground floor, but the echelon is unarguably upper. Beau Bergersen, a composer of note, does his own works and those of his compeers every night but Sunday and Monday, from five to one. . . . **JACK DELANEY**, 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): A recollection of the old supper clubs where the piano man set a mood that kept one ear alert for conversation and the other alert for the music. The practitioners in this extremely matter-of-fact Village grill are Charles De Forest (Mondays and Tuesdays) and Murray Grand (the rest of the nights). Eight to two. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT**, in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley makes the piano in this chancellery rejoice from four-thirty to ten-thirty. He is off duty Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **CAMEL DRIVER**, 72 E. 56th St. (980-3860): Marty Berns' piano is always urbane and frequently nostalgic in this candle-lit, red-carpeted little restaurant. Mondays through Saturdays from seven to two. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): One of the fine arts is Viennese lieder, and Greta Keller, who has grown up with it, is dispensing it, in a casual way that conceals a world of experience, during dinner and supper, in a setting that is completely becoming. She departs on Monday, Sept. 25; next evening George Feyer, the Viennese dandy, returns to his piano. No music Sundays. . . . **MONSIEUR**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): One of the roads that lead to Rome. On and around a wayside bandstand is a crew of musicians, headed by Ricardo Roda. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARCLAY HOTEL**, 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): On the Barclay Terrace when it's time for cocktails, in the King's Inn when it's time for dinner, and in the Gold Room when it's time to be post-prandial, a couple of Lester Lanin outriders make music that cheers. Mondays through Fridays is the scheme.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

JOHN BAEDER—Paintings which are blowups of postcards showing roadside scenes, such as diners and motels; first one-man show here. Through Oct. 7. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

ALBERT BIERSTADT (1830-1902)—Twenty-five small oils by this nineteenth-century American landscapist in a show that is running concurrently with one at the Whitney; through Nov. 25. (Lewison, 30 E. 60th St. Closed Mondays; closes Saturdays at 4:30.)

FLORY FA-LONG CHOWE—Abstract marble and bronze sculptures with suggestions of a figure; through Oct. 6. (Laverne, 979 Third Ave., at 59th St. Closed Saturdays.)

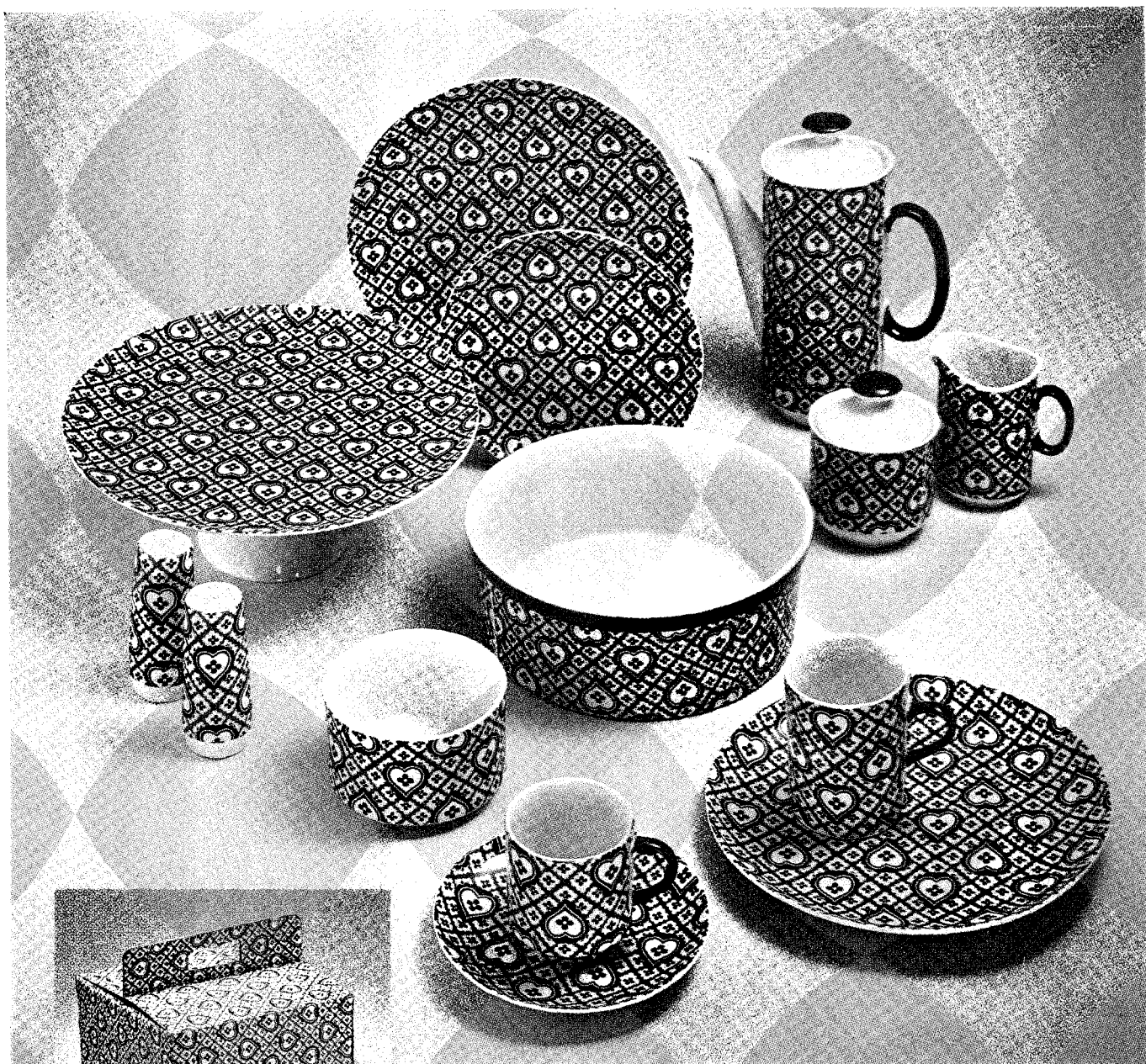
ARTHUR B. DAVIES (1862-1928)—Etchings and lithographs; through Friday, Sept. 29. (Hirsch & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Saturdays.)

FERNANDO DE SZYSZLO—Paintings in deep, glowing colors by a pioneer of abstract art in Peru, who is influenced by pre-Columbian design; through Oct. 22. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

HARRIET FEIGENBAUM—A single construction consisting of bales of hay on a wooden base; through Wednesday, Sept. 27. (Benedek, 380 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

KEITH HOLLINGWORTH—Sculptures constructed of wood, wheels, feathers, cloth, Plexiglas, and other mediums; through Oct. 14. (Cooper, 100 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

CARL HOLTY—Thirty-five paintings and drawings spanning more than fifty years by a veteran abstractionist; starting Monday, Sept. 25. (Ground-floor arcade of City Uni-



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Creamer, \$13.50 . . . set of 4 Mugs on 9 1/4" Snack Plates, \$15 . . . set of 4 Cups and Saucers, \$8.50 . . . Salad Bowl, 9 x 3", \$8.50 . . . set of 4 Individual Bowls, \$10 . . . pair of Salt and Pepper Shakes, \$5 . . . 11" Cake Stand, \$10 . . . set of four 10 1/2" Dinner Plates, \$12.50 . . . four 7 1/2" Salad Plates, \$7.50. Please add \$1 per set if you dine at a distance. Fresh country-cued settings by R. F. Brodegaard, in our Gift Shop, Fourth and Street Floors.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

versity Graduate Center, 33 W. 42nd St. Weekdays, 8 to 6.)

FLOYD JOHNSON—Abstract stain paintings in a bannerlike format; through Oct. 21. (Ran-kow, 108 E. 78th St.)

PAUL KLEE (1879-1940)—Two oils, nine water-colors, and twelve drawings; through Saturday, Sept. 30. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

SEYMOUR LEICHMAN—Oil paintings of fantastic subjects; through Saturday, Sept. 30. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

PAT LIPSKY—Abstract Expressionist paintings with lyrical overtones; starting Saturday, Sept. 23. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

DEMETRIUS MAVROUDIS—Abstract bronzes which feature polished and rough textures; starting Saturday, Sept. 23. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

MAGGIE MCCURDY / LUIS LOPEZ-LOZA—Three-dimensional fabric forms turned into grotesque figures. / Abstract canvases with suggestions of figurations by a Mexican. First one-man shows. (Lerner-Heller, 780 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Through Saturday, Sept. 30. Closed Mondays.)

LARRY POONS—Paintings by a prominent younger artist recently converted to Abstract Expressionism; through Oct. 17. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARY JO SCHWALBACH—Sports subjects, in assemblages of various materials, some humorous; through Oct. 7. (Danenberg, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

KENDALL SHAW—Five abstract paintings divided into panels; starting Saturday, Sept. 23. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

TAL STREETER—Kites executed in Japan over the past two years; through Oct. 7. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

WEN-YING TSAI—Sculptures made of stainless-steel rods that vibrate in different rhythms under the control of high-frequency stroboscopic lights in response to the presence of the spectator. The artist is Chinese, working in Paris and New York. Starts Friday, Sept. 22. (René, 6 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOE WILDER—Expressionist paintings of racing cars and their drivers by this artist, who is also chief surgeon of a New York hospital; through Oct. 14. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Mondays.)

JACK YOUNGERMAN—Free-form and symmetrical plywood cutouts painted in high-keyed hues and having the effect of emblems; starting Saturday, Sept. 23. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

RUBY HANDFORTH ZINSSER—A fifty-year retrospective of romantic paintings, sculptures, and ceramic tiles by an artist now ninety-two years old; through Saturday, Sept. 30. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.: A sampling of paintings and sculptures done on the West Coast by about forty artists; through Oct. 14. . . . A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.: Works in many mediums by ten artists in a new gallery devoted to exhibiting art by women; through Oct. 6. (Closed Mondays.) . . . ALONZO, 26 E. 63rd St.: Ben Bishop, Don David, Lynne Drexler, Shirlee Greenberg, Martin Hurtig, Golda Lewis, and other gallery artists; through Oct. 4. (Closed Mondays.) . . . AMERICAN ART, 133 Wooster St.: Paintings, sculptures, wall hangings, and prints by contemporary American Indians; through Saturday, Sept. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.) . . . BYKERT, 24 E. 81st St.: Paintings by Ralph Humphrey, Floyd Johnson, David Novros, and Michael Tetherow; through Oct. 4. (Closed Mondays.) . . . DINTENFASS, 18 E. 67th St.: American folk art from the collection of Edith Halpert, consisting of paintings, drawings, *Frakturs*, embroidered pictures, paintings on velvet, weathervanes, figureheads, toys, and shop signs; through Oct. 7. (Closed Mondays.) . . . FORUM, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Large works by gallery artists; through Oct. 14. (Closed Mondays.) . . . KRAUSHAAR, 1035 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Drawings and watercolors by Cassatt, Dove, Glackens, Prendergast, Sloan, and others of similar stature; through Oct. 14. . . . LOEB STUDENT CENTER, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.: Paintings and sculptures by representative Latin-American artists; through Oct. 5.

(Weekdays, 8 to 10.) . . . MIDTOWN, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures, many done during the summer, by gallery artists, among whom are Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, Stephen Etnier, Waldo Peirce, William Thon, and Robert Vickrey; through Saturday, Sept. 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . PACE, 32 E. 57th St.: Works by gallery artists, including Nevelson, Jensen, and Trova; through Friday, Sept. 22. (Closed Mondays.)

. . . PRINCE STREET GALLERY, 106 Prince St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery artists; through Oct. 4. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.) . . . SCHOELKOPF, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Forty-five drawings by eminent Americans, such as Joseph Stella, Maurer, Hartley, Dickinson, and Avery; through Oct. 5. . . . WASHBURN, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Landscapes by Ryder, Blakelock, Hartley, Dove, O'Keeffe, Dickinson, and others; through Oct. 21. (Closed Mondays.) . . . WESTBETH, 155 Bank St.: Paintings by eight members of this artists' housing project; through Oct. 15. (Fridays, 6 to 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 7.) . . . WESTBROADWAY, 431 West Broadway: The opening exhibit of a new cooperative gallery whose members include Ralph Ortiz, Francis Celen-tano, and Valerie Hollister, with thirty-six others; through Friday, Sept. 22. . . . WEST SIDE GALLERY, 250 W. 72nd St.: Collages by Seymour Franks, miniatures in oil by George Dworzan, and semi-abstract pastels by Joseph Wolins; through Saturday, Sept. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2:30 to 7:30.) . . . ZABRISKIE, 29 W. 57th St.: Gallery artists, such as Hague, Agostini, De Niro, Stankiewicz, Lanyon, and Urry; through Oct. 7. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—Forty works by Whistler—paintings, selections from a scrapbook, watercolors, drawings, lithographs, and woodcuts; through Dec. 26. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Forty photographs of trees by Eugène Atget (1857-1927), the pioneer French photographer; through Saturday, Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . NOTE: The Museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 11.

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings and sculptures done since 1945 by Léger, de Kooning, Pollock, Lichtenstein, and many others; through Oct. 15. . . . ¶ Works in many mediums by kids who participated in the Museum's program in the arts for inner-city children; through Thursday, Sept. 28. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Paintings of the American West by Albert Bierstadt (1830-1902), a leading nineteenth-century American landscapist; through Nov. 5. A complementary show is at the Lewison Gallery, 30 E. 60th St. . . . ¶ Lithographs and drawings done between 1959 and 1962 by Chryssa, an artist known for her neon sculptures; through Oct. 18. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Drawings by prominent nineteenth- and twentieth-century American artists, among them William Sidney Mount, Thomas Moran, Eastman Johnson, Thomas Eakins, Noguchi, Nevelson, David Smith, and Slivka; through Nov. 5. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Colorful Scallops, Scampering Butterflies of the Sea," a showing of the shells of three hundred species, from the Jesse Hamilton Webb collection; through Saturday, Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—Semi-abstract landscapes by I-chao Chu, a mainland Chinese now resident in New York; through Saturday, Sept. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—A hundred and fourteen drawings done between 1893 and 1946 by Pierre Bonnard

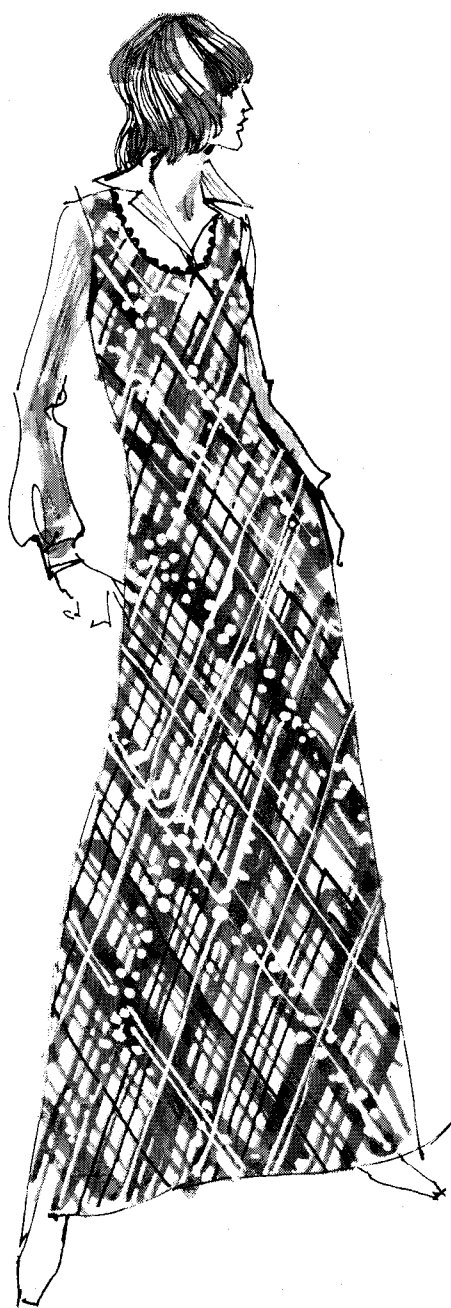
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(1867-1947); starting Thursday, Sept. 21. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Over a hundred seventeenth-century Dutch genre drawings selected from major public and private Dutch collections, including a choice group of eleven Rembrandts; through Oct. 28. . . .
 ¶ Autograph letters of an intimate nature by personages in the fields of politics, arts, and literature; through Oct. 28. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Forty objects from the Upper Volta region of Africa; most are masks, with some head-dresses, carved figures, and stools. Through Saturday, Sept. 30. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—Three hundred examples of advertising art produced during the last year and selected for the fifty-first annual exhibition sponsored by the Art Directors Club; through Wednesday, Sept. 27. . . .
 ¶ French printmakers of the nineteenth century, including Corot, Delacroix, Daumier, Toulouse-Lautrec, and Redon; through Oct. 8. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A display of letters, photographs, maps, prints, designs, and books related to the career of Frederick Law Olmsted, in celebration of the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of the landscape architect who invented Central Park; through Saturday, Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 6.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Fifty-three collages by Romare Bearden, a leading black artist since the forties; through Saturday, Sept. 30. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday evening, Sept. 20: "Madame Butterfly," with Raina Kabaivanska, Nedda Casei, Sándor Kónya, Mario Sereni, and Robert Schmor; conducted by Alain Lombard. . . .
 ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 21: "Roméo et Juliette," with Anna Moffo, Marcia Baldwin, George Shirley, Dominic Cossa, Paul Plishka, and Raymond Michalski; Alain Lombard. . . .
 ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 22: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Martina Arroyo, Gail Robinson, Lili Chookasian, Plácido Domingo, and Sherrill Milnes; Peter Herman Adler. . . .
 ¶ Saturday matinee, Sept. 23: "Madame Butterfly," with Raina Kabaivanska, Nedda Casei, Sándor Kónya, Mario Sereni, and Robert Schmor; Alain Lombard. . . .
 ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 23: "Don Giovanni," with Edda Moser, Elizabeth Vaughan, Rosalind Elias, Ruggero Raimondi, Nicolai Gedda, Fernando Corena, Theodor Uppman, and John Macurdy; Peter Maag. . . .
 ¶ Monday evening, Sept. 25: "Carmen," with Marilyn Horne, Adriana Maliponte, James McCracken, and Tom Krause; Leonard Bernstein. . . .
 ¶ Tuesday evening, Sept. 26: "Don Giovanni," with Edda Moser, Elizabeth Vaughan, Rosalind Elias, Ruggero Raimondi, Nicolai Gedda, Fernando Corena, Theodor Uppman, and John Macurdy; Peter Maag. . . .
 ¶ Wednesday evening, Sept. 27: "Roméo et Juliette," with Anna Moffo, Marcia Baldwin, Franco Corelli, Dominic Cossa, Paul Plishka, and Raymond Michalski; Alain Lombard. . . .
 ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 28: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Martina Arroyo, Gail Robinson, Lili Chookasian, Plácido Domingo, and Sherrill Milnes; Peter Herman Adler. . . .
 ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 29: "Madame Butterfly," with Raina Kabaivanska, Nedda Casei, Sándor Kónya, Mario Sereni, and Robert Schmor; Alain Lombard. . . .
 ¶ Saturday matinee, Sept. 30: "Carmen," with Marilyn Horne, Adriana Maliponte, James McCracken, and Tom Krause; Leonard Bernstein. . . .
 ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 30: "La Traviata," with Gabriella Tucci, Alfredo Kraus, and Robert Merrill; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. (Evenings at 8. Matinees at 2.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Wednesday, Sept. 20, at

7: "Don Giovanni" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Maralin Niska, John Stewart, Spiro Malas, and Richard Fredricks; conducted by Bruno Maderna. . . .
 ¶ Thursday, Sept. 21, at 8: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Helene Guilet, José Carreras, and Seymour Schwartzman; Giuseppe Morelli. . . .
 ¶ Friday, Sept. 22, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Beverly Sills, Beverly Evans, Michele Molese, and Robert Hale; Charles Wilson. . . .
 ¶ Saturday, Sept. 23, at 2: "Tosca," with Marisa Galvany, Carlos Montane, William Chapman, and Bernard Fitch; Giuseppe Morelli. . . .
 ¶ Saturday, Sept. 23, at 8: "Don Giovanni" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Maralin Niska, John Stewart, Spiro Malas, and Richard Fredricks; Bruno Maderna. . . .
 ¶ Sunday, Sept. 24, at 1: "Rigoletto," with Patricia Wise, Beverly Evans, Michele Molese, and Vasile Martinou; Giuseppe Morelli. . . .
 ¶ Sunday, Sept. 24, at 7: "Maria Stuarda," with Beverly Sills, Pauline Tinsley, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Seymour Schwartzman; Charles Wilson. . . .
 ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 26, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Maralin Niska, Patricia Brooks, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Robert Hale; Bruno Maderna. . . .
 ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 27, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Beverly Sills, Beverly Evans, Michele Molese, and Richard Fredricks; Charles Wilson. . . .
 ¶ Thursday, Sept. 28, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Nancy Shade, Kay Creed, José Carreras, and John Darrenkamp; Giuseppe Morelli. . . .
 ¶ Friday, Sept. 29, at 8: "Mefistofele," with Carol Neblett, Beverly Evans, William Chapman, and Salvador Novoa; Giuseppe Morelli. . . .
 ¶ Saturday, Sept. 30, at 2: "The Makropoulos Affair," with Maralin Niska, Barbara Shuttleworth, Harry Theyard, and Edward Pierson; Charles Wilson. . . .
 ¶ Saturday, Sept. 30, at 8: "La Bohème," with Veronica Tyler, Nancy Shade, José Carreras, and Spiro Malas; Giuseppe Morelli. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 12.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall, Pierre Boulez conducting the opening performances of the season, which will run through Saturday, May 12—Wednesday, Sept. 20, at 8:30, a non-subscription concert, for the benefit of the Philharmonic's Pension Fund (with Gregor Piatigorsky, cello); Thursday, Sept. 21, at 8:30; Friday, Sept. 22, at 2; Saturday, Sept. 23, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Sept. 26, at 7:30 (all with Leon Fleisher, piano); Thursday, Sept. 28, at 8:30; Friday, Sept. 29, at 2; Saturday, Sept. 30, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Oct. 3, at 7:30 (all with Rafael Druian, violin, and Sol Greitzer, viola).

PAUL HILL CHORALE—Paul Hill directing a program of American music, with members of the National Symphony Orchestra. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Sept. 24, at 3.)

RECITALS

SITSON MA—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Sept. 20, at 7:30.)

GARRICK OHLSSON—Piano, in a Chopin-Scriabin program. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Sept. 21, at 8.)

MICHAEL MAY—Harpisichord and piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Sept. 23, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

ROBERTA FLACK AND QUINCY JONES AND HIS ORCHESTRA—Carnegie Hall. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 22-23, at 8 and 11:30, and Sunday, Sept. 24, at 8.

CLEO LAINE WITH THE JOHN DANKWORTH QUARTET—Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Sept. 22, at 8.

PETER NERO AND HIS ORCHESTRA—Two all-Gershwin concerts. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Sept. 22, at 8, and Sunday, Sept. 24, at 2:30.)

FRANK ZAPPA AND THE MOTHERS OF INVENTION—With Tim Buckley. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 22-23, at 8.)

DAVID BOWIE AND THE SPIDERS FROM MARS—Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Sept. 28, at 8.

MILES DAVIS—Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Sept. 29, at 8.

EAGLES AND JACKSON BROWNE—With John David Souther. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Friday, Sept. 29, at 8.)

JOHN DENVER AND FAT CITY—Carnegie Hall, Saturday, Sept. 30, at 8.

MAYNARD FERGUSON'S BAND—Town Hall, JU 2-4536, Saturday, Sept. 30, at 9.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

BASEBALL—At **SHEA STADIUM**: Mets vs. Pittsburgh, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 20-21, at 8:05. . . . Mets vs. Philadelphia, Friday, Sept. 22, at 8:05; Saturday, Sept. 23, at 2:15; and Sunday, Sept. 24, at 2:05. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Cleveland, Saturday, Sept. 30, at 2.

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—Exhibition games—Philadelphia vs. Boston and Knicks vs. Buffalo. (Madison Square Garden, Tuesday, Sept. 26, at 6.) . . . Nets vs. Boston, (Nassau Coliseum, Saturday, Sept. 30, at 8.)

BOXING—Floyd Patterson vs. Muhammad Ali, heavyweights, 12 rounds; and Ken Buchanan vs. Carlos Ortiz, lightweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden, Wednesday, Sept. 20, at 8:30.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—**SATURDAY, SEPT. 23**: Army vs. Nebraska, at West Point, at 1:30. . . . Brown vs. Holy Cross, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . Fordham vs. St. Peter's, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . Rutgers vs. Lehigh, at New Brunswick, at 1:30. . . . **SATURDAY, SEPT. 30**: Columbia vs. Fordham, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . Navy vs. Boston College, at Annapolis, at 2. . . . Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton, at 2. . . . Trinity vs. Williams, at Hartford, at 1:30. . . . Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven, at 2.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys. (Yankee Stadium, Sunday, Sept. 24, at 1.)

GOLF—Metropolitan Golf Association Open Championship. (Stanwich Club, Greenwich, Wednesday through Friday, Sept. 27-29.)

HOCKEY—Exhibition games—Rangers vs. Boston, (Madison Square Garden, Monday, Sept. 25, at 7:35.) . . . Islanders vs. Rangers, (Nassau Coliseum, Wednesday, Sept. 27, at 8:05.)

HORSE SHOW—Chester County Horse Show, (Devon, Pa. Saturday, Sept. 30.)

POLO—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

RACING—At **BELMONT**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 14. The Matron, Saturday, Sept. 23; the Manhattan Handicap, Wednesday, Sept. 27; and the Woodward, Saturday, Sept. 30. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and noon, and Saturdays between 10:45 and 12:15.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Oct. 16.

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 14.

ET ALIA

(The number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

NEW YORK FILM FESTIVAL—The first programs in a sixteen-day series of international films at Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (362-1911)—Friday, Sept. 29, at 9:15: "Chloe in the Afternoon" (France). . . . Saturday, Sept. 30, at 6:30: "Love" (Hungary). . . . Saturday, Sept. 30, at 9:30: "We Won't Grow Old Together" (France-Italy).

ARCHITECTURAL TOURS—"Classical Columbia," a tour focussing on the Columbia University campus, will take place on Sunday, Sept. 24.

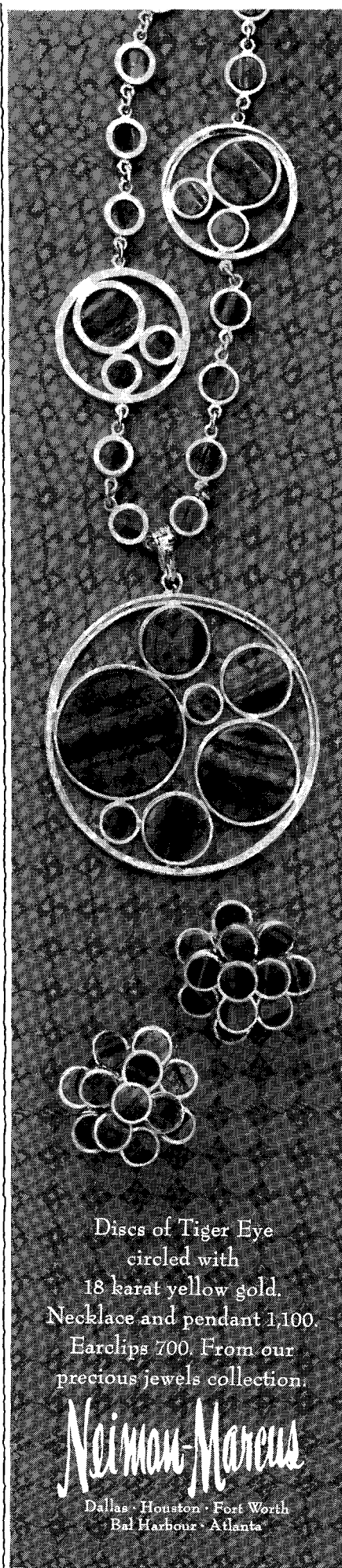
Meets at the gates at Broadway and 116th St. at 2:30. Henry Hope Reed will be the cicerone. For reservations, call 838-7262. (In the event of rain, the tour will take place the following Saturday afternoon.)

FLEA MARKETS—**MARKET PLACE** (Eleventh Ave. at 42nd St.): Open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 11 to 6. . . . **NEW YORK FLEA MARKET** (Sixth Ave. at 25th St.): Open every Sunday, weather permitting, from noon to 7.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Sept. 22-23, at 2: Furniture and decorations, from the Rosen Foundation of Caramoor at Katonah, N.Y., and from other sources. . . . Tuesday through Thursday, Sept. 26-28, at 10:15 and 2: Oriental and other ancient art, including Chinese ceramics and sculpture; Roman, Egyptian, and Near Eastern glass and jewelry; and Greek, Persian, and Majolica pottery and tablets. From the T. B. Walker Collection. Exhibition starts Thursday, Sept. 21.

A TRACY-HEPBURN FILM MEMOIR—Final benefit performances—Sept. 20: "Adam's Rib" (1949). . . . Sept. 21: "Pat and Mike" (1952). . . . Sept. 22: "Desk Set" (1957). . . . Sept. 23: "Guess Who's Coming to Dinner" (1967). (Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. Evenings at 8. For information about tickets, call 799-2200, Ext. 248.)

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Sept. 20 at 2: "The Big Parade" (1925), directed by King Vidor, with John Gilbert and Renée Adorée. . . . Sept. 20 at 5:30: "The Struggle" (1931), directed by D. W. Griffith, with Hal Skelly. . . . Sept. 21 at 5:30: "The Big Parade" (1925). . . . Sept. 21 at 8 and Sept. 22 at 2: "Proud Flesh" (1925), directed by King Vidor, with Eleanor Boardman. . . . Sept. 22 at 5:30 and Sept. 23 at noon: "La Dixième Symphonie" (1918), directed by Abel Gance. . . . Sept. 23 at 3: "The Crowd" (1928), directed by King Vidor, with Eleanor Boardman and James Murray. . . . Sept. 23 at 5:30: "La Bohème" (1926), directed by King Vidor, with Lillian Gish and John Gilbert. . . . Sept. 24 at 12:30 and 3: "Young Mr. Lincoln" (1939), directed by John Ford, with Henry Fonda. . . . Sept. 24 at 5:30: "The Crowd" (1928). . . . Sept. 25 at 2: "Three Wise Fools" (1923), directed by King Vidor, with Eleanor Boardman; French titles only. . . . Sept. 25 at 5:30: "La Bohème" (1926). . . . Sept. 26 at 2: "The Student Prince" (1927), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Norma Shearer and Ramon Novarro. . . . Sept. 26 at 5:30 and Sept. 27 at 2: "Not So Dumb" (1930), directed by King Vidor, with Marion Davies. . . . Sept. 27 at 5:30: "The Student Prince" (1927). . . . Sept. 28 at 5:30: "Wine of Youth" (1924), directed by King Vidor, with Eleanor Boardman. . . . Sept. 28 at 8: "Billy the Kid" (1930), directed by King Vidor, with John Mack Brown and Wallace Beery. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Four programs in a series of films directed by Anthony Mann: Through Sept. 21: "The Tin Star" (1957), with Henry Fonda and Anthony Perkins. . . . Sept. 22-23: "Bend in the River" (1952), with James Stewart and Arthur Kennedy. . . . Sept. 24 and 27: "The Man from Laramie" (1955), with James Stewart and Arthur Kennedy. . . . Starting Sept. 28: "The Far Country" (1954), with James Stewart and Ruth Roman. (Showings Wednesdays through Sundays at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.) . . . **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES**, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Vigo, Snow, Vertov, Riefenstahl, Warhol, Anger, Brakhage, and others. Sept. 20 at 6, 8, and 10; Sept. 21 at 6 and 8; Sept. 22 at 6, 8, and 10; Sept. 23-24 at 6 and 8; Sept. 26 at 6; and Sept. 27-28 at 6, 8, and 10. . . . **WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Starting Sept. 21: "Rough Magic," directed by Timothy Knox. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6, 7:40, and 9:20 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.



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Earrings 700. From our
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Sept. 26: "Fat City" and "J.W. Coop."
From Sept. 27: "Slaughterhouse-Five" and "Minnie and Moskowitz."

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Sept. 23: "Cabin in the Sky" and "Paris Blues."
Sept. 24-26: "You'll Never Get Rich" and "Gilda."
From Sept. 27: "Rose Marie" and "The Merry Widow."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through Sept. 26: "What's Up, Doc?" "The Night They Raided Minsky's," and "Take the Money and Run."
From Sept. 27: "Kwaidan," "The Loves of Isadora," and "Fellini Satyricon."

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 21: "The Graduate" and "Take the Money and Run."
From Sept. 22: "The Candidate."

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Sept. 20: "The Knack" and "How I Won the War."
Sept. 21: "Diary of a Mad Housewife" and "David and Lisa."
Sept. 22: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" and "Bilby Liar."
Sept. 23: "Putney Swope" and "Chafed Elbows."
Sept. 24: "The Wild Bunch" and "The Ballad of Cable Hogue."
Sept. 25: "Adalen 31" and "Joe Hill."
Sept. 26: "Greetings" and "Hi, Mom!"
Sept. 27: "The Exterminating Angel" and "Viridiana."
From Sept. 28: To be announced.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Sept. 20: "Elvira Madigan" and "The Virgin and the Gypsy."
Sept. 21: "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World" and "That Man from Rio."
Sept. 22: "The Ballad of Cable Hogue" and "The Wild Bunch."
Sept. 23: "The Graduate" and "Morgan!"
Sept. 24: "8½" and "Belle de Jour."
Sept. 25: "Divorce—Italian Style" and "Les Carabiniers."
Sept. 26: "True Grit" and "Hud."
Sept. 27: "Faces" and "My Night at Maud's."
Sept. 28: "Georgy Girl" and "Loving."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through Sept. 23: "The Candidate."
From Sept. 24: "The Emigrants."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Dulcima."

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Greaser's Palace."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Sept. 23: "Blow-Up" and "Derby."
From Sept. 24: "Sounder." (No evening performances on Sunday, Sept. 24.)

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Godfather."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex."

R.K.O. 59TH ST. TWIN I, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through Sept. 26: "Slaughter."
From Sept. 27: "Housewives Report."

R.K.O. 59TH ST. TWIN 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Bluebeard."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Ruling Class."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through Sept. 26: "Marjoe."
From Sept. 27: "A Separate Peace."

COLUMBIA I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The New Centurions."

COLUMBIA II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Fat City."

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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			20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Sept. 20: "The Americanization of Emily" and "Any Number Can Win."
Sept. 21: "Sundays and Cybele" and "The L-Shaped Room."
From Sept. 22: "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"And Now for Something Completely Different."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Deliverance."

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Sept. 26: "Frenzy" and "Play Misty for Me."
From Sept. 27: "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter" and "Wait Until Dark."

JULIET I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Man."

JULIET 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Blacula."

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Dulcima."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Sept. 26: "A Clockwork Orange."
From Sept. 27: "The Candidate."

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The New Centurions."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Superfly."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Hickey and Boggs."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN I, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Sept. 26: "Slaughter."
From Sept. 27: "Housewives Report."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 2, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8932)
"Bluebeard."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Sept. 21: "Play It Again, Sam" and "Start the Revolution Without Me."
From Sept. 22: "The Candidate."

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Sept. 26: "What's Up, Doc?" and "Take the Money and Run."
From Sept. 27: "The Great Dictator."

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Sorrow and the Pity."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Sept. 26: "The Man" and "Medium Cool."
From Sept. 27: To be announced.

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Sept. 20: "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" and "The Passion of Joan of Arc."
Sept. 21-22: "Grand Illusion" and "Viridiana."
Sept. 23-24: "Rules of the Game" and "The Magnificent Ambersons."
Sept. 25-26: "Mouchette" and "Pierrot le Fou."

From Sept. 27: "To Have and Have Not" and "Casablanca."

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Sept. 26: "Come Back Charleston Blue" and "Skin Game."
From Sept. 27: To be announced.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Fiddler on the Roof."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Sept. 21: "Napoleon and Samantha" and "Pinocchio."
From Sept. 22: "The Candidate."

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Sept. 20: "Last of the Red Hot Lovers."
From Sept. 21: "Cancel My Reservations."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Sept. 28 (tentative): "Blackboard Jungle," "Jailhouse Rock," "The Wild One," and "Rock, Rock, Rock."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Play It Again, Sam."

PLAYBOY, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Sept. 26: "Come Back Charleston Blue."
From Sept. 27: To be announced.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex."

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"The Great Dictator."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"La Salamandre."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
To be announced.

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Sept. 21: "A Clockwork Orange."
From Sept. 22: "The Candidate."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Sept. 26: "The Graduate" and "The Virgin and the Gypsy."
From Sept. 27: "A Clockwork Orange."

BEACON, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
Through Sept. 26: "The War Between Men and Women" and "The Revengers."
From Sept. 27: To be announced.

LOEWS 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through Sept. 26: "Play It Again, Sam."
From Sept. 27: "The Great Dictator."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Sept. 20: "The Decameron" and "Fellini Satyricon."
Sept. 21-27: "Lolita" and "Zabriskie Point."
From Sept. 28: "Walkabout" and "The Conformist."

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Sept. 26: "The House That Dripped Blood" and "Night of the Living Dead."
From Sept. 27: "Thunderball" and "You Only Live Twice."

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 20: "This Man Must Die" and "My Life to Live."
Sept. 21: "Tunes of Glory" and "12 Angry Men."
Sept. 22: "Death in Venice" and "The Sleeping Car Murder."
Sept. 23: "Z" and "Les Carabiniers."
Sept. 24: "Bonnie and Clyde" and "Bullitt."
Sept. 25: "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" and "The Petrified Forest."
Sept. 26: "The Devils" and "Bedazzled."
Sept. 27: "Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion" and "The Conformist."
Sept. 28: "Rider on the Rain" and "The Sicilian Clan."

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
"Swinging Stewardesses."

RIVIERA, B'way at 97th. (RI 9-8046)
Through Sept. 26: "A Clockwork Orange."
From Sept. 27: "The Candidate."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Sept. 26: "Fat City" and "J. W. Coop."
From Sept. 27: "Without Apparent Motive" and another feature, to be announced.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

ADALEN 31 (1969)—Bo Widerberg, whose last film was "Elvira Madigan," tells the story of a strike in 1931, from the point of view of an adolescent boy whose father died in it. Widerberg is a young director of great sensitivity and talent, yet, for all its beauty, his film is not a full achievement. In Swedish. (Kips Bay; Sept. 25.)

THE AMERICANIZATION OF EMILY (1964)—With James Garner, Melvyn Douglas, James Coburn, Joyce Grenfell, and Julie Andrews,

who could play a virago in a whorehouse and make her look like a kitchen apron straight out of the washing machine. Paddy Chayevsky wrote the screenplay, a botched comedy about the, er, futility of war; the botching is considerably aided by the director, Arthur Hiller. (Beekman; Sept. 20.)

AND NOW FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT—For the last two or three years, the silent minority of England has been awash in love for a B.B.C.-TV series called "Monty Py-

thon's Flying Circus." There are six actor-writers, and two girls for decoration; their peculiar preoccupations, which here include a staunch stand against a dangerous onset of marauding grannies, are directed and compiled (or piled together, perhaps) by Ian Macnaughton. Suitable for the nutty of all ages. (68th St. Playhouse.)

ANY NUMBER CAN WIN (1963)—Directed by Henri Verneuil, with Jean Gabin as a grand master in crime and Alain Delon as his good-

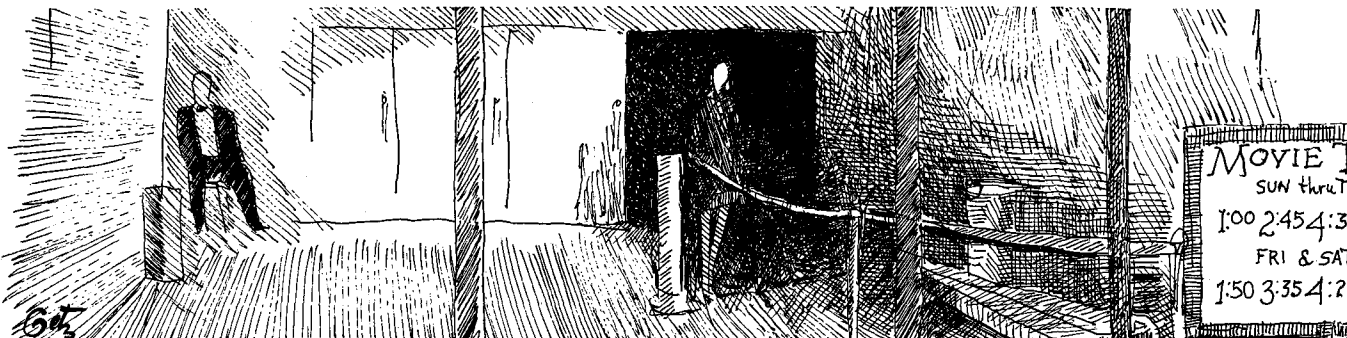


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SAGA
MINK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



looking aide-de-camp. A casino in Cannes is to be robbed of a cool billion francs. Plainly, the job cannot be done; plainly, it will be, for an air-conditioning duct leads over the casino roof to the top of the elevator shaft, and... Recommended to everyone who doesn't spend his time at a Verneuil film wishing the man were Hitchcock. In French. (Beekman; Sept. 20.)

THE BALLAD OF CABLE HOGUE (1970)—Sam Peckinpah is in a relaxed and playful mood in this rambling comedy Western with Jason Robards (in fine form) as a desert rat who discovers a mudhole and turns water merchant. Stella Stevens as an ambitious whore, and David Warner as a lecherous self-ordained preacher. (Murray Hill; Sept. 22.... Kips Bay; Sept. 24.)

BEDAZZLED (1967)—Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron ringing changes on the ancient Faustian theme in a comedy directed by Stanley Donen. (Thalia; Sept. 26.)

BELLE DE JOUR (1967)—Buñuel's beautiful and gently comic color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Murray Hill; Sept. 24.)

BILLY LIAR (1963)—An English comedy in which Tom Courtenay plays a boy who can't stop telling disastrous whoppers. With Julie Christie. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Kips Bay; Sept. 22.)

BLACKBOARD JUNGLE (1955)—Directed by Richard Brooks, based on a novel by Evan Hunter, and with a mostly sensible and sage screenplay by the director. About a wild bunch of city school kids who chivy authority with rape, mayhem, and gutter witticisms. The hero blithely believes that teaching is a creative activity and tries to inculcate a love of Eng. Lit. in class. His good will is much strained, but he is of a rare breed. Glenn Ford and Anne Francis, with some welcome horse sense from Louis Calhern. The usual cop-out of films about delinquency occurs in the plot, which says that the answer is to weed out the savable from the beyond hope; the glibness of the story incites easy cynicism in an audience. (Ziegfeld; through Sept. 28, tentative.)

BLACULA—With William Marshall and Denise Nicholas, directed by William Crain. (Juliet 2.)

BLOW-UP (1966)—An oversensitized and wildly misaccented account of the mod, mad world of London, 1966, as seen by Michelangelo Antonioni. With Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings. (Plaza; through Sept. 23.)

BLUEBEARD—Richard Burton as Bluebeard; Joey Heatherton as his wife. She finds his mother's mummy rotting to bits in a spare-room rocking chair. Many other deaths ensue (six former wives—including Nathalie Delon and Raquel Welch—found in a refrigerator, along with a prostitute who didn't even get a wedding ring out of things). Directed by Edward Dmytryk. Trash, fairly funny. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

BONNIE AND CLYDE (1967)—Violent, funny, and one of the best American movies of the sixties. Faye Dunaway and Warren Beatty as the Depression outlaws who show off their big guns and their defiance of the law. The Arthur Penn movie plays upon our attitudes toward the American past by making the holdups look as dated as two-reel comedy. (Thalia; Sept. 24.)

BULLITT (1968)—There is a good chase over the hilly streets of San Francisco in this pointless police melodrama, which is, however,

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given some tension by the competent director Peter Yates and some interest by Steve McQueen, with his low-key charisma. (Thalia; Sept. 24.)

CABIN IN THE SKY (1943)—The first film Vincente Minnelli directed—a joyful, stylized treatment of *faux-naïf* Negro folklore. "Happiness Is Just a Thing Called Joe," sings Ethel Waters, in one of the best roles of her career. The terrific Lena Horne is here, and so are Eddie Anderson and Louis Armstrong and John Bubbles and Duke Ellington and his orchestra. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Sept. 23.)

CANCEL MY RESERVATIONS—With Bob Hope, Eva Marie Saint, and Ralph Bellamy, directed by Paul Bogart. (Music Hall; starting Sept. 21.)

THE CANDIDATE—We need political films, by gum, but not this thing, which is about a young straight-from-the-shoulder good-looker (Robert Redford) who decides to run for Democratic senator in California. Redford's likeness to the Kennedy brothers is exploited in one of the most vulgar pieces of casting in years. Directed by Michael Ritchie. (Sutton; through Sept. 23.... Gramercy, Waverly, Guild, and Cinema Studio; starting Sept. 22.... U. A. East and Riviera; starting Sept. 27.)

LES CARABINIERS (1963)—A Jean-Luc Godard film about two numbed soldiers who are pleased to go to war because of the chances it offers, in their Candide reckoning. In French. (Thalia; Sept. 23.... Murray Hill; Sept. 25.)

CASABLANCA (1942)—Humphrey Bogart as Rick, the most famous saloonkeeper in screen history, and Ingrid Bergman as the love of his life. Dooley Wilson sings "As Time Goes By" while an international parade of actors gets in and out of scrapes. Not really a very good movie but wonderful romantic fun. Michael Curtiz directed. (Elgin; starting Sept. 27.)

CHAFED ELBOWS (1967)—A cheerful assault on motherhood, analysis, venal surgeons, cops, Pop painters, et al.; directed by Robert Downey in a tone of cawing mockery, but not trying quite hard enough. Knockabout high spirits can't quite carry a comedy, however short and precious the supply of *comédiens* is. (Kips Bay; Sept. 23.)

A CLOCKWORK ORANGE—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (Cinema Studio; through Sept. 21.... U. A. East and Riviera; through Sept. 26.... Embassy 72nd St.; starting Sept. 27.)

COME BACK CHARLESTON BLUE—Godfrey Cambridge and Raymond St. Jacques again playing the Harlem police detectives Gravedigger Jones and Coffin Ed Johnson, in this sequel to "Cotton Comes to Harlem." Directed by Mark Warren. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema and Playbox; through Sept. 26.)

THE CONFORMIST (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he

would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively; his evocation of the thirties is one of the rare sensual experiences in modern movies. In Italian. (Thalia; Sept. 27.... New Yorker; starting Sept. 28.)

DAVID AND LISA (1962)—Keir Dullea and Janet Margolin play the mentally sick teen-agers who help each other. Directed by Frank Perry. (Kips Bay; Sept. 21.)

DEATH IN VENICE (1971)—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carrying-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the purity of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though, especially in the rendering of Aschenbach's self-amused spinsterishness, in the look of the picture (photographed by Pasquale de Santis, with costumes by Piero Tosi), and in the larger feeling of history on the turn that Visconti can uniquely impart, as he did in "The Leopard" and "Senso." (Thalia; Sept. 22.)

THE DECAMERON—Based on Boccaccio's tales, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini. In Italian. (New Yorker; Sept. 20.)

DELIVERANCE—A man's man of a film, written by James Dickey from his own best-selling novel, and directed by John Boorman, about four early-middle-aged men who go canoeing in Georgia in search of the vanishing countryside and of their own lost athleticism. In a crass way, the film embalms every male myth that ever weighted an analyst's couch, including many variants of literal and metaphorical castration fears. Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, Ronny Cox play in the movie, which is beautifully photographed in almost monochromatic color by Vilmos Zsigmond, who did "McCabe & Mrs. Miller." This is a foursquare movie, but a good enough yarn if you can forgive the holes in the plot and the surprising absence of poetic ellipsis. (Loews Tower East.)

DERBY (1971)—Slow-pulsed documentary about a young Midwesterner who dreams of making the Roller Derby a way of life. O.K., but pretty sentimental about a puny form of athleticism. (Plaza; through Sept. 23.)

THE DEVILS (1971)—In Ken Russell's film about a contagion of sexual hysteria in a French convent in 1632, the screen continually seems to be in a sort of spasm. Vanessa Redgrave plays a deformed nun in love with a wisely secular priest (Oliver Reed). Burning at the stake, leg-breaking, and much concentration on a witch-exorcising instrument that looks like a very ornate bicycle pump and that gets used on Vanessa Redgrave. Ken Russell doesn't report hysteria, he markets it. (Thalia; Sept. 26.)

DIARY OF A MAD HOUSEWIFE (1970)—A rising young lawyer (Richard Benjamin), who is an alarming pedant about food, wine, and ambitious entertaining, is married to a hard-driven girl (Carrie Snodgrass). Mrs. Put-Upon dearly needs her Mr. Go-Getter, however. Directed and written by Frank and Eleanor Perry, respectively. (Kips Bay; Sept. 21.)

DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE (1962)—Marcello Mastroianni in a witty performance as a bored husband bent on murdering his tiresome wife. The director, Pietro Germi, has made the most of his outrageous opportunities. In Italian. (Murray Hill; Sept. 25.)

DULCIMA—With Carol White and John Mills,

directed by Frank Nesbitt. (Trans-Lux East and Trans-Lux 85th St.)

8½ (1963)—Fellini's celebrated autobiographical fantasy about the life of a movie director. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale. In Italian. (Murray Hill; Sept. 24.)

ELVIRA MADIGAN (1967)—Thommy Berggren gives a skillful, sensitive performance as the handsome young cavalry officer who falls fatally in love with a circus girl (Pia Degermark, who is so exquisitely fresh she doesn't need to act) in Bo Widerberg's lushly beautiful movie about romantic insanity. The lovers, who live only for each other, cut themselves off from society and prefer to die rather than risk growing apart. In Swedish. (Murray Hill; Sept. 20.)

THE EMIGRANTS—With Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann, directed by Jan Troell. In Swedish. (Sutton; starting Sept. 24.)

EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SEX—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired send-up of Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. There is a sketch called "What Happens During Ejaculation?" that takes place in a sort of Dr. Strangelove war room, and a love tale of great delicacy about a Jackson Heights doctor who falls in love with an Armenian shepherd patient's sheep. (34th St. East, Coronet, and Little Carnegie.)

THE EXTERMINATING ANGEL (1962)—A comic metaphor about a dinner party that so supernaturally grips the members that it can't be broken up, but declines into primitive conflict and havoc. Directed by Luis Buñuel; inadequately acted, but still an interesting and funny piece that no one else could have made. In Spanish. (Kips Bay; Sept. 27.)

FACES (1968)—John Cassavetes' view of the meaninglessness of life for the well-heeled middle-aged. His semi-documentary method is controversial, and what some find agonizingly true and beautiful others may find merely embarrassingly clumsy. With John Marley, Gena Rowlands, Lynn Carlin, and Seymour Cassel. (Murray Hill; Sept. 27.)

FAT CITY—A film about a boxer, though not about boxing, directed by John Huston from Leonard Gardner's novel. (Gardner wrote the script.) The hero, wonderfully played by Stacy Keach, is an out-of-training boxer who is just about to hit thirty: we see him staring at his life, and it seems to singe his eyeballs. The fat city of the title is the world of limitless booze and broads and money that men down on their luck plunder in their dreams. Tough, eloquent script, beautiful muted colors (mostly photographed in Stockton, California), Huston back in the form that makes him interested in the violent and the cryptic. Not to be missed. (Columbia II. . . . Art and Olympia; through Sept. 26.)

FELLINI SATYRICON (1970)—Fellini's big pagan ball. Cautionary images of depravity and apocalypse that seem to come out of the imagination of a Catholic schoolboy—leering cripples, fat people with hideous grins, and so on. Monotonous. In Italian. (New Yorker; Sept. 20. . . . St. Marks Cinema; starting Sept. 27.)

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF—A demonstration that square can be beautiful, too. Directed by Norman Jewison and starring Topol, the movie is a joyous, powerful musical epic. (Rivoli. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 8:45. Matinees Tuesdays through Thursdays at 1:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

FRENZY—Hitchcock working in England for the first time since the remake of "The Man Who Knew Too Much." A story about a fruit merchant from Covent Garden and a sacked barman, both suspected of a series of rapes and necktie murders, which are made less gruesome by Hitchcock's belief that there is all the difference in the world between surprise and suspense. This is Hitch on his old form, working with a first-rate cast of British actors virtually unknown outside their own country (including Barry Foster, Jon Finch, Anna Massey, and Barbara Leigh-Hunt). Vivien Merchant is detective Alec McCowen's wife, full of feminine intuition. (72nd St. Playhouse; through Sept. 26.)

THE GARDEN OF THE FINZI-CONTINIS—Vittorio De Sica's finest film in many years—a lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical nov-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

el, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying, enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled, beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (Beekman; starting Sept. 22.)

GEORGY GIRL (1966)—An exceptionally good English tragicomedy about a fat girl's joys and sorrows, with Lynn Redgrave, James Mason, Alan Bates, and Charlotte Rampling. Directed by Silvio Narizzano. (Murray Hill; Sept. 28.)

GILDA (1946)—The story is turgid, melodramatic nonsense, but Rita Hayworth is at her most sexy-masochistic, and does that marvelous fully dressed striptease as she sings "Put the Blame on Mame." With Glenn Ford and George Macready. Charles Vidor directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 24-26.)

THE GODFATHER—A wide, startlingly vivid view of a Mafia dynasty, in which organized crime becomes an obscene nightmare image of American ruthlessness. The movie is a popular melodrama, but it expresses a new tragic realism and it's altogether extraordinary. Francis Ford Coppola directed; Marlon Brando and Al Pacino are the stars. (Baronet.)

THE GRADUATE (1967)—Mike Nichols directed (and appears to have written much of) this energetic and often very funny account of a young man hurled into the sea of life and threatening to sink like a stone. With Dustin Hoffman, Anne Bancroft, and Katharine Ross. (Gramercy; through Sept. 21.... Embassy 72nd St.; through Sept. 26.... Murray Hill; Sept. 23.)

GRAND ILLUSION (1937)—The subtle barriers of class among a group of prisoners and their captors during the First World War. With Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio. Jean Renoir directed this great elegy for the death of the old European aristocracy, and it is one of the true masterpieces of the screen. In French. (Elgin; Sept. 21-22.)

GREASER'S PALACE—Robert Downey wrote and directed this comic extravaganza, which is very, very slow and more humorous than exactly funny. Downey seems for the moment to have abandoned his cock-a-hoop, lazily satiric style. (Fine Arts.)

THE GREAT DICTATOR (1940)—Chaplin plays a small-time Jewish barber and doubles as a mock Hitler called Hynkel, dictator of Tomania, who argues with Napaloni, dictator of Bacteria. He is helped on by Herring and Garbitsch. The notion of a 1940 farce about Hitler and anti-Semitism works out much less queasily than it sounds. The famous sequence when Hynkel lies on his back and tosses

around a balloon inscribed with a map of the world is a miracle of high-flying, mordant fun. But the last impassioned speech about peace and unity still wrecks everything that has gone before; Chaplin mawkish can always overrule Chaplin the innocent mime. (Lincoln Art.... 8th St. Playhouse and Loews 83rd St.; starting Sept. 27.)

GREETINGS (1968)—A pleasantly tawdry mixture of an underground film, a skin-flick, and a college revue, with a draft-evader hero and good-humored, casually obscene performances from a whole gallery of talented new performers. Directed by Brian De Palma. (Kips Bay; Sept. 26.)

THE HEART IS A LONELY HUNTER (1968)—Carson McCullers' shining, fastidious book about the freakish and the afflicted is present in this clumsy film as a minnow might be in the stomach of a hippopotamus that had gulped it down with a gallon of pond bilge. Alan Arkin does all he can to restore the book's subtle warmth and intelligence. (72nd St. Playhouse; starting Sept. 27.)

HICKEY AND BOGGS—With Bill Cosby and Robert Culp in the title roles, directed by Culp. (86th St. East.)

HI, MOM! (1970)—A breezy, cant film by Brian De Palma, about—well, what's happening, and it's got its head together, and this is where it's at, and right on. A white boy back from Vietnam and dully crazed by New York capitalism takes to making blue movies and then acts with a modish theatre of revolt called "Be Black, Baby." The inanities are sometimes funny, sometimes pretty forced. Many a lumbering flight of fancy now is helped into the air by people's general longing to dignify the real as surreal. (Kips Bay; Sept. 26.)

HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR (1959)—A tortured love affair between a French actress and a Japanese architect in the city that was devastated by the first atomic bomb. Alain Resnais's controversial début as a feature-film director; there is no controversy, however, about Emmanuèle Riva's splendid performance. In French. (Elgin; Sept. 20.)

THE HOUSE THAT DRIPPED BLOOD (1971)—Five shorts directed by Peter Duffel. The title says all. (Symphony; through Sept. 26.)

HOUSEWIVES REPORT—Directed by Eberhard Schoeder. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; starting Sept. 27.)

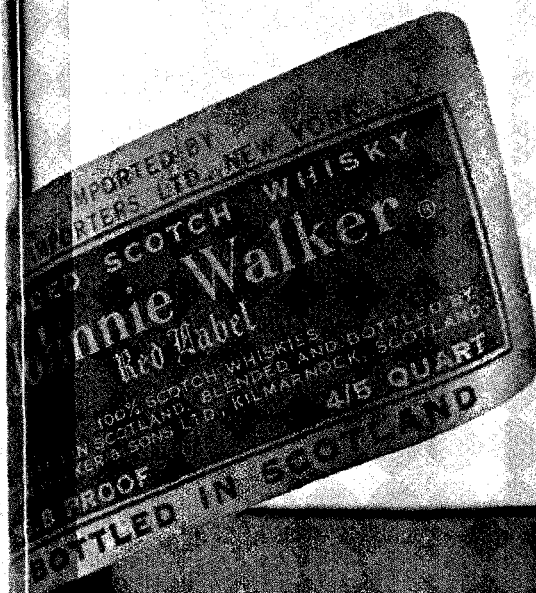
HOW I WON THE WAR (1967)—Richard Lester's big try that failed—an anti-war black comedy, from a script by Charles Wood, and with ideas and techniques from the Theatres of Cruelty and the Absurd. Similar to "Catch-22." With Michael Crawford and John Lennon. (Kips Bay; Sept. 20.)

HUD (1963)—In Texas, as in ancient Greece, the Oedipal relation is hell. A powerful picture, with Melvyn Douglas as a virtuous father, Paul Newman as his wretched son, Brandon deWilde as his unformed grandson, and Patricia Neal as a slatternly, loving housekeeper. (Murray Hill; Sept. 26.)

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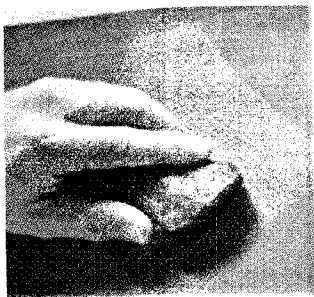


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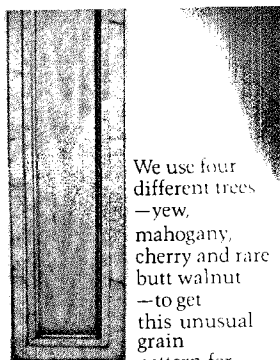


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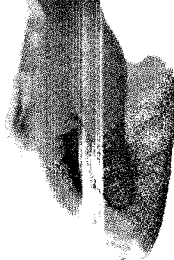


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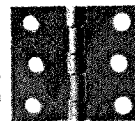


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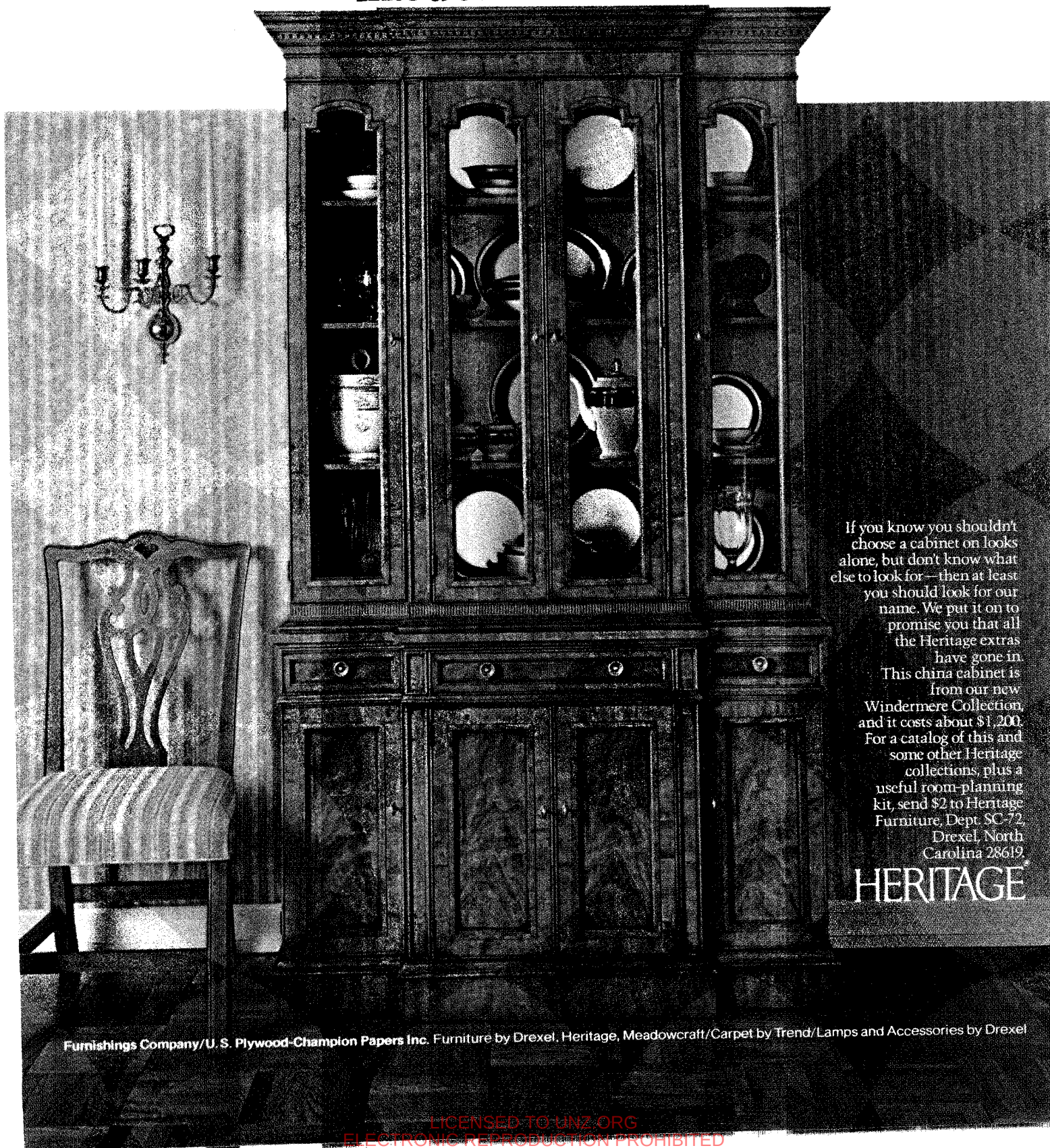
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COUNTRY CASHIN



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(1970)—A political parable, directed by Elio Petri, about a mad big-shot police official (Gian Maria Volonte) who believes he has a license to kill, but the movie is too nasty and kinky for the political point to be effective. Petri doesn't use suspense pleasurably; he makes one apprehensive and doesn't resolve the tensions, so the film leaves one in a foul mood. In Italian. (Thalia; Sept. 27.)

IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD (1963)—Stanley Kramer's Cinerama comedy in which everything looks awfully big but isn't awfully funny. Spencer Tracy and lots of comics (Milton Berle, Jonathan Winters, Terry-Thomas, Sid Caesar, Buddy Hackett, and so on); rarely have so many done so little with so much. (Murray Hill; Sept. 21.)

JAILHOUSE ROCK (1957)—Elvis Presley, convicted of manslaughter and shorn by a jailhouse haircut, sings and plays the guitar to entertain the prison inmates. At one point, he strips to the waist and is flogged by the guards, though not for his singing. Richard Thorpe directed this package, shrewdly designed to give satisfaction to the new raunchy rock generation. The story ends happily, and the movie made millions. (Ziegfeld; through Sept. 28, tentative.)

JOE HILL—Some pretty period re-creation, but sadly shallow. The movie has no strength. With Thommy Berggren as the Wobblie-troubadour. Directed by Bo Widerberg. (Kips Bay; Sept. 25.)

J. W. COOP—Cliff Robertson's rather good and unpretentious movie about a rodeo rider, which has a dopey tragic-athlete ending in the Pagliacci vein but also some finely detailed character observation on the way, and an interesting Romanticism of spirit about sport that will presumably pass from our aesthetics in a century or two. (Art and Olympia; through Sept. 26.)

THE KNACK (1965)—In Richard Lester's version of the Ann Jellicoe play (as adapted by Charles Wood), the jokes whiz by so fast that the ingenuity becomes exhausting. It's all just too bleached out and clever, though Donal Donnelly is wonderful. With Rita Tushingham, Michael Crawford, and Ray Brooks. (Kips Bay; Sept. 20.)

KWAIDAN (1965)—A four-part film, elaborate and rather tediously decorative, directed by Masaki Kobayashi. In Japanese. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Sept. 27.)

LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS—Neil Simon's conventional sex comedy about a fundamentally faithful Jewish husband who suffers from the traditional show-biz comedy male dither about sex and tries unsuccessfully to seduce three comic prototypes in his mother's purloined apartment before she gets back from work. Febrile stuff with traditional laughs. With Alan Arkin, directed by Gene Saks. Based on the Simon Broadway play. (Music Hall; Sept. 20.)

LOLITA (1962)—A comedy about a middle-aged professor and a sexy adolescent. James Mason, Peter Sellers, Shelley Winters, and Sue Lyon. (New Yorker; Sept. 21-27.)

THE LOVES OF ISADORA (1960)—Isadora Duncan played by Vanessa Redgrave, dancing and acting with dazzling romantic range and a witty dash of bile. Karel Reisz's film is one of the very few movie biographies that possess intelligence about an innovator's great talent, and a structure that is ruled by character-sense instead of clodhopping chronology. It was wonderfully designed by Jocelyn Herbert and horribly cut around by Universal Pictures, which unwisely overrode Reisz's judgment. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Sept. 27.)

LOVING (1970)—An unusually perceptive film, with George Segal as an amiable failed artist who wriggles this way and that because he doesn't like his life. Irvin Kershner directed, and it's beautifully detailed and sustained. (Murray Hill; Sept. 28.)

THE L-SHAPED ROOM (1963)—Leslie Caron and Tom Bell as a couple of lonely young people in London who find that love is more trouble than they expected, though not more trouble than it's worth. Sad and funny and well worth seeing. (Beekman; Sept. 21.)

THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS (1942)—Orson Welles' second film has greater depth than "Citizen Kane," though it doesn't have the driving force that might hold it together. Working from the Booth Tarkington novel, Welles achieved some great sequences of family life. Tim Holt plays the mother-fixed son who falls from the American aristocracy to the working class; Dolores Costello is his mother; Agnes Moorehead is his nervous old-maid aunt. With Richard Bennett as the family patriarch, Joseph Cotten, Anne Baxter, and Ray Collins. (Elgin; Sept. 23-24.)

THE MAN—James Earl Jones plays a pained-looking black who gets unexpectedly jumped up into the White House when the President and his high-ranking entourage are killed by a crumbling building in Europe and the Vice-President decides to keep to his wheelchair. The James Earl Jones character flounders helplessly as a caretaker President who needs to be needed and who can't get on with these hardhearted politicians. Directed by Joseph Sargent from the Irving Wallace book; story and screenplay, both dire, by Rod Serling. (Juliet 1... Greenwich; through Sept. 26.)

MARJIE—An interesting *cinéma-vérité* film, by Howard Smith and Sarah Kernochan, about a kid brought up from the age of three to be a revivalist preacher though his heart is really in rock singing. The film takes some surprising turns, and it works sometimes, with an amiable outspokenness and preserve-us humor. (Cinema II; through Sept. 26.)

MEDIUM COOL (1969)—Haskell Wexler's film, with a TV-cameraman hero (Robert Forster), about the Chicago Democratic Convention of 1968, police brutality, Vietnam, Appalachia, McLuhan thoughts on media—the lot. An expert, hard-natured picture that makes a great many points at a glib pace and wears its liberal conscience on its sleeve. (Greenwich; through Sept. 26.)

THE MERRY WIDOW (1934)—Ernst Lubitsch brought style and spirit to this lavish M-G-M operetta, starring Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald, and Gus Kahn and Lorenz Hart wrote new lyrics to the Franz Lehar music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Sept. 27.)

MINNIE AND MOSKOWITZ—John Cassavetes built this movie on a small conceit—a love affair between two people who are wildly unsuited to each other—and it doesn't take root. The picture drifts on about the joys of spontaneity, while Gena Rowlands and Seymour Cassel remain embarrassingly wrong for each other. (Art; starting Sept. 27.)

MORGAN! (1966)—A truly weird black comedy in which the anarchistic left-wing misfit hero (David Warner) is also crazy and in pain. The movie (directed by Karel Reisz, from David Mercer's TV play) often seems to be out of control as it teeters along, sometimes presenting its hero as cute and funny, other times as tragic. With Vanessa Redgrave. (Murray Hill; Sept. 23.)

MOUCHETTE (1966)—In recent years, Robert Bresson has made several films of such sobriety that while some people find them awesomely beautiful, other people find sitting through them like taking a whipping and watching every stroke coming. "Mouchette," from a Bernanos novel, is about a lonely, mistreated fourteen-year-old girl who commits suicide. In French. (Elgin; Sept. 25-26.)

MY LIFE TO LIVE (1962)—Anna Karina as a shop-girl who drifts into prostitution. Jean-Luc Godard employed some innovative techniques of exposition; some work superbly, others seem mannered and foolish. Memorable, though erratic. In French. (Thalia; Sept. 20.)

MY NIGHT AT MAUD'S (1970)—A fine film by Eric Rohmer, terrifically intelligent, quizzically sexy, with three droll grownups talking about—for once, in films—things that grownups do actually talk about. Rohmer has a better understanding than anyone else around of the way people listen. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Murray Hill; Sept. 27.)

NAPOLÉON AND SAMANTHA—From the Disney Studios, with Michael Douglas and Will Geer. Directed by Bernard McEveety. (Guild; through Sept. 21.)

THE NEW CENTURIONS—The policeman as Dr. Kildare. Directed by Richard Fleischer and written by Stirling Silliphant, and acted better than it deserves by George C. Scott and Stacy Keach. This gastly joke of a law-and-order film might well have been an Agnew production. (Columbia I and Loews Orpheum.)

NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD (1968)—It would be fun to be able to dismiss this as undoubtedly the best movie ever made in Pittsburgh, but it also happens to be one of the most gruesome

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- somely terrifying movies ever made—and when you leave the theatre you may wish you could forget the whole horrible experience. It's about a night when the dead rise and eat the living. Duane Jones is the lead; George A. Romero photographed and directed. There's no point pretending that he doesn't have talent. (Symphony; through Sept. 26.)
- THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY'S** (1968)—A parody tribute to burlesque, with a minimum of plot and a maximum of evocative stage routines. There's a wonderful seedy chorus line—a row of pudgy girls with faces like slipped discs. The actors include Jason Robards, Norman Wisdom, Joseph Wiseman, Elliott Gould, and Britt Ekland, who has a big, warm smile. Directed by William Friedkin, choreographed by Danny Daniels. (St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 26.)
- PARIS BLUES** (1961)—Two handsome couples—Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward and Sidney Poitier and Diahann Carroll—are happy and sad over finding themselves in love in Paris, as others have done before them. Beautifully photographed, and full of good, loud music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Sept. 23.)
- THE PASSION OF JOAN OF ARC** (1927)—One of the few truly great films. Carl Dreyer based the script on the trial records and, keeping the camera close to the fleshy faces of Joan and her persecutors, subtly—and shockingly—links eroticism and religious persecution. Maria Falconetti's Joan may be the finest performance ever recorded on film. With Antonin Artaud. (Elgin; Sept. 20.)
- THE PETRIFIED FOREST** (1936)—Archie Mayo turned Robert Sherwood's famous play into this pretty good movie about the ironic ascendancy of a strongly physical man in a society of sophisticates. An escaped gangster, played by Humphrey Bogart, holds Leslie Howard and Bette Davis hostage at a roadside restaurant in Arizona. Bogart is at his best, the irresistible type of the sardonic bandit. (Thalia; Sept. 25.)
- PIERROT LE FOU** (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's unresolved, disturbing film. The narrative encompasses a satire of advertising, an Existential stalemate, political violence, and romance, all shot—in color—in a hard-edge style. With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina. In French. (Elgin; Sept. 25-26.)
- PINOCCHIO** (1940)—Walt Disney's classic, which seems always to please kids, though it can bother grownups because of the usual Disney punitiveness and thick symbolism. (Guild; through Sept. 21.)
- PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM**—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of *Neurotic Love* in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. Allen plays a Bogart nut, intensely aware that he is short, hating having red hair, loving a wife who leaves him gently enough and mostly because she is fed up with viewing old Bogey pictures. Most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Very Manhattan humor, expediently translated in the film to San Francisco because of a strike of New York technicians. Herbert Ross directs in a style of suitable loose-limbed laconicism. (Festival. . . . Waverly; through Sept. 21. . . . Loews 83rd St.; through Sept. 26.)
- PLAY MISTY FOR ME**—Foolish thriller, with Clint Eastwood and Jessica Walter, directed by Eastwood. He should have taken some lessons before he tried to play in public. (72nd St. Playhouse; through Sept. 26.)
- PUTNEY SWOPE** (1969)—A mostly funny, haywire farce by Robert Downey about an advertising agency called Truth & Soul, Inc. Putney Swope is a weary-looking black, hoisted into the chairman's seat by a bad accident of boardroom voting. Things thereupon explode. (Kips Bay; Sept. 23.)
- THE REVENGERS**—Directed by Daniel Mann. A muddle-headed Western, with William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Susan Hayward as a frontier nurse. Unremarkable and humorless. (Beacon; through Sept. 26.)
- RIDER ON THE RAIN** (1970)—René Clément's thriller has a beautiful heroine called Mélancoffe. The picture is as much about that state of mind as about the plot, in which she murders a rapist and dares not tell her husband. Some of the details are gentle and ironic, but there are too many mechanical thriller ploys. In French. (Thalia; Sept. 28.)
- ROCK, ROCK, ROCK** (1956)—With Alan Freed, Frankie Lyman and the Teenagers, and Chuck Berry. (Ziegfeld; through Sept. 28, tentative.)
- ROSE MARIE** (1936)—Singing "The Indian Love Call," Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy are in a class of their own; the wholesome, hearty horror of it is matchless. This is one of the liveliest and most popular of their *hitschests*. It's set in the Pacific Northwest; she's an opera star and he's a Mountie who has arrested her brother (skinny young James Stewart). With Allan Jones and Reginald Owen. W. S. Van Dyke directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Sept. 27.)
- RULES OF THE GAME** (1939)—Jean Renoir's legendary butchered and then restored masterpiece: a farce about a large houseparty, gathered for a hunt, where the servants and masters begin to chase and shoot each other. Perhaps the most influential of all French films and one of the most richly entertaining. In French. (Elgin; Sept. 23-24.)
- THE RULING CLASS**—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funny played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in archetypes, but it makes an ideological point when Peter O'Toole, a paranoid schizophrenic who thinks he's Christ, becomes indistinguishable, after being cured, from a raving bigot of a Tory. (Cinema I.)
- LA SALAMANDRE**—A Swiss film (made in French, with English subtitles), directed by Alain Tanner from a script that he wrote in collaboration with a dialectically energizing English art critic and novelist named John Berger. There are three main characters: an imperishable little lizard of a girl called Rosemonde (Bulle Ogier), a huge-framed, goofy-looking journalist named Pierre, with a lopsided face and a hopeful view of life (Jean-Luc Bideau), and a low-key, lovable writer called Paul, with a lugubrious mustache like a Victorian bather's (Jacques Denis). The film is full of intellect and gay clarity, and is not to be missed. (Paris.)
- A SEPARATE PEACE**—Based on the John Knowles novel, directed by Larry Pearce. (Cinema II; starting Sept. 27.)
- THE SICILIAN CLAN** (1970)—Henri Verneuil's efficient thriller, which has flashes of humorous bile that are a little like Hitchcock's. There is a fine piece of hijacking in the plot, with a jet making a landing on a New York highway under construction. Jean Gabin, Alain Delon. In French. (Thalia; Sept. 28.)
- SKIN GAME** (1971)—Lighthearted and charming story of con artists in the Old South. Very enjoyable. With Lou Gossett, James Garner, and Susan Clark, directed by Paul Bogart. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Sept. 26.)
- SLAUGHTER**—Lousy sex-and-bashing melodrama about a black Green Beret captain seeking revenge for his father's murder by a Cleveland gang. The plot is a ball of knitting wool toyed with by a kitten. Jim Brown plays the character called Slaughter, and slaughter he does. Rip Torn, good actor, looks demonic, and Stella Stevens looks dishy. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through Sept. 26.)
- SLAUGHTERHOUSE-FIVE**—George Roy Hill's film of the Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., college classic, with Michael Sacks as the boy assistant chaplain in Dresden in the Second World War. Filmed mostly in Prague (there being no Dresden left); photographed by Miroslav Ondricek, the wonderful Czech photographer who has worked with Miloš Forman, Ivan Passer, and Lindsay Anderson. The flattened despair of the film sometimes seems a show-off form of cool, but the picture is beautifully cast and acted. (Art; starting Sept. 27.)
- THE SLEEPING CAR MURDER** (1966)—A mystery of notable ingenuity, resolved, against high odds, by Yves Montand. With Simone Signoret, and directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (Thalia; Sept. 22.)
- THE SORROW AND THE PITY**—Magnificent documentary epic on the German Occupation of France. A study in the psychology of history, directed by Marcel Ophüls. Four and a half hours. (5th Ave. Cinema.)
- SOUNDER**—With Cicely Tyson, Paul Winfield, and Kevin Hooks, directed by Martin Ritt. (Plaza; starting Sept. 24. No evening performances on Sunday, Sept. 24.)
- START THE REVOLUTION WITHOUT ME** (1970)—A parody of swashbucklers that begins bouncing with the birth of Donald Sutherland and Gene Wilder as two sets of identical

twins, mismatched by a harried obstetrician—one mismatched pair to be raised as peasants, the other pair as aristocrats. Some funny ideas but it gets too silly. Hugh Griffith is a poignantly befuddled Louis XVI. Bud Yorkin directed. (Waverly; through Sept. 21.)

SUNDAY BLOODY SUNDAY (1971)—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Giliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Kips Bay; Sept. 22.)

SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE (1962)—A moist, romantic pastiche about a brain-damaged young man (Hardy Krüger) and a girl of twelve (Patricia Gozzi, who has the eyes of a Keane painting). Directed by Serge Bourguignon. In French. (Beekman; Sept. 21.)

SUPERFLY—With Ron O'Neal and Carl Lee, directed by Gordon Parks, Jr. (Loews Ciné.)

TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Gramercy; through Sept. 21. . . . St. Marks Cinema and 8th St. Playhouse; through Sept. 26.)

THAT MAN FROM RIO (1964)—Philippe de Broca's immensely successful parody-fantasy on thrillers and adventure films. With Jean-Paul Belmondo, Françoise Dorléac, and Jean Servais. High spirits and bravura and extravagance, but maybe too much of each. In French. (Murray Hill; Sept. 21.)

THIS MAN MUST DIE (1969)—Claude Chabrol directed this suspense movie about a father who sets out to avenge the hit-and-run murder of his son, but it's so shallow and so unhurried that it dies on the screen. From Nicholas Blake's novel, "The Beast Must Die." In French. (Thalia; Sept. 20.)

THUNDERBALL (1965)—Sean Connery as James Bond. The setting is Caribbean; the enemy is Adolfo Celi, the mastermind of SPECTRE, who stoops to using sharks. Terence Young directed. Not bad, but not quite top-grade Bond. A little too much underwater war-ballet. (Symphony; starting Sept. 27.)

TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT (1944)—Directed by Howard Hawks, with a general jokey love of honky-tonk. Courtship sparring between Humphrey Bogart at his most proficient and a then newcomer called Lauren Bacall, dusky-voiced and nervy, all mock toughness. Loosely based on Hemingway, about Bogart tangled up in a story of Vichy violence in the West Indies. (Elgin; starting Sept. 27.)

THE TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE (1948)—One of the strongest of all American movies. Three Americans stranded in Mexico strike it rich, and the director, John Huston, lets them stew in their own juice. Humphrey Bogart is the paranoid tough guy, Fred C. Dobbs; Walter Huston the toothless, shrewd old prospector; and Tim Holt a blunt, honest young man. With Alfonso Bedoya, as a primitive bandit who makes one appreciate civilization, and the director himself appearing as the victim of Bogart's cadging. From the B. Traven novel. If one is prepared for the terrible Max Steiner score, it may be easier to shut it out. (Thalia; Sept. 25.)

TRUE GRIT (1969)—Henry Hathaway directing John Wayne in a Western undercut by sentimental truisms about a man's uncle-relationship with a fourteen- or fifteen-year-old heroine (Kim Darby). The girl is admired—by the film and by John Wayne, at least—for not flinching when a rattlesnake bite is cut out of her flesh with a penknife. (Murray Hill; Sept. 26.)

TUNES OF GLORY (1960)—Interesting performances by Alec Guinness and John Mills, as two colonels in a peacetime Scottish regiment who are out to destroy each other, compensate for some muddy exposition and mediocre film techniques. Ronald Neame directed, from James Kennaway's script. With Suzannah York and Dennis Price. (Thalia; Sept. 21.)

12 ANGRY MEN (1957)—A group of jurors have to decide the fate of an eighteen-year-old accused of patricide. Sidney Lumet directed the performances beautifully. Henry Fonda is the single juror who gradually wins over the majority to his just view. In the present context, the film expresses an agonizingly optimistic idea of the possible winning powers of the outnumbered and out-of-step. Cast includes Lee J. Cobb and Jack Warden. (Thalia; Sept. 21.)

THE VIRGIN AND THE GYPY (1970)—Maurice Denham is an Anglican vicar with a taste for depressing hymns; he sends one of his virgin daughters (Joanna Shimkus) into the arms of a gypsy (Franco Nero). Christopher

Miles' movie is intelligent, a bit studied, true to D. H. Lawrence. (Murray Hill; Sept. 20. . . . Embassy 72nd St.; through Sept. 26.)

VIRIDIANA (1961)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. In Spanish. (Elgin; Sept. 21-22. . . . Kips Bay; Sept. 27.)

WAIT UNTIL DARK (1967)—A thriller about a blind girl who gets involved with a gang of crooks. Audrey Hepburn is the heroine and makes the picture worth seeing. Directed by Terence Young. (72nd St. Playhouse; starting Sept. 27.)

WALKABOUT (1971)—Edward Bond, the remarkable English playwright who wrote "Saved," was attracted to do the screenplay of this intelligent and vivid story, which shows representatives of a rundown English class of sophisticates in collision with the natural élite of the Australian aborigine. It is nominally about three children—two English, expensively school-trained, one a young Abo, who piteously kills himself for love of the sometimes rather prim but intoxicating English schoolgirl. Taken from the novel by James Vance Marshall, directed by Nicolas Roeg, who has been a very talented cameraman. (New Yorker; starting Sept. 28.)

THE WAR BETWEEN MEN AND WOMEN—Based on James Thurber's views, and using James Thurber's drawings, about an artist who goes blind, like Thurber. The artist is called Peter Wilson, which seems lunatic but turns out to be accidentally just, since the comic spirit of the thing isn't Thurber's by miles. Jack Lemmon is Peter Wilson, forced to gag everything up and backing into dreadful pathos. Barbara Harris is terrific. (Beacon; through Sept. 26.)

WHAT'S UP, DOC?—Peter Bogdanovich tries but fails to resuscitate screwball comedy; the movie works only fitfully, and at a rather infantile, imitative level. Ryan O'Neal, playing Cary Grant, is an embarrassment; Barbra Streisand comes out better by simply playing herself. Madeline Kahn does a traditional bossy-female caricature that is strident and sometimes funny, but the best moments (really seconds) come from Mabel Albertson and Sorrell Booke. (St. Marks Cinema and 8th St. Playhouse; through Sept. 26.)

THE WILD BUNCH (1969)—A brilliant, explosive, ultimately incoherent Western by Sam Peckinpah, set in the Texas and Mexico of 1913. The cast includes William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan. (Murray Hill; Sept. 22. . . . Kips Bay; Sept. 24.)

THE WILD ONE (1954)—Despite its naïveté and clumsiness, a key movie that affected the life styles of the fifties and sixties. With Marlon Brando—in his soft-eyed youth, when his talent magnetized audiences—as the leader of a rebel motorcycle gang, and Lee Marvin and Mary Murphy. Directed by Laslo Benedek. (Ziegfeld; through Sept. 28, tentative.)

WITHOUT APPARENT MOTIVE—An affectionate imitation of "The Big Sleep," set in the sunny baroque of Nice and directed with finesse by Philippe Labro. Jean-Louis Trintignant is the Bogart-style detective, and Dominique Sanda is the tawny-blond big pussycat. The cast includes Sacha Distel, Stéphane Audran, Erich Segal, and the stunning, sad-eyed Carla Gravina. Understated and too refined to be hugely entertaining, but pleasant enough. In French. (Olympia; starting Sept. 27.)

YOU'LL NEVER GET RICH (1941)—Fred Astaire gets pressed into the military at a wretched time for getting his girl, but the show he's doing still goes on, and he manages to nab Rita Hayworth as well. Cole Porter songs. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 24-26.)

YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE (1967)—One of the best of the Sean Connery-James Bond pictures. Here, his power-mad adversary is Donald Pleasence, who has classy quarters in a volcano, and his harem is Japanese. Lewis Gilbert directed. Connery seems more relaxed in this one—maybe because he's served his time and was about to be liberated. But it was fun while it lasted—probably the best serial since talkies came in—and it went out with a bang. (Symphony; starting Sept. 27.)

Z (1969)—A political thriller (based on the Lambrakis affair) that is one of the most exciting melodramas ever made. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, Irene Pappas. Directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (Thalia; Sept. 23.)

ZABRISKIE POINT (1970)—Antonioni's enervated view of American youth. A lifeless movie with a zombie romance, but with a very pretty apocalyptic finish. (New Yorker; Sept. 21-27.)



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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A HARRIS poll published last week showed that fifty-five per cent of the American people are in favor of our bombing Vietnam. Thirty-two per cent are against it. The others do not know what they think. In short, it appears that the majority of the people in our country believe it is right, or necessary, for us to go on killing the Vietnamese people—North Vietnamese and South Vietnamese alike—because, according to the poll, “it is important that South Vietnam not fall into the control of the Communists.” No matter that Russia and China, giants among nations, long ago fell into the control of the Communists, and that it is now our government’s policy not only to coexist with Russia and China but to attempt to establish friendly relations with them. What matters is not to let this tiny, once obscure semi-nation become Communist. So, in a stupor, with scarcely a thought, we drop our thousands of pounds of explosives every day, and wipe out those nameless, faceless, distant creatures who in our bleary minds are not quite human beings. And it is not our President who is doing the killing, it is not our bomber crews, it is we the American people. We are the ones—the fifty-five per cent who say yes and the rest who say so little—who keep the bombs falling. Now that our ground troops are withdrawn and our casualty rate is down to almost nothing, now that the lives that are being lost in ground combat are Vietnamese lives (why die if we can pay someone else to do our dying for us?), we blithely take to the air. Just in case we might still have qualms about the bombing, our government tells us, over and over, why we do it. We seek, the government tells us, some geopolitical advantage in Vietnam; *that* is why we are bombing. We, the most powerful nation in the world, waging a strange, vertical war against one of the world’s least powerful nations, seek a balance

of power; *that* is why we are bombing. By killing and maiming our friends in South Vietnam, by ravaging their land, by destroying their society, we seek to convince our friends in Europe and the Middle East that they can count on us to stand by them; *that* is why we are bombing. We seek to impress our potential enemies with our might and courage by recklessly spending Vietnamese lives in a fratricidal struggle that could not go on without us and by carrying out air attacks on people who cannot defend themselves or retaliate; *that* is why we are bombing. We are bombing them in Hanoi so that we won’t have to fight them in the streets of San Francisco: we seek a generation of peace. We are fighting a token war now so that we won’t have to fight the real war, the ultimate war, later: we seek survival. We draw closer to Russia and China, but we must stop Communism in Vietnam, for it is there that our national security lies, and we seek national security. *That* is why we are bombing. Why are we bombing Vietnam? As we put off the one day that might bring our prisoners of war home, we seek the return of our prisoners of war. *That* is why. We seek prestige. We seek respect. We seek credibility. We seek honor. *That* is why. And in the course of all this seeking, all this bombing, our souls have withered. Day by day, we are turning into monsters. For a hundred

reasons, and for no reason whatever, we are blowing men, women, and children to bits with our bombs, and we can’t feel a thing.

Bodega

THE Spanish-American Grocery Store is a *bodega* at 231 Eldridge Street, between Stanton and Houston, in a formerly Jewish but now predominantly Puerto Rican neighborhood on the lower East Side. It occupies the ground floor of a shabby six-story tenement across the street from the red brick Rafael Hernandez housing project. It is owned by Juan Cruz, a fifty-three-year-old former sugarcane cutter, who came to the United States from Puerto Rico in 1954 to improve his lot, worked as a handyman for the Chunky chocolate company, in Brooklyn, for nine years, never missing a day, and then opened his own shop. It bears little resemblance to a supermarket: no air-conditioning, no Muzak, no giant economy sizes, no specials, no impersonal checkout service, no chrome-and-vinyl décor.

The *bodega* has orange-brown patterned linoleum on the floor; a tin ceiling painted tan, and peeling; fluorescent light fixtures, some of them defunct; a tinted print of Christ knocking on a door; and bilingual cardboard signs, such as “No Se Fia Cerveza—By Law” (which means no beer on credit). Across the front of the *bodega*, to the left of the door as one enters, are a cigarette machine, a child’s minibike, and an unconnected television set; to the right of the door are a rack of potato chips, cheese twists, and popcorn, and four penny vending machines, which yield gum, candy, and pistachio nuts. Shelves covering the walls from the front to the back of the store are piled high with boxes of cereal and soap flakes, jars of baby food, and cans of vegetables and soup. (Only three of the infinite variety of Campbell’s soups are stocked—chicken noodle, chicken with





“... And the moonlight beams/ On the girl of my dreams./ She's the Sweetheart of Sigma Chi.”

rice, and vegetable—because only those three sell well.) There are Sabbath candles on the *bodega's* shelves, for the few Jews in the neighborhood who have not yet moved away, and there are Progresso canned tomatoes and a profusion of macaronis and spaghettis, for the Italians who come from nearby Little Italy to shop (in an earlier incarnation, the *bodega* was an Italian *drogheria*), but most of the products and brand names are those favored by the Puerto Ricans who make up over ninety per cent of the *bodega's* customers—Vitarroz (rice), Bustelo coffee, Goya beans, and Armour *manteca pura* (lard).

The floor space in front of the shelves on the left side of the store is taken up by a homemade wooden rack stacked with cakes, bread, and crackers (Gitana *sodas extra fine*, Rorivira *galletas de soda*). Farther back on the left is a refrigerated case containing *huevos* (eggs, at seventy cents a dozen), milk (thirty-one cents a quart), juice, *cerveza* (beer, which is the *bodega's* leading moneymaker, particularly in summer), and soda. The case holds no Fresca, Tab, or No-Cal, but there are a few bottles of Diet-Rite, for the rare customers who watch their weight. Pepsi is popular, and so are the sweet Good'o flavors—Coconut Soda and Kola Champagne. On the opposite side of the store stands a refrigerated

case filled with salt pork, hot dogs, smoked sardines, dried boneless salt cod (for the favorite Puerto Rican dish *bacalao*), pork chops, and chicken. (Beef doesn't sell.) On the floor in front of the meat case are cardboard and wooden boxes filled with *plátanos* (green bananas), sweet potatoes, green peppers, *yautías* (a tuber), and *chayotes* (pear squash).

At the back of the *bodega* are more of the same: wall shelves laden with Pampers, rice, and cans of cocoa (a favorite winter beverage, enjoyed with buttered *galletas*); a small frozen-food case; and two counters. On the countertops are some loaves of Italian bread, boxes of tomatoes and of avocados (cucumbers are another non-seller), an adding machine, a cash register, and an account book. (A high percentage of the customers, especially those on welfare, charge their purchases.)

10:30 A.M. to 1:30 P.M. in the *bodega* on a rainy late-summer Thursday: A fan moves, but doesn't cool, the steamy air. A radio plays *canciones*. Mr. Cruz's paid assistant, the father of the minibike-owner, writes prices on some cans of guava juice with a Magic Marker. (Milk is a penny cheaper than it is in a supermarket, but prices on all other items are a few cents higher, partly, perhaps, because a good many of the charge customers skip the neighborhood without paying their last bills.)

An unpaid thirteen-year-old Puerto Rican boy called Junior helps unload cartons of 7-Up and Coca-Cola that salesmen are rolling in on hand trucks. A Drake salesman removes outdated Drake goods from the homemade wooden rack and replaces them with neat rows of fresh Ring Dings, Devil Dogs, and Yankee Doodles. The owner of a nearby TV shop (he has left an assistant in charge) perches on a crate of sweet potatoes and shoots the breeze with one of Mr. Cruz's sons, who has the day off from a job as an assistant to the service-room supervisor in a midtown office. Customers from the local tenements and housing projects walk in through the open door of the *bodega* every couple of minutes and are waited on by Mr. Cruz, a friendly man with a ruddy complexion, a modest knowledge of English, and high blood pressure. (His doctor has ordered him to retire, but he has no intention of retiring from the shop, which he loves.)

Many of the customers who come in between 10:30 A.M. and 1:30 P.M. are housewives accompanied by their young daughters—only an occasional young son. The housewives tend to be heavy, middle-aged, and bare-legged, and to wear religious medals, sandals or bedroom slippers, and sleeveless sundresses or housedresses, but no raincoats. (It is hot despite the on-again, off-again

rain.) Most of the women carry only keys and small change purses (no pocketbooks) and old black umbrellas. Their hair is usually long, and worn pinned up in buns or braids. The little girls, for the most part, have large brown eyes and shy smiles, and wear gold earrings in their pierced ears; they may be dressed in clean but unmatching T-shirts and shorts, and sandals, bedroom slippers, or worn-out Sunday-best patent-leather shoes (no socks). Some male customers shop in the middle of the day (more men come during the *bodega's* after-work hours, between 4 P.M. and 7 P.M., which are busier), and nearly all of them are of a certain age and are dressed in sports shirts, wash-and-wear slacks, straw hats, sandals, and socks. Several of them carry women's flowered umbrellas. The store's transactions are conducted in Spanish or in a mixture of Spanish and English. "Dame una botella de Ivory Liquid," a woman says. "Tiene usted some Chiclets?" a teen-age girl inquires. Few of the customers ask for or comment upon the prices of the items they select. An occasional junkie comes in and shops quietly—usually for a bottle of sweet soda. The *bodega* has been burglarized four times in recent years but never held up.

Between eleven-thirty and noon, the following people enter the *bodega*:

A girl of about seven, wearing her mother's scuffs, shuffles in and orders a quart of grape soda and a ham hero. One-third of the large ham sandwich that Mr. Cruz prepares is her lunch, she tells him, and one-third is for her older sister at home; one-third is to be saved for her mother to eat when she returns from work at 4 P.M. The girl pays a dollar and thirty cents for the soda and the sandwich, and says she will be back later to buy dinner.

A good-looking young man in jeans, carrying a big airmail envelope, asks for two seventeen-cent airmail stamps and a sixty-cent special-delivery stamp. (The *bodega* keeps a supply of stamps on hand as a convenience to its customers; the nearest post office is about twelve blocks away.) The letter is heavy and, he says, must reach Guatemala by Monday.

An elderly man buys a loaf of bread and a quart of milk, and laments the fact that he didn't play yesterday's number, 364. Everyone in the shop knows that 364 is the last three digits of Belmont's total mutual handle for Wednesday, which is printed in Thursday morning's *News*, for most of the people there play the numbers regularly.

A curly-haired woman who is bursting out of a pair of brown bellbottoms and a gold-laced T-shirt asks for a dozen eggs, a loaf of bread, a quarter pound of butter, four *plátanos* (she picks the greenest ones Mr. Cruz has), a large bottle of Kola Champagne, a large bottle of Malta India, and a can of Goya *frijoles*, and charges the order.

A ponytailed girl of perhaps five whispers the word "pink" to Mr. Cruz, who shakes his head, puzzled, and suggests that she go home and ask her mother to write down what she wants. She returns five minutes later with a scrap of paper that says "Quin pan." Mr. Cruz studies it and hands her a bottle of King Pine, a disinfectant.

A woman of very generous proportions, carrying a shopping bag in one hand and an umbrella with a crook

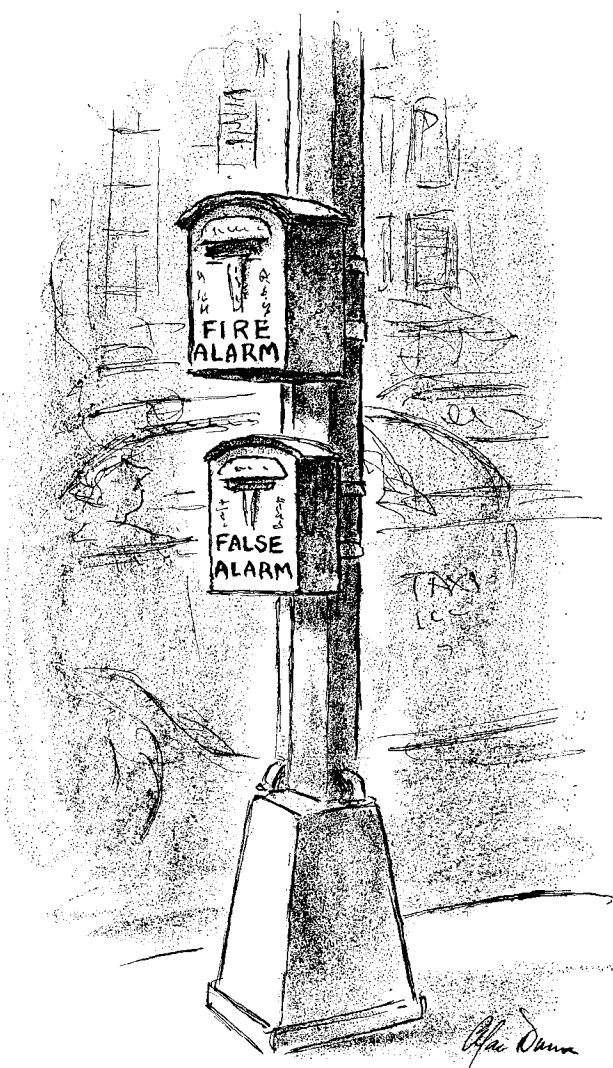
handle in the other, ambles in, singing, in Spanish, "If I could only buy a dish of rice with codfish..." She playfully puts her umbrella handle around the neck of Mr. Cruz's assistant, who is standing near a cold-beer case. He takes out a quart of beer and slaps her upper arm lightly with the bottom of the bottle. They laugh. Junior asks her if he can have an ice-cream sandwich and if he can go home for his trunks and stand under the spray of the open fire hydrant down the block, and she says yes to both requests; she is Junior's mother. She pulls out of the shopping bag a radio-cassette player she has just bought, and shows it off proudly. She buys no rice or codfish but pays cash for half a dozen other items and leaves, singing.

A thin, elderly wino with an expression of pain on his face limps in, rolls up one shirtsleeve, points to some bruises, and makes gestures indicating that he has fallen down. The TV man gets up from the crate of sweet potatoes and examines the man's arm. He says that it may be broken and that he will drive the man to Columbus Hospital. The man protests; it is clear that he has no use for hospitals. Mr. Cruz

hands the keys to his car and a five-dollar bill (for gas) to the TV man, who firmly leads the man with the possibly broken arm, still protesting, to the car.

A non-Puerto Rican woman who teaches an adult-education course to welfare recipients at a school not far from the *bodega* comes in to buy her lunch—a cheese sandwich, a can of grapefruit juice, a Yodels cake left earlier by the Drake man. She is a sartorial contrast to the local Puerto Rican women: belted raincoat, stockings, high heels. She is carrying a book, a newspaper, a pocketbook, and a bubble umbrella.

A pretty child of perhaps twelve comes in with her three- or four-year-old sister, a grocery list, and a lined notebook. Mr. Cruz fills a big brown paper bag with the articles on her list—they include a jar of mayonnaise, a quart of Good'o Sparkling Club Soda, half a pound of spiced ham, three jars of Beech-Nut junior food, and four jars of Beech-Nut baby food—and says



"*Cinco treinta y nueve*" aloud as he writes the figure \$5.39 in the girl's notebook and in his account book. Mr. Cruz asks the girl how her mother's new baby—Child No. 11—is, and she gives him a big smile, as does her younger sister. "He's three days old," the girl says. The girl's mother has been receiving a two-hundred-and-fifty-one-dollar welfare check every two weeks for herself and her ten children, and she spends between a hundred and forty and a hundred and sixty dollars of each check in the *bodega*, at a rate of from five to fifteen dollars a day. "*Así es la vida* [That's life]," Mr. Cruz says as the two girls depart.

Theatrics

THE MISSING DIRT: What happened to the dirt in "Dude"? That's what we wanted to know. There were supposed to be piles and piles of it—a real garden smack inside the Broadway Theatre. There were supposed to be plants growing up before the audience's eyes during each performance. There was supposed to be a highway running all over the theatre. "Dude" was supposed to be about the highway life; the billboard called it "a musical comedy with a capital 'C' about this dude who lives the highway life at the Broadway Theatre on the Broadway stage on Broadway." "Dude" was supposed to be an updated "Hair"—only the fiftieth musical to try to be an updated "Hair" since "Hair" was first about hair on the Broadway stage. But then "Dude" had book and lyrics by Jerome Ragni and music by Galt MacDermot, and they were two-thirds of the people who did the original "Hair." Well, there is a "highway" running through the Broadway Theatre, but there isn't any dirt. Anybody who went to one of the previews last week—the premiere will be on October 9th—knew that. We didn't go to a preview, but we knew it anyway, because a friend told us. We went over then, late one morning, to find out what had happened to the dirt. We came upon Dale Soules, who plays a girl named Shadow in "Dude," standing in front of the stage door, and we put the question to her.

"That's right," Miss Soules said. "The dirt's gone. What happened was this: We had, like, four inches of dirt and peat moss. It was nice, but we had to roll around in it and rub our faces in it and then get up and *sing*. It just didn't work. I mean, we tried, but

after three or four days we were literally coughing up dirt, and it was, like, caking over our eyes. So we had a revolution. We said we couldn't go on, and we were right. So what we've got now is this: We've taken out all the dirt and put in a layer of foam rubber. And on top of the rubber we've got all these brown Army blankets. They're all cut up so they look like dirt."

"What do you think the play is about?" we asked, changing the subject.

"What do I think the play is about?" Miss Soules said. "Well, uh, I think it's a celebration—a celebration of life. Because, you know, 'Hair' was about war and revolution and killing kids. But 'Dude' is a celebration of everything. It's a celebration of older people—the cast has William Redfield and Rae Allen and Michael Dunn, not just kids. And the people really liked it at the preview last night. It brought them out. Like, when Rae Allen takes off her clothes, it brought out all those people who didn't have bodies like—you know, like Twiggy's."

"Takes off her clothes? But there wasn't supposed to be any of that in 'Dude.' 'No nude 'Dude'' was what people said."

"That's right. There's no nudity. She has a body stocking on."

We walked around to the front entrance and were allowed into the theatre, which was not the Broadway Theatre we had known. A new floor had been constructed, beginning where the balcony ended and stretching above the orchestra all the way to backstage. The upper balcony seats are now known as the "mountains," and the lower ones as the "foothills." At the center of the new floor, approximately where "two good seats down front" used to be, is an octagonal stage, about thirty feet across. It was covered with what we took to be shredded Army blankets. There are seven rows of new seats ringing the new stage; they are called the "valleys." There are also new seats on the part of the new floor that is above the old stage; they face back into the theatre and are raked like bleachers; the lower rows are the "trees" and the upper ones the "treetops." The "highway" is a black car-

pet with a yellow stripe on it that meanders through the theatre on platforms and aisles. The whole setup, which was worked out by Mr. Ragni and the show's scenic designer, Eugene Lee, is a theatre-in-the-round with eccentricities. The best seats are the "foothills." People who sit in the "treetops" will have a great view of the proscenium arch, which the creators of "Dude" say they have burst out of.

We went outside and listened to some of the talk at the box office.

"I want four in the orchestra tomorrow night," a gentleman said.

"There isn't any orchestra anymore," the box-office lady said. "Do you want the foothills, the valleys, the trees, the mountains, or the treetops?"

"I want the best seats. What is now like the mezzanine?"

"The foothills are like the mezzanine."

"And what is now like the orchestra?"

"The foothills are like the orchestra, but so are the valleys."

"This is ridiculous. Well, give me four in the foothills."

The gentleman took his tickets and went away.

We stepped in front of the window. "Are these new seats causing any confusion?" we asked.

"No," the lady said, in a tone that kept us from asking more.

THE ATHENIANS: "Lysistrata," by Aristophanes, adapted and directed by Michael Cacoyannis, with music by Peter Link and lyrics by Cacoyannis, and starring Melina Mercouri, will have its premiere at the Brooks Atkinson on October 24th. Theatregoers who can't wait till then may take their chances with the previews, which begin October 12th. If even that seems unbearably remote, here is a report on a rehearsal-cum-press conference that took place last week, the setting being a spacious, dark-walled rehearsal studio in the City Center. When we arrived at this rather low-key event, Mr. Cacoyannis, a robust-looking figure in slacks and a blue-and-white print shirt, was explaining to a cluster of interested people his conception of the play. "It won't be produced on a Greek stage," he was saying. "It will be set in an abstract time. What the play is about is happening right now—the wars, the oppression, the injustice. But I'm not one of those who believe in shoving messages down people's throats. There has to be..." Mr. Cacoyannis rose on his toes and snapped his fingers, as if to





"Price includes automatic transmission, radio, heater, air-conditioner, power seats and windows, rear-window defroster, and Nixon bumper stickers, front and rear."

express a certain lightness, and said, "This is a satiric comedy; it has to be natural."

As the members of the cast arrived, they checked in on a board attached to an easel. One of them, suddenly, was Miss Mercouri, wearing white trousers and a silken white blouse. Her blond hair fell casually over her shoulders, and her eyes—gray and large, with dark lashes—glanced about alertly. After a healthy amount of hugging, gabbing, and puffing on cigarettes all around, it was decided that she would sing a number from the show and then answer formal questions at a microphone. The cast gathered at stage right, a guitarist came forward and propped his foot on a chair, and Miss Mercouri, at the mike, swung into the show's title song. This turned out to be a lusty ballad concerning the heroine and her name. The segment that Miss Mercouri performed ended with these lines:

I am the undoer of armies,
The purger of military force.
My credo is liberation—
And equal rights, of course!
Of course!
And equal rights, of course!

Besides the guitarist, Miss Mercouri was accompanied by her own body, which swayed and bounced earthily. She

finished, and there was a break. The guitarist walked up to a television sound man who was sitting slumped in a chair, and asked him how he had liked the song. "Fine, fine—very Jewish," the sound man replied.

Two months ago, Miss Mercouri returned to Greece for the first time since the present regime took power. The reporters at the rehearsal began their questions by asking about this trip. She said that her mother's death had made the trip necessary and that the regime had permitted her to enter the country. She went on, "But after a few hours they said, 'O.K., you will take the first plane'"—she brought her hands up as if tossing a cat through a doorway—"and out."

The questions then turned to the play, which, as every schoolboy ought to know, was written during the Peloponnesian War. Lysistrata is an Athenian woman who organizes others of her sex to force a peace. They do this by first denying their husbands the pleasure of their company in bed and then seizing the treasury on the Acropolis. One reporter said that he was interested in the play's "philosophy." "Do you really think there can be sexual solutions to political problems?" he asked.

Miss Mercouri replied, "When you say 'sex' to me, it doesn't mean, like,

pornographic. It's not sex, it's love. All my life, I have been a woman, I have been oppressed—I was *ashamed* to be a woman. My grandfather always said to me, 'Oh, what a pity you are not a boy!' In the countries that are not advanced, a woman is always oppressed. She always has to be a *poupée d'amour*—a doll of love. Otherwise, since you have no preparation for work, you have no money, you have nothing. This must finish. I think the play is not just against the Vietnam war but against war in general. I don't want to talk about Vietnam—it is not just the killing, it is that the earth is being destroyed. After the war is over, the earth will no longer flourish. After everybody is gone, there will be *nothing* in Vietnam."

Another reporter spoke up. "Melina, would you recommend that American women practice the policies of Lysistrata today to end the war?" he asked.

"I believe that the American women are very wise," Miss Mercouri said. "They know what they do. I admire them a lot, because they give us many, many truths—how to make *our* fights, in *our* countries. Still, there are not the same problems, and not the same possibilities. Here the Americans must do what they are doing. We in Greece must push for revolution."

HAIL, HAIL, THE GANGLIA'S ALL HERE

"ABSURD! Ridiculous!" scoffed Inspector Hesselstine. "I've never heard such pure, unadulterated tommyrot!" He put down his wine-glass, folded his arms, and glared at me. "Are you serious, Novotny?"

"I was never more so in my life," I returned steadily.

"You actually sit there and contend that the whippersnapper you refer to, whose existence none of us has dreamed of hitherto, possesses powers of detection superior to our own? That this . . . this stripling can solve problems that have addled the keenest brains on five continents?"

"I mean precisely that."

"Humph," he said, lifting an ironical eyebrow. "What, pray, is the name of this prodigy?"

"S. G. Pefelman," I replied, "and he is only eleven years old."

The four of us had just finished dinner at Pietro's, in Soho—Hesselstine, of Scotland Yard; Armand Dulac, of the Sûreté; Colonel Bialy, of the Turkish police; and I, Rupert Novotny, chief of New York's detective force. Over the years it had been our custom, whenever we encountered each other in London, to forgather at

Pietro's—who else has such a deft hand with chicken tetrazzini?—and quaff his delicious Frascati while exchanging shoptalk. Our conversation that evening had ranged over a variety of subjects when now, suddenly, my companions and I found ourselves at odds.

"But tell me, *mon cher* Novotny," Dulac asked, "zis leetle marvel of whom you speak—what ees so *extraordinaire* about heem?"

"His logic—his reasoning," I said. "It's fantastic, incredible. The man—I should say the boy; he hasn't donned longies yet—is a veritable thinking machine. Present him with a scrap of evidence, the merest soupçon of a clue, and presto, he arrives at a solution it would take any of us weeks to evolve."

"Come, come, man," Hesselstine expostulated. "You apparently believe that this unlicked cub is gifted with the same attributes as that fictional creation of Conan Doyle's, Mycroft Holmes."

"And so he is," I declared. "Like Sherlock's legendary brother, he rarely appears in public, has no intimates, shuns publicity. I myself have never seen him, though I've spoken to him on the phone."

"How then can one be sure he exists?" queried Colonel Bialy.

"Oh, he's real enough," I said. "We know, for instance, that at the age of five he was the youngest graduate in Harvard's history, that at six he had earned his doctorate, after which he spent two years at Oxford, Cambridge, the Sorbonne, Salamanca, Tübingen, and Uppsala, and that he has since applied himself to certain researches in mathematics and philosophy that may revolutionize the whole structure of Western thought. There are, in fact, those who maintain that not since the days of Tom Swift has there been a youth with so much gray matter."

"Hmm," Hesselstine commented skeptically. "This is all very well, Novotny, but fine words butter no parsnips. Can you give us a concrete example of Pefelman's astuteness?"

"With pleasure," I said, extracting my card case. "In one masterstroke, he unravelled the mystery contained in the following newspaper account, and so expertly that my department was left with egg on its face. The affair, as summarized in the New York Times, read thus: 'HIGH-VOLTAGE WIRING IS STOLEN OFF POLES. New Paltz, N.Y.—Thieves have taken 4,000 feet of copper wire strung on utility poles

along a rural road north of this Ulster County community. The Central Hudson Gas and Electric Corporation said the line carried high-voltage current to serve a 4-H Club camp and a nearby summer colony on Plutarch Road. . . . Frank W. Shay, manager of Central Hudson's Newburgh District, said that as salvage material the copper wire would not bring an extremely high price in today's market, although the price of copper is up.'"

"Pouf," spoke up Armand Dulac. "Zat ees no grand problem. You send a couple of gendarmes to ze local junk dealers, you find ze wire, and you trace ze robbers."

"It wasn't that simple," I said. "Failing to apprehend the miscreants, the police appealed to us, but we, too, were baffled. Then the press raised a hue and cry, the Commissioner got on my back, and, with my job at stake, I put in a call to Pefelman. As luck would



"We should have known better than to get behind a minister on a Monday."

have it, he was not there."

Tense with excitement at my swift-paced narrative, Colonel Bialy moistened his lips. "Where was he?"

"Well, a voice—his housekeeper, I suspect—informed me that he had gone down to the candy store for some Necco wafers."

"What ees eet,zis sweetmeat?" Dulac demanded, mystified.

"You know, those powdery, colored discs," I explained. "To be honest, I lost my temper and retorted that Mycroft Holmes never went down to any candy store for Necco wafers. In whatever case, when I reached Pefelman and presented the riddle his response staggered me. He asked whether some carnival or circus had passed through New Paltz at the time of the theft."

My three colleagues gazed at me openmouthed. Colonel Bialy was the first to find his tongue. "What did he mean?"

"Ubangis," I said. "Those African women with platters in their mouths and long necks. He hypothesized that they had stolen the wire for necklaces, and, sure enough, we arrested a pair in Binghamton a few days hence with the loot encircling their throats."

"A remarkable piece of deduction, by George," observed Hesseltine thoughtfully as we bade each other good night. "Thank goodness Pefelman has allied himself with the forces of justice, for had he chosen a career of crime the world today might have seen the emergence of another Professor Moriarty or Fu Manchu."

IT was perhaps a fortnight later that I received a call from Scotland Yard, and even before Hesseltine's voice flickered over the wire I had a premonition of its nature. My hunch was correct. The British authorities had become increasingly perplexed at the behavior of a mysterious housebreaker, to the extent that questions were being asked in Parliament.

"Between ourselves, old boy, the Government's got the wind up," Hesseltine confessed. "Do you think that



"He's into Gupta Yoga, Bluegrass music, Scrambler motorcycling, organic gardening, electronic sculpture, and snowmobiling. A real Renaissance man."

perhaps that little chap of yours might shed a ray of light on this tenebrous matter?"

I signified I would be glad to intercede for Hesseltine, and he read me the London Times report of the business. Headlined "BURGLAR LEAVES 'SAUSAGE MEN,'" it stated: "Police are searching for a burglar who leaves a sausage with button eyes, a drawing-pin nose, wire mouth and limbs, and hair of modelling clay at every house he steals from. He also leaves a message and uses a special method of entry, but details are being kept secret. He has stolen several hundred pounds from houses in the Staines, Ashford, and Sunbury areas of Middlesex." The message left by the intruder, Hesseltine went on to reveal, ran, "You've tried the rest, now try the best—Stourbridge's Sausages, Best by Test," and in each case he had entered the premises through the chimney.

"Have you ruled out the possibility of espionage?" I inquired. "Offhand, I'd say the message was a code of some sort."

"I agree, but none of our cryptographers, and they are the topmost in their profession, has managed to break it," he said. "Anyhow, we should be unspeakably grateful if your man could help us solve the conundrum."

When I phoned Pefelman, I was again greeted by his housekeeper, who

divulged that he had stepped out to purchase some chocolate Bolsters. This time, I kept a tight checkrein on my temper, and, obtaining the phone number of the candy store, rang through to him. He listened intently as I relayed the details.

"The chimney, the chimney," he deliberated. "Did any of the victims remember hearing sleigh bells?"

"I don't think so, else Hesseltine would have said," I rejoined. "Why, could that be an important clue?"

"Only in combination with certain other factors, like reindeer tracks, vestiges of a white beard in the chimney, et cetera. However, you can assure your friend at the Yard that there's no question of robbery. It's some sort of advertising campaign."

"For sausages, maybe?"

"That's difficult to say. Remember, we're not dealing with ordinary burglars here—these are advertising men."

"But if not robbery, why were hundreds of pounds in cash stolen?"

"A red herring, calculated to divert suspicion," Pefelman theorized. "I daresay all those pilfered will be recompensed in due time."

And, as subsequent events proved, he was one hundred per cent right. Everybody in the Staines, Ashford, and Sunbury areas of Middlesex who had been plundered, as well as many who had not, received a handsome check, and at year's end Stourbridge's Sausages paid a banner dividend to its stockholders.

FAR and away the most dazzling display of Pefelman's deductive powers, however, was yet to come. Readers will no doubt recall the news item that burst like a bombshell some time ago in the pages of the New York Post. It read: "Flint, Mich. (AP)—The Flint Public Library has recovered a book that was 41 years overdue. Fines due on the book, E. Phillips Oppenheim's 'The Great Impersonation,' total \$758.75. The library received the book in the mail from Frank McPherson, of Petoskey, who said it was among a collection he bought recently. Library



"You think this is wild! I just heard of a place where they take sick guys and stick needles in them."

officials said they were unable to determine who checked out the book."

"A call for you from Flint, Michigan, Chief." The speaker that hot August morning as I sat immersed in paper work was Fugazy, my able second-in-command. "It's the head of the public library there, Miss Robin Vermilyea."

I groaned inwardly, though there was no sign of a groan outwardly. "Damnation, that nasty business of the overdue fines again. Didn't you tell her I referred the matter to Pefelman as promised?"

"I did, sir, but she insists on talking to you."

"Very well." I reached into the cradle beside my desk and uncradled the phone. "Novotny here. I trust you're calling to report progress, Miss Vermilyea."

"Yes. Thanks to you, Captain, the culprit responsible for the outrage has been laid by the heels," she imparted. "I just wished to say how adorable Mr. Pefelman was. He sounds just like a little boy." She giggled. "Is he—er—by any chance single?"

"As far as I know. I doubt whether he's interested in marriage, though."

She sighed. "Oh, he's that way."

"What way?" I said coldly. "The guy's only eleven years old."

"Gracious, he's practically a child, isn't he? Anyhow, I must tell you what happened. I phoned him at that store you mentioned, where he was in the midst of buying some candy corn. After I told him the facts, he instructed me to insert an ad in our papers that went, 'Will the party who left a substantial amount of money in a library book call in person at 4 P.M. next Thursday?'"

"How many people showed up?"

"A hundred and twenty-five. And, as Mr. Pefelman directed, we had a newspaper photographer take a group shot of the whole caboodle. Then I told them that if everybody would subscribe six dollars and seven cents to avoid becoming a laughingstock, this would total the \$758.75 due on the Oppenheim book. You should have seen them swarm around pressing money on me."

"But how did you cotton on to the person who had kept the book?"

"I'm coming to that. Just as Mr. Pefelman shrewdly forecast, one individual remained behind when the rest left—a miserly old curmudgeon named Russel Schrimpf, the richest man in

Flint. Under questioning he broke down, confessed he was the blackguard we sought, and offered to make restitution by donating a new extension. We accepted with one proviso; namely—"

"That it be called the S. G. Pefelman Wing," I hazarded.

"Well, I swan! How on earth did you ever guess?"

"My dear Miss Vermilyea," I said. "Some people call it luck, others instinct—in my trade, it's part of the day's work. Once in a while, though, Nature lavishes these, plus genius, on one mortal. I'm sure you know who I mean."

"Yes," she said softly. "He's a wonderful, wonderful human being. May Heaven preserve him, wherever he is."

"That I can tell without asking," I said. "He's either in or en route to the candy store." —S. J. PERELMAN

THOUGHT FOR THE MONTH

It's great to be great, but it's greater to be human—Will Rogers, US Secretary of State.—*Flair*, a British fashion magazine.

Who never met an ambassador he didn't like.

THE PORNOGRAPHY OF VIOLENCE

WHEN Arthur Darrow woke up and looked at the clock, he jumped out of bed. Nine-fifteen! Oh, God, he'd have to call the school at once. Then he remembered it was Saturday. He did not have to teach today, to drive to the high school six miles up the river and face the students again. He smiled and lay down and pulled the covers over him and closed his eyes for a long time, but he couldn't go back to sleep. Last night, he and his wife, Jenny, had gone to a teachers' party, the first of the fall season, and he had got quite high out of boredom, but he felt perfect this morning.

He heard Jenny out in the kitchen. She was humming "La Cucaracha." The baby was making happy cooing noises. Lying in bed, Arthur was content. He often thought privately that his life was ordinary and lacked glamour of any kind, but then he said, "What can I expect as a teacher living in a small town?"

He got up and washed and shaved and went to the kitchen. Jenny stood in her bright-flowered housecoat beside the stove. Her hair was blond, clipped very short. She reached for eggs to break into the skillet.

Arthur caressed her. "Don't," she said, frowning. She was not very passionate. He thought about sex a lot and put up with a little.

He walked over to the baby, who sat in the high chair. She had food on her face. Her hair was fine, soft-spun blond curls. She said, "Da, da, da, da." He kissed the top of her head.

After breakfast, Arthur said, "Why don't I take Amy uptown in her stroller? Would you mind? I feel like taking a walk with her." He wanted to buy Jenny a belated birthday present.

Jenny said, "It's fine with me, if you really want to. I've got to clean anyway. Besides, I've got sort of a headache."

"You're hung over," he said, smiling.

"Oh, go on," Jenny said. "You had more

than I did. I'm getting old, I guess." She took the baby out of the high chair. "Come on, sweetheart, I'll wash your face and put a nice dress on you. Daddy's going to take you bye-bye."

Arthur felt alive, twenty years old. He was thirty-six. He was thin and small and pale, with heavy black hair on his narrow arms, and with a heavy black beard that he never could shave entirely clean.

When Jenny came back with the baby, she said, "Aren't you going to change your clothes?"

"No. Why should I? I'm comfortable."

"Levi's? And no socks? What if Jonesy sees you?" Elliot Jones was the principal of the school where Arthur taught.

"Let him. I don't tell him how to dress on Saturday."

"Honey, you look like one of those god-awful teen-agers. If you let your hair grow any longer, you'll *really*

look like them. While you're uptown, why don't you get a haircut?"

"You sound like Jonesy."

Outside, Arthur put Amy into the stroller. She wore a clean pink frock. She said, "Bye-bye?"

He rolled her gently out of the driveway, the little blue-painted wheels squeaking. An Irish setter ran up to them and pranced around the stroller. Amy laughed out loud and squealed. She said, "Goggy." Arthur swallowed and said, "Nice goggy. Nice goggy." The dog ran away, its tongue hanging out, a smile on its red-brown face.

There were heavy black clouds, but they were scattered. It would not rain. It was a warm mid-September morning, and it was Saturday, and Arthur was out walking with his little girl.

He stopped at a corner drugstore and lifted the baby from the stroller. She was cool, and her fat arms had white down on them and were soft and rosy. He squeezed her.

The drugstore was pleasantly air-conditioned. He did not need anything.

Holding Amy on one hip, he browsed among the men's magazines. Slowly, breathlessly, glancing up to see if anyone was near, he turned the color pages.

He walked around the store, inhaling the mingling aromas of candy, of perfume and bath powder and tobacco and medicines. Near the prescription counter, a frail old woman lifted and waggled a half-closed hand toward the baby and made muffled noises of pleasure. Her purple eyes brightened fiercely. "What a lovely child," she said, and her voice sounded as if it were coming through a foam-rubber mask. Arthur said, "Why, thank you, Ma'am." The baby swung away from the woman hard, digging her stiff white shoes into his chest. Arthur held her tight. He moved on, and the old woman stood there, hunched, peeking over her shoulder, smiling crookedly, grotesquely,



"The way they're making things today, antiques will be a thing of the past in the future."

beautifully. Arthur went to the tobacco counter and bought a pack of cigarettes.

Outside, the air seemed close. The elm tree on the corner was too tall to give direct shade. It would be hot later. Arthur walked slowly in the direction of the center of town. The bell on the tall granite Congregational church with the gold ball on top struck eleven as he passed by. In the park next to the church, old people were sitting on benches, and three young boys were playing with a football. Beside the park stood a new small building, a doughnut shop. Arthur hated it. It had ruined the clean, green lines of the area. It stood deep in its lot, painted white cinder block with big plate-glass windows. Three tiny cypress bushes cringed in front of it. An unshaded blacktop parking lot extended to the sidewalk. On a tall column, a huge plastic sign rotated slowly—mauve, with enormous pink Gothic letters embossed on it: "Ye Olde Donut Shoppe." The whole place was disgusting, and the man who had rented the land to this franchise outfit ought to be shot, the greedy fool. A petition to prohibit its construction had not been successful; the town aldermen were anxious to have every tax dollar they could.

A bunch of teen-age boys was standing in front of the doughnut shop. There were five of them. Just as Arthur passed, someone said, "Hey, Mr. Darrow."

Arthur paused and said, "Yes?"

One of the teen-agers touched another's shoulder and mimicked, "Yes?" He said it like a girl.

"Do you remember me?" the first boy asked.

Arthur looked at him. Then he looked at the others. They were all slim, not very big. Still, they were bigger than he was. For no particular reason, he felt afraid. He looked at the boy who had spoken. He was ugly—pink and freckled, with a big nose, small weak eyes close together, and carrot-red, greasy hair hanging almost to his shoulders. He was wearing a blue denim vest with swastikas crudely sewn on it.

"No," Arthur said. "Should I?"

The one who had mocked him before did so again, softly.

"Yeah, you should. You had me kicked out of school. You don't remember? I was in your study hall. Two years ago. You had me kicked out. For smoking in the can. You don't remember?"

Arthur shook his head. Amy shook her head and shouted happily.

OMEN

You will not even notice our departure.

The small, falling like plump leaves
among the fallen leaves,
will lie indistinguishable, each with his song
locked in his throat.

The large, unable to climb, to soar,
will invisibly die in their high places,
which only the few sure-footed among you could scale.
Only the tame, safe in your cages, will, for a time, survive.

We have, it would seem, outlived our purpose,
whose strokes in the sky taught you symbols
to preserve what you thought.
In those days, we seemed lines drawn by a wise god
as we flew, flocked,
presaging more than a change in season.
Each savior in turn had his holy bird,
his practical, heavenly messenger descending
to peck a seed from the ear or to seal some voice as divine.

We, who announced the birth of each sun,
who once were, to the discoverer,
true sign of the unseen,
longed-for land ahead, now may announce no new thing
save this darkness
which we, at your bidding, must enter.
We fall, as pit-birds fell, silent.

Their silence was always clear warning to you to turn back.
But you, hacking at shadows, still fail to hear us though we cease to sing.

—JON SWAN

"Cabral," the ugly one said. "Remember Cabral."

"Oh, Cabral." A mean, snide, stupid kid who always caused a commotion if he could. "But you had short hair then."

"Yeah. I had short hair then."

"Yeah. He had short hair then," the others said.

Arthur suppressed laughter.

Cabral stepped forward. "Just remember this," he said. "You're lucky I met you here in broad daylight. Because some night I'm gonna meet you in a dark alley, and I'm gonna beat the hell out of you." Cabral barely tapped Arthur's shoulder with a skinny index finger.

The whole thing seemed unreal, absurd. And yet Arthur felt his heart beating fast and the blood draining out

of his face. He had not had a fight since he was twelve or thirteen, and he recalled the weak, hollow feeling he used to get just before it started.

"Try it," he croaked, gripping the stroller handle tight. "I'll have the police on you so fast you won't know what happened."

"Yeah, you would. You'd sick the Man on me. That's all you bastards can think of. Call the cops. You *might*, if you was still alive when I got through with you."

"Are you threatening me?"

"Maybe."

"Well, I don't have to take this from you. With or without your pals."

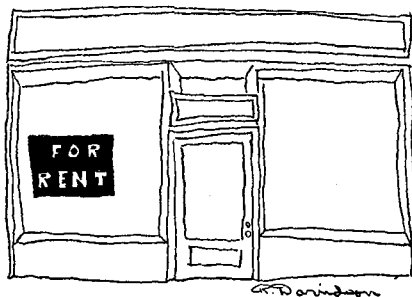
"Oooh, gettin' rough?"

The mocker said, "Your *pals*. Dig that."

"Just remember what I told you," Cabral said. He gave Arthur a light shove.

"Keep your filthy hands off me," Arthur said.

Cabral's fist came out of nowhere and struck Arthur on the right cheekbone. Cabral was wearing a wooden or leather ring, and Arthur heard a noise and felt a sharp burning pain on his face. He raised his arm to swing at Cabral. The mocker pushed it



aside and kicked him in the shin with a pointed black boot. Arthur raised his leg and held it for a moment.

Cabral said, "Let's go!" They all loped down the hot sidewalk. Laughing and swearing, they ran into the park and disappeared.

ARTHUR stood on the sidewalk, a little dazed, hurting. He rubbed his face, then his leg gently. Amy stared at him, two fingers in her mouth. A car pulled up beside the curb, and a woman with gray hair leaned out and said, "I saw the whole thing. Are you all right? Do you want me to call a policeman?"

Arthur shook his head. "No. I'll take care of it. Thanks."

She said, "Are you sure you're all right?"

He nodded. She raised her eyebrows and said, "Well, if you're sure." She pulled her head in and drove on slowly.

Arthur continued on his way. He limped slightly, and he felt stunned, somehow deeply embarrassed. And, very strangely, chastened. He remembered he wanted to get Jenny a birthday gift. That was what this trip really was about. And maybe buy Amy some ice cream. He kept saying in his mind, "Jenny a birthday gift, Amy some ice cream." And as he walked toward the busy part of town he thought how it would be when he got home later. He would tell Jenny casually about the encounter. She would be furious and ask if they had touched Amy. He would say no, just him. She would want to report it to the police. He would not let her. She would argue with him and call them "filthy, rotten teen-agers," and say that a person wasn't even safe walking down the street in the daytime with his baby in a carriage. She would demand to know who it was, and he would tell her, and why the boy had done it. She would go to the telephone full of disgust and shout to the police chief all about what had happened, and after



"I just had to find out if that 'Time and tide wait for no man' applied to me."

she had hung up she would say, "They're going to take care of it, don't you worry, darling. If you don't press charges, I will!"

When Arthur reached Main Street, he passed a throng of teen-agers standing in front of the bus station. They all seemed to look like Cabral. Some had big, drooping military mustaches. The girls slouched; they wore their hair very long and straight. Arthur touched the small, smarting bump on his face. He did not hate them, the teen-agers. Often in school he hated them passionately. Now he wanted to hate them, but he did not.

In the one good department store in town, he bought Jenny a small black reptile pocketbook that she had admired in a window one night after they had been to the movies. Farther down the street, at a newspaper-novelty store, he bought Amy a paper cup of strawberry ice cream and fed it to her slowly.

Arthur went into the five-and-ten and ordered a hot dog and a mug of

root beer and devoured them standing up. It was hot and light and fetid in the big store, and crowded with women shoppers. There was a smell of roasting peanuts in the air. Somewhere a phonograph was playing a loud rock number. On a rack next to him, rows of colored paperback-book covers shone hard and bright. While Arthur was eating the hot dog and drinking the cold root beer, and listening to the women mutter around him and the cash registers ring up purchases, he had a vision. In front of the doughnut shop, Cabral and his friends were beating him up. Cabral had a chain. It clanked and crashed as it landed on Arthur's skull. Others had heavy sticks, which cracked on his body. He went down on his knees. "I'm one of you," he said. "Don't you see? I'm one of you." They continued to beat him, slugging away, kicking, grunting.

As he sank, he heard Amy crying. Blood dripped down his face and onto his shirt. Lying on the hot sidewalk in the sun, he watched the boys run

away as fast as foxes. He felt life flow out of him, and he died.

ARTHUR finished his lunch and walked away. He wiped a thin line of sweat from his forehead, from his upper lip. He had gone a few steps when he heard the saleswoman at the lunch counter shout, "Hey, Mister! You forgot your package!" Jenny's pocketbook. Blushing, he went back and took it, thanked her, and left the store.

It was midday, and it was very hot. The black clouds had passed over; the sky was white. Arthur walked in what little shade the buildings afforded toward home. He passed the doughnut shop. There were many cars and customers in the parking lot. He raised his fingers to the small lump on his cheek. It was not as swollen, but it still hurt. Right there, he thought, imagining a bloody pool on the sidewalk. He could see the chain flashing in the air, and he could hear thuds. It's a good

vision, he thought. Beatific. And he felt guilty for thinking it. On a bench in the park, a middle-aged woman in a black hat pointed at him and said something to a similar woman beside her. They had been there earlier for the little scuffle, sitting silently through it under a big purple beech. Arthur hurried by.

He passed the drugstore and remembered its sweet, clean, salubrious smells, the magazine nudes. He walked six more blocks and then turned down his street.

Ah, when he told Jenny, how angry she would be. But he would not tell her about the vision. She would think he had gone mad. She might say, "Who do you think you are—Che Guevara?" No. He would keep the vision to himself. And maybe the rest of it, too. It was insignificant anyway.

All the little bungalows glittered under the noon sun. It was quiet and sleepy on the street. Everyone was inside having lunch, or maybe away at

the lake. Somewhere a lawnmower buzzed pleasantly.

When Arthur got to the house, he took Amy out of the stroller and held her high above his head. Then he hugged her and said, "My beautiful little girl. Daddy loves you." She fussed a little. He was trembling.

He went inside and called, "Jenny? It's us. We're home."

Jenny came from the back of the house. She had an apron on and she was sweating. Arthur put the baby down, and she tottered toward her mother's legs.

"Was she good?" Jenny asked.

"Perfect. I brought you a birthday gift. I'm sorry it's late, but I didn't have a chance to get it before today."

She opened the package and gasped and said just what he knew she would say: "You shouldn't have done this." She kissed him. "It's lovely, and you know I love it, but it's so expensive."

"I had a few dollars."

"You're sweet. Do you want lunch?"

"No. I had a hot dog uptown. Maybe Amy wants something, though. She only had a little ice cream. I think I'll mow the lawn."

"Now? It's so hot."

"I want to. Anyway, it'll be the last time this year."

She shrugged. "Honey?" she said. "What's that mark on your face?" She touched it.

He winced. "It's a bite—a mosquito or something. Must have poisoned me. Near the park. You know, next to that awful doughnut place they built."

"You should put some calamine lotion on it. It's swollen. Let me."

"No. It's all right."

He headed toward the back door. He took off his shirt. He wanted to get the last of the sun while mowing the lawn, the last of the heat before autumn really set in. And he wanted to think about his vision for a while, alone, before its strength ebbed and left him the same as he always was.

—H. L. MOUNTZOURES



"So many people seem to be cracking up these days. There goes a guy smiling to himself."

Looking over his shoulder at the round wall clock high above the entrance to Courtroom 803 of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, Mike Barrett could make out that the hour hand was past the nine and the minute hand just past the four. It was twenty-two minutes after nine o'clock in the morning.—"The Seven Minutes," by Irving Wallace.

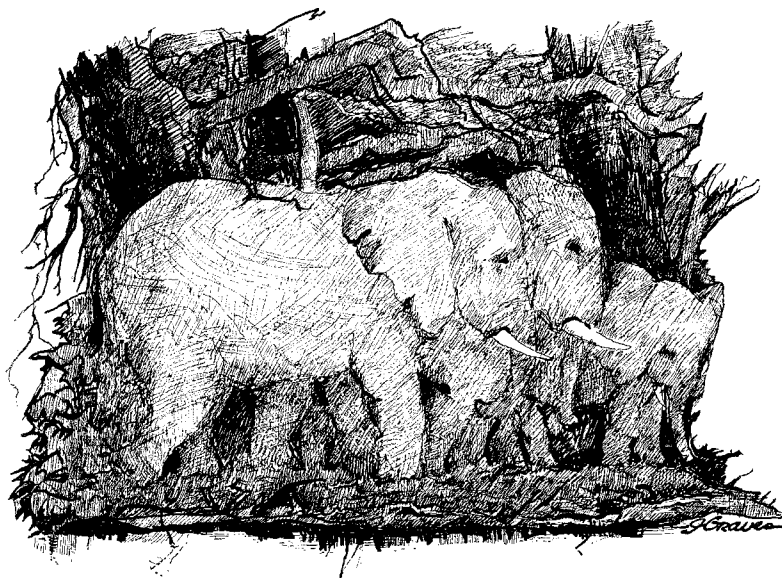
Darn! We wanted to work it out for ourself.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE TREE WHERE MAN WAS BORN-II

AT Lamai, on the Mara River, sixty miles north of Seronera, near the Kenya border, the Ikuria Bantu were displeased because part of their lands north of the Mara had been appropriated by the Tanzanian government for the Serengeti National Park; they were harassing the Lamai guard post at night with threats and stones. Myles Turner, a Serengeti Park warden, flew an extra ranger to Lamai to strengthen the garrison, and I went along. We circled a concentration of six hundred buffalo near Banagi, then flew onward, passing east of an old fort at Ikoma, which was built by the Germans in 1905. Beyond Ikoma was another great herd of buffalo, black igneous lumps in the tsetse-ridden land. Zebra shone in the morning woods, but a rhino was as dull as stone in the early light.

To the north and west, over Lake Victoria, the cloud masses were a deepening gray-black; at times the plane flew through black rain. These lake-basin storms are the worst in East Africa, building all day and coming to a boil in late afternoon. But the clouds were pierced by shafts of sun, and the plane cast a hard shadow on thatched roofs, stock corrals, and patchwork gardens scattered along the boundary of the park. Half-naked people stood outside the huts; they did not wave. "Poachers," Turner said. Poaching has always been a problem on park borders, all the more so because no park in East Africa is a natural ecological unit that shelters all its game animals the year round. To contain the natural wanderings of its herds, the Serengeti Park, five thousand one hundred square miles in extent, would have to be doubled in size, expanding east to the Crater Highlands and northward into Kenya. Human population increase and a lack of protein in lands that suffer from advanced protein deficiency in the poor have made the poaching of wild game a widespread industry, and an estimated forty thousand animals are killed each year in the Serengeti area alone. Poisoned arrows, which are silent, are still preferred to rifles, but



traps and steel-wire snares have replaced the traditional snares woven of the bayonet aloe that gave its Maasai name to Olduvai Gorge.

The parks are the last refuges of large animals, which in most of East Africa are all but gone. The game departments are chronically bereft of funds, staff, and the technical training to protect the game, and most of their resources are devoted to destroying animals worth far more in meat and tusks and hides than the cultivated plots being protected in the name of game control. Where animals are not shot out, poached, or harried to extinction, they are eliminated by human settlements at the only water points for miles around, or their habitat vanishes in the fires lit to bring forth new grass. Thus, the survival of the animals depends on the survival of the parks, among which the Serengeti has no peer.

For purposes of efficiency in dealing with poachers and to inspire the African judiciary to impose meaningful sentences, all poachers are classed together as brutal hirelings of unscrupulous Asian interests in Nairobi or Dar es Salaam; traps, snares, and poisoned arrows maim and torture many more animals than are actually retrieved, and of late the gangs have become motorized, crossing park boundaries at will. This is the official picture of the matter, and there is considerable truth in it, but it is also true that the majority of poachers are people of the region who are seeking to eke out a subsistence diet as they have always done. The parks for which their lands have been appropriated, and which they themselves have no means to visit

even if they were interested, give sanctuary to marauding animals that are a threat to domestic stock and crops, not to speak of human life, and their resentment is natural and just. It is no good telling a man who works a *shamba*, or small farm, that tourist revenues are crucial to the nation when his own meagre existence remains unaffected, or affected for the worse. The concept of "the nation" has not penetrated very far into the bush, and

there are many tribesmen who have no idea that they are Kenyan or Tanzanian, and would care little if they knew. Even the urban African benefits little from a tourist economy, not to speak of the revenues of the parks, which are resented as the private preserves of white foreigners and a few blacks at the top. Not long ago, it was estimated that only one East African in twelve had ever seen a lion; lions are common in the park at the very outskirts of Nairobi, but one is not allowed into the parks without a car, and very few Africans have access to a car. The average citizen has more fear of than interest in wild animals, which most Africans regard as evidence of backwardness, a view in which they were long encouraged by European farmers and administrators. Far from being proud of the "priceless heritage" so dear to conservation literature, they are ashamed of it.

Nor is poaching a simple matter of free meat. Rural Africans in the vicinity of game reserves and parks quite naturally believe that the numbers of wild animals are inexhaustible, and see no reason they should not be harvested, as they have always been. Hunting, with its prestige for the good hunter, is a ceremony and sport, as it is for Westerners; its place in the African economy and its risk to the poorly armed native hunter make it considerably less decadent. And no one can explain why killing animals is permitted to foreigners in search of trophies but not to citizens in search of food. Yet to permit random poaching by local hunters would encourage ever bolder operations directed by outsiders

and carried out by professionals who do not hesitate to turn their poisoned arrows on African game rangers; arrow poisons in this region are obtained from a shrubby dogbane that has no antidote, and can kill in a matter of minutes. Still, bows are no match for rifles, and ordinarily the poacher dies instead. The year before my visit, four poachers died in the Serengeti. One was shot down by rangers after firing his fourth poisoned arrow. Two corpses were found under a tree, caught by a fire probably set by themselves, for grasslands near a water course are often burned to give the hunters a better view and to make sure that their poisoned arrows are not lost; also, the use of *bangi* (the marijuana hemp, cannabis, brought to the east coast in the earliest trade with Asia) and homemade spirits is popular in the poachers' camps, and perhaps the two were taken by surprise. The fourth was mangled by a maimed buffalo caught in his wire snare.

The Ikuria Bantu, on whose account we were making our journey, are one of the peoples Turner admires. "The land is all they have," he said. But he is a traditionalist in his dealings with the Africans, and though he joked with the ranger in the plane, the jokes were firm. When his plane appeared over Lamai, a half-dozen members of his Field Force rushed to the airstrip, where they were lined up more or less smartly by their corporal. In green drill shorts, shirts, berets, and puttees, they made a fine-looking line, and when Turner stepped down from the plane they sprang to attention, slapping rifles. "*Jambo, Corporal*," Turner said, by way of greeting and approval, then put the rangers at their ease. Plainly, the men enjoyed these formalities as much as Turner did, and at the same time were amused. Turner gave them letters and news of their families, and they gave him messages to send back. Then we marched down to the Mara River in a military manner to inspect the hippos.

Hippos can weigh twice as much as buffalo, or two to three tons each. Like whales, they are born in the water, and their copious manure, supporting rich growths of blue-green algae, is a great boon to fish. Here the hippos had piled up in the river rapids, where the lateritic silt had turned them the same red as the broad-backed boulders in the river. (On land, the hippopotamus exudes a red secretion, perhaps to protect its skin against the sun, and Africans say that it is sweating its own blood.) With their flayed skin, bulging



"My name is Merrill P. Whitcomber and I'm from Cedar Rapids, Iowa!"

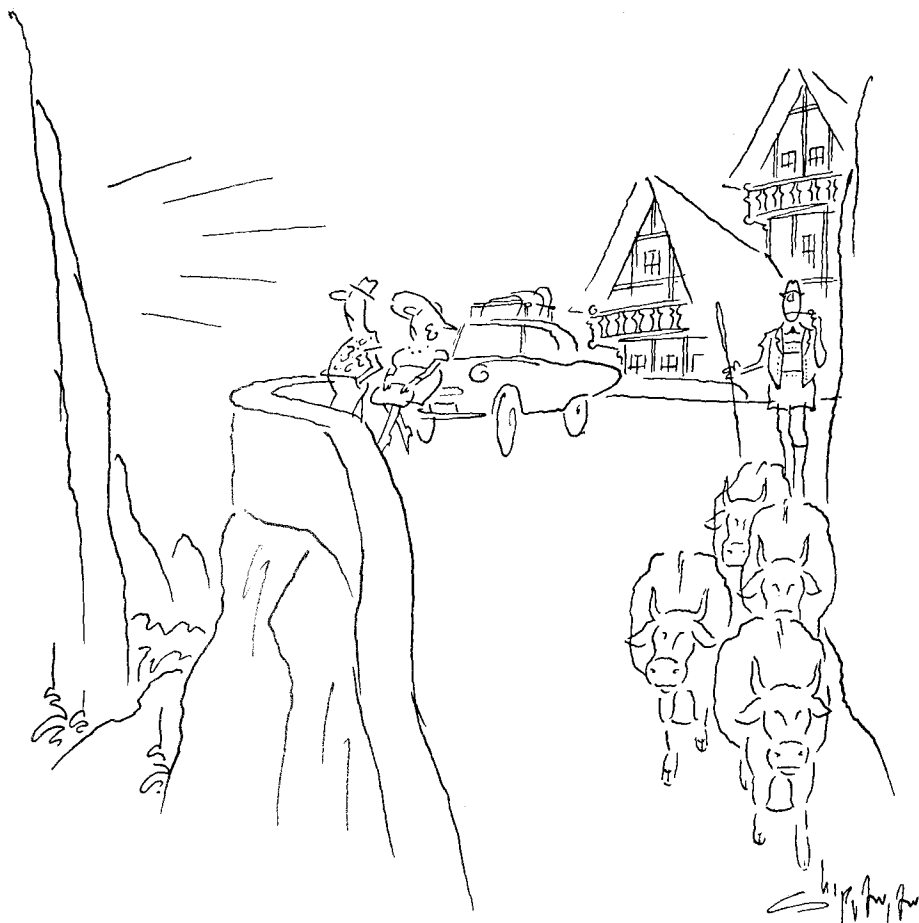
eyes, and cavernous raw mouths, they raised their tuba voices over the wash of the Mara on its banks in the uproar of the damned, as if, just at this moment, the great water pigs had been cast into perdition, their downfall heralded by the scream of a fish eagle that circled overhead.

EAST of Soit Nado Murt, on the Girtasho Plain, a burrow had been taken over and enlarged by wild hunting dogs, which differ from true dogs in having a four-toed foot. In the Girtasho pack, which I observed on a number of occasions with Dr. George Schaller, of the Serengeti Research Institute, were eleven dogs and three bitches, all fourteen of them black with patches of dirty white and brindle, and the invariable white tip to the tattered tail. Wild dogs are mangy and bad-smelling, with bat ears and gaunt bodies, yet they are appealing creatures, pirouetting in almost constant play, and rolling and flopping about in piles. Perhaps distemper keeps their numbers low, for they are faithful in the raising of their young, and they are the most efficient killers on the plain.

Wild dogs are nomadic most of the

year, attending the migrations of the herds, but when a bitch whelps they remain with her and bring her food. Ordinarily, one member—not necessarily the mother—remains with the pups when the pack goes out to hunt, and five dogs have been known to raise nine pups after their mother, the pack's only bitch, had died. At the den one afternoon, four pups were frolicking from dog to dog, and one of the dogs dutifully disgorged some undigested chunks of meat, but the pups were bothered by bursts of thunder, looking up from their food to whine at the far silent lightning. A mile to the west, zebra herds moved steadily along the skyline. When the rain began, the pups tumbled down into their den, and the adults gathered in a pile of matted black and brindle hair to shed the huge tropical downpour. Toward twilight, the rain eased and the dog pile broke apart, white tail tips twirling; the animals frisked about the soggy plain, greeting anew by inserting the muzzle in the corner of another's mouth, as the pups do when begging food.

Four dogs, led by a brindle male, moved off a little toward the west;



"Ich heisse Merrill P. Whitcomber und ich komme aus Cedar Rapids, Iowa!"

they stood stiff-legged, straining forward, round black ears cocked toward the zebra herds, which, agitated by the storm, were moving along at a gallop. Then the four set off at a steady trot, and the others broke their play to watch them go. Three more moved out, though not so swiftly, and Schaller and I followed the seven at a little distance in his Land Rover. Soon the remaining animals were coming, all but one that remained to guard the den. Only the first four were intent, the rest stopping repeatedly to romp and crouch or greet the stragglers. Then these nine would run to catch the four, loping along on both sides of the moving vehicle, casting a brief look at it as they passed. Ahead, the leaders trotted steadily, and the nine stragglers, overtaking them, would again break off to romp and play.

The four lead dogs, nearing the herds, broke into an easy run; the zebras spurted. Perhaps the dogs had singled out a victim—an old or diseased horse, a pregnant mare, a foal—for now they were streaming over the wet grass. Rain swept the plain, and gray sheets blurred the swirling stripes,

which burst apart to scatter in all directions. The dogs wheeled hard, intent now on a quarry, but lost it as the horses veered, then milled together in a solid phalanx. A stallion charged the dogs, ears back, and they gave way.

The chase of a mile or more had failed; the wild dogs frisked and played. But now all thirteen were intent, and in moments they were loping back past the waiting vehicle, headed west after the zebra. The leaders were already in their hunting run, bounding along in silence through the growing dark, and the others, close behind, made sweet puppylike call notes, strangely audible over the motor of the car, which swerved violently to miss half-hidden burrows. All thirteen stretched cadaverous shapes in long, easy leaps over the plain; in their run, the dogs were beautiful and swift, and came up with the herds in little more than a mile. Then the dark shapes were whisking in and out among the zebra, and a foal, still brown with a foal's long guard hairs, quit the mare's side when a dog bit at it, and was surrounded.

A six-month zebra foal, weighing perhaps three hundred pounds, is not

to be downed easily by thin animals of forty pounds apiece. The dogs chivied it round and round. One dog had sunk its teeth into the foal's black muzzle, tugging backward to keep the victim's head low—this is a habit of the dogs, to compensate for their light weight—and the dog was swung free of the ground as the foal reared, lost its balance, and went down. Now the mare charged, scattering the pack, and when the foal jumped up as if unhurt the two fled for the herd. But the dogs overtook the foal again, snapping at its hams. Braying softly, it stopped short of its own accord. Again a dog seized its muzzle, legs braced, dragging the head forward as the rest tore into it from behind and below. At the yanking of its nose, the foal's mouth fell open, and it made a last small sound. Once more the mare rushed at the dogs, and then again, but already she seemed resigned to what was happening and did not follow up her own attacks. The foal sank to its knees, its entrails a dim gleam in the rain. Then the dog at its nose let go and joined the rest, and the foal raised its head, ears high, gazing in silence at the mare, which stood guard over it, motionless. Between her legs, her foal was being eaten alive, and, mercifully, she did nothing. Then the foal sank down, and the dogs surged at the belly—all but one, which snapped an eye out as the head flopped on the grass.

Unmarked, the mare turned and walked away. Intent on her foal, the dogs had not once snapped at her. Noticing the car twenty yards off, she gave a snort and a jump sideways, then walked on. Flanks pressed together, ears alert, her band awaited her; nearby, other zebra clans were grazing. Soon the foal's family, taking the mare with it, moved away, snatching at the grass as they ambled westward.

The foal's spread legs stuck up like sticks from the twisting black and brindle; the dogs drove into the belly, hind legs straining. They snatched a mouthful, gulped it, and tore in again, climbing the carcass, tails erect, as if every lion and hyena on the plain were coming fast to drive them from the kill. All thirteen heads snapped at the meat, so close together that inevitably one yelped, but even when two would worry the same shred there was never a snarl, only a wet, steady sound of meat eating. When the first dog moved off, licking its chops, the foal's rib cage was already bare; not ten minutes had passed since it had died.

Then the hyenas came. First there were two, rising up out of the wet

grass like mud lumps given life. They shambled forward without haste, neither numerous nor hungry enough to drive away the dogs. Then there were five in a semicircle, fainting a little. A dog ran out to chase away the boldest, and then two of the five, with the strange speed that makes them deadly hunters on their own, chased off a sixth hyena—not a clan member, apparently—that had come in from the north through the twilight rain.

Six of the dogs, their feeding finished, wagged long tails as they romped and greeted; there was just enough light left to illumine the red on their white patches. The rest fed steadily, eyes turned to the hyenas as they swallowed, and as each dog got its fill and forsook the carcass the half circle of hyenas tightened. The last dog gave way to them without a snarl. The forequarters were left, and the head and neck, and all the bones. For the powerful jaws of the hyena, the bones of the plains animals present no problem. Hoofs, bones, and skin of what had been, twenty minutes before, the fat hindquarters of a swift, skittish young horse lay twisted up in a torn muddy bag; the teeth of its skull and the white eye sockets were luminous. At dark, as the tail tips of the dogs danced away eastward, the hyena shapes drew together at the remains, one great night beast sinking slowly down into the mud.

I ONCE watched a hyena gaining on a gnu that saved itself only by plunging into the heart of a panicked herd; the hyena lost track of its quarry when the herd stampeded. The cringing, bearlike lope of hyenas is deceptive; these strange cat relatives can run forty miles an hour, which is considered the top speed of the swift wild dog. Cheetah are said to attain seventy, but have no endurance; I have seen one spring at a Thomson's gazelle, its usual prey, and quit within the first hundred yards. Hyenas, on the other hand, will run their prey into the ground; there is no escape. And in darkness they are bold—a man alone on the night roads of Africa has less to fear from lions than from hyenas. In the Ngorongoro Crater, the roles ordinarily assigned to lions and hyenas are reversed. It is the hyenas, hunting at night, that make most of the kills, and the lions seen on the carcasses in daytime are the scavengers. Hans Kruuk, the hyena specialist at Serengeti, has discovered that the crater's hyenas are divided in great clans, and that sometimes these hyena armies war

THE COAT

After so many years,
standing with me in the same mirror,
it is almost transparent.
In the morning I rise up and enter it—
this skin frayed at the wristbones, this suitcase
of old weathers slick with shine, sagging
with the weight of inner pockets.

At night I slide it off, and the darkness
slides into it, slips its fingers inside,
and touches what the day has left:
old bills, dry webs of hair, salt,
a leaf thin and sharp as a bird's thigh.
What do I care what the dark does,
rifling my coat like an old wife?

Throw it on a stool to beg,
dance with it the long nights,
fold it after the funeral—what do I care?
When I lie down naked to sleep
it wears my own slouch.
I breathe in. Breathe out.
In a dark corner, it fills.

—PETER EVERWINE

at night, filling the crater with the din of the inferno.

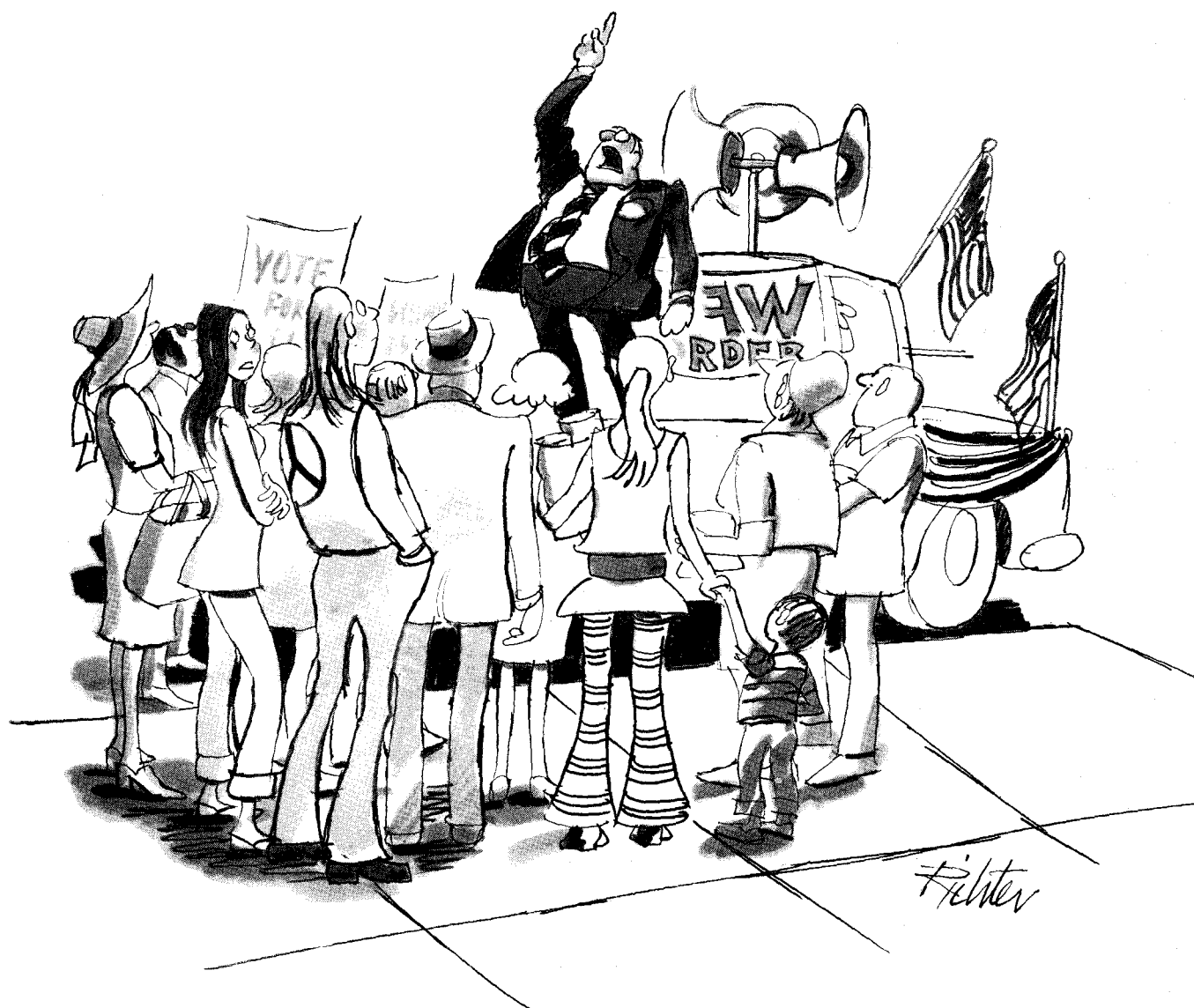
The natural history of even the best-known African mammals is incomplete, and such hole dwellers as the ant bear, the aardwolf, and the pangolin have avoided the scrutiny of man almost entirely. It is not even known which species excavate the holes, which may also be occupied by hyenas, jackals, mongooses, bat-eared foxes, porcupines, rats, or honey badgers, and, in the whelping season, the wild hunting dog. Often the burrows are dug in the bases of old termite hills, which stand on the plain like strange red statues of a vanished civilization, worn to anonymity by time. The termites are ancient relatives of the cockroach, and in the wake of rains they leave the termitaria in nuptial flight; soon their wings break off, and new colonies are founded where the termites come to earth. Were man to destroy

the many creatures that prey on termites, the mounds would cover entire landscapes. The African past lies in the belly of the termite, which has eaten all trace of past tropical civilizations and will do as much for the greater part of what now stands. At the termitaria, one may look at dawn and evening for such nocturnal creatures as the striped hyena, with its long hair and gaunt body, but in my stays in the Serengeti I never saw this wolf-sized animal that lived in the ground beneath my feet.

One day, I surprised a honey badger some distance from its earth, and followed it for a while over the plain. This dark, squat animal has long hair and a thick skin to protect it from bee stings, and, like most of the weasel tribe, it is volatile and ferocious, with a snarl more hideous than any sound I have heard in Africa. The animal moves quickly, low to the ground, and in its dealings with man is said to direct its attack straight at the crotch. Another day, observing hyenas with Hans Kruuk, I was lucky enough to see a pangolin, which has overlapping armor on its back and legs and tail. The pangolin has been much reduced by a Maasai notion that its curious reptilian plates will bring the wearer luck in love. At our approach, it ceased its rooting in the grass and, with an audible clack, rolled up into a ball to protect its vulnerable furred stomach.

All winter in the Serengeti, damp, scrawny calves and afterbirths are ev-





"Know what I think? He levels least when he raps most."

everywhere, and old or diseased animals fall in the night. Fat hyenas, having slaked their thirst, squat in the rain puddles, and gaping lions lie belly to the sun. On Naabi Hill, the carrion birds, digesting, hunch on the canopies of low acacia. Down to the west, a young zebra mare wanders listlessly by herself. Unlike topi and kongoni, which are often seen alone, zebra and wildebeest stick to the herd; an animal by itself may be sick or wounded, and draws predators from all over the plain. This mare had a deep gash down her right flank and a slash of claws across the stripings of her quarters; red meat gleamed on right foreleg and left fetlock. It seemed strange that a lion close enough to do such a mauling could have botched the job, but the zebra's pattern makes the animal difficult to see at night, when it is most vulnerable to attack by lions, and zebra are strong; a thin lioness that I saw once at Ngo-

rongo had a broken incisor hanging from her jaw which must have been the work of a flying hoof.

Unlike wild-dog packs, which sometimes overlap in their wide hunting range, lions will attack and even eat another lion that has entered their territory, snapping and snarling in the same antagonistic way with which they join their pride mates on a kill, whereas when hunting they are silent and impassive. In winter, when calves of gazelle and gnu litter the plain, the lions are well fed, but at other seasons they may be so hungry that their own cubs are driven from the kills. Until it is two, the cub is a dependent, and less than half of the cubs born in the Serengeti survive the first year of life. Cubs may be eaten by hyenas, or by a leopard, which has a taste for other carnivores, including domestic cats and dogs.

A former warden of the Serengeti who feels that plains game should be

killed to feed these starving cubs is opposed by George Schaller on the ground that such artificial feeding would interfere with the balance of lion numbers as well as with the natural selection that maintains the vitality of the species. Dr. Schaller is correct, I think, and yet my sympathies are with the predator, not with the hunted, perhaps because a lion is perceived as an individual, whereas one member of a herd of thousands seems but a part of a compound organism, with little more identity than one termite in a swarm. Separated from the herd, it gains identity, like the zebra killed by the wild dogs, but even so I felt more pity for an injured lion that I saw walking near the Seronera River in the hungry months of summer, a walking husk of mane and bone, so weak that the dry-weather wind threatened to knock it over.

The death of any predator is disturbing. I was startled one day to see



"This is only an exhibition game, Eileen! You might at least wait until the regular season starts!"

a hawk in the talons of a Verreaux's eagle owl; perhaps it had been killed in the act of killing. Another day, I helped Schaller collect a dying lioness. She had emaciated hindquarters and the staggers, and at our approach she reeled to her feet, then fell. In the interests of science as well as mercy, for he wished an autopsy, Schaller shot her with an overdose of tranquilizer. Although she twitched when the needle struck, and did not rise, she got up after a few minutes and weaved a few feet more and fell again. I had the strong feeling that the lioness, sensing death, had risen to escape it, like the vultures I had heard of somewhere that flew up from the poisoned meat set out for lions, circling higher and higher into the sky, only to fall like stones as life forsook them. A moment later, her head rose up, then flopped for the last time, but she would not die. Sprinkled with hopping lion flies and the fat ticks that in lions are a sign of poor condition, she lay there in a light rain, her gaunt flanks twitching. The death of the lioness was painless, far better than being found by the hyenas, but it was going on too long; twice Schaller returned to the Land Rover for additional dosage. We stood there in a kind of vigil, feeling more and more depressed, and the end, when it came at last, was shocking. The poor beast, her life going, began to twitch and tremble. With a little

grunt, she turned onto her back and lifted her hind legs in the air. Still grunting, she licked passionately at the grass, and her haunches shuddered in long spasms, and, watching this last abandon, I felt for a moment as if all the waste and loss in life, the harm one brings to oneself and others, had been drawn to a point in this lonely passage between light and darkness on the vast savanna.

Pairs of male lions, unattached to any pride, may hunt and live together in great harmony, with something like demonstrative affection. But when two strangers meet, there seems to be a waiting period while fear settles. One lion sinks into the grass at a little distance, and for a long time they watch each other, and their sad eyes, unblinking, never move. The gaze is a warning, and it is the same gaze, wary but unwavering, with which lions confront man. The gold cat eyes shimmer with hidden lights, eyes that see everything and betray nothing. When the lion is satisfied that the threat is past, the head is turned, as if ignoring it might speed the departure of an unwelcome and evil-smelling presence. In its torpor and detachment, the lion sometimes seems the dullest beast in Africa, but one has only to watch a file of lions setting off on the evening hunt to be awed anew by the power of this animal.

One late afternoon of March, be-

yond Maasai Kopjes, eleven lionesses lay on a kill, and the upraised heads, in a setting sun, were red. Then the gory visages, with flat, glazed eyes, all turned as one, ear tips alert. No animal was in sight, and their bellies were full, yet they glared steadfastly away into the emptiness of the plain, as if something that no man could sense was imminent. Not far off, there was a leopard; possibly they scented it. The leopard lay on an open rise, in the shadow of a wind-worn bush, and, unlike the lions, it lay gracefully. Even stretched on a limb with all four feet hanging, as it is seen sometimes in the fever trees, the leopard has the grace of complete awareness, with all its

tensions in its pointed eyes. The lion's gaze is merely baleful; that of the leopard is malevolent, a distillation of the trapped fear that is true savagery. Under a whistling thorn the leopard lay, gold coat on fire in the sinking sun, as if imagining that as long as it lay still it was unseen. Behind it was a solitary thorn tree, black and bony in the sunset, and from a crotch in a high branch the hollow form of a gazelle hung by the neck, turning gently, its torn hide matted with caked blood. At the insistence of the wind, the delicate black shells of the hoofs, on tiptoe, made a neat clicking in the silence of the plain.

ONE morning, a great company of elephants came from the woodlands, moving eastward toward the Togoro Plains. "It's like the old Africa, this," Myles Turner said, coming to fetch me. "It's one of the greatest sights a man can see."

We flew northward in Turner's plane over the Orangi River. In the wake of the elephant herds, stinkbark acacia were scattered like sticks, the haze of yellow blossoms bright in the killed trees. Through the center of the destruction, west to east, ran a great muddied thoroughfare. Here the center of the herd had passed. The plane turned eastward, coming up on the elephant armies from behind. More than four hundred animals were pushed

together in one phalanx; a smaller group of a hundred and another of sixty were nearby. The four hundred moved in one slow-stepping, swaying mass, with the largest cows along the outer ranks and big bulls scattered on both sides. "Seventy and eighty pounds, some of those bulls," Turner said. (Trophy elephants are described according to the weight of a single tusk; an eighty-pound elephant would carry about twice that weight in ivory.)

Turner said that elephants herded up after heavy rains but that this was an enormous congregation for the Serengeti. In 1913, when the first safari came here, the abounding lions and wild dogs were shot as vermin, but no elephants were seen at all. Even after 1925, when the plains were visited regularly by such men as the white hunter Philip Percival and the American photographer Martin Johnson, few elephants were reported. Not until after 1940, it is said, when the Serengeti was set aside as a game reserve (it was not made a national park until 1951), did harried elephants from the developing agricultural country of western Kenya move south into this region, but it seems likely that they were always present in small numbers, and merely increased as a result of human pressures in suitable habitats outside the park.

Elephants, with their pathmaking and tree-splitting propensities, will alter the character of the densest bush in very short order. Beneath the plane, the elephant mass moved like gray lava, leaving behind a ruined bog of mud and twisted trees. An elephant can eat as much as six hundred pounds of grass and browse each day, and it is a destructive feeder, breaking down many trees and shrubs along the way. The Serengeti is immense, and can absorb a good deal of this damage, but one sees quickly how an elephant invasion might affect more vulnerable areas. Ordinarily, elephant herds are scattered and nomadic, but pressure from settlements, game control,

and poachers sometimes confines huge herds to restricted habitats, which they may destroy. Already three of Tanzania's national parks—Serengeti, Manyara, and Ruaha—have more elephants than is good for them. The elephant problem, where and when and how to manage them, is a great controversy in East Africa, and its solution must affect the balance of animals and man throughout the continent.

Anxious to see the great herd from the ground, I picked up George Schaller at Seronera in a Land Rover and drove north to Banagi, then westward on the Ikoma-Musoma track to the old northwestern boundary of the park, where we hurried across country. I had taken good bearings from the air, but elephants on the move could go a long way in an hour, and even for a vehicle with four-wheel drive this rough bush of high grass, potholes, rocks, steep brushy streams, and swampy mud was very different from the hardpan of the plain. The low, hot woods lacked rises or landmarks, and for a while it seemed that I had lost four hundred elephants.

Then six bulls loomed through the trees, lashing the air with their trunks, ears blowing, in a stiff-legged swing-

ing stride; they forded a steep gully as the main herd, ahead of them, appeared on a wooded rise. Ranging up and down the gully, we found a place to lurch across, then took off eastward, hoping to find a point downwind of the herd where the elephants would pass. But their pace had slowed as the sun rose in the sky; we worked back to them upwind. The elephants were destroying a low wood with a terrible cracking of trees, but after a while they moved out onto open savanna. In a swampy stream, they sprayed one another and rolled in the water and coated their hides with mud, filling the air with a thick sloughing sound like the wet-meat sound made by predators on a kill. Even at rest the herd flowed in perpetual motion, the ears like delicate great petals, the ripple of the mud-caked flanks, the coiling trunks—a dream rhythm, a rhythm of wind and trees. "It's a nice life," Schaller said. "Long, and without fear." A young one could be killed by a lion, but only a desperate lion would venture near a herd of elephants, which are among the few creatures that reach old age in the wild.

There has been much testimony to the silence of the elephant, and all of



"When I agreed to the merger, Fairchild, I never contemplated this!"

it is true. At one point, there came a cracking sound so small that, had I not been alert for the stray elephants all around, I might never have seen the mighty bull that bore down on us from behind. A hundred yards away, it came through the scrub and dead-wood like a cloud shadow, dwarfing the small trees of the open woodland. I raised binoculars to watch him turn when he got our scent, but the light wind had shifted and instead the bull was coming fast, looming higher and higher, filling the field of the binoculars, forehead, ears, and back agleam with wet mud. There was no time to reach the car, nothing to do but stand transfixed. A froggish voice said, "What do you think, George?" and got no answer.

Then the bull scented us—the hot wind was shifting every moment—and the dark wings flared, filling the sky, and the air was split wide by that ultimate scream that the elephant gives in alarm or agitation, that primordial warped horn note out of oldest Africa. He altered course without missing a stride, not in flight but wary, wide-eared, passing man by. Where first aware of us, the bull had been less than a hundred feet away—I walked it off—and he was somewhat closer where he passed.

"He was pretty close," I said finally to Schaller.

Schaller cleared his throat. "You don't want them any closer than that," he said. "Not when you're on foot." Schaller, a man with no taste for exaggeration, had a very respectful look upon his face.

OF all African animals, the elephant is the most difficult for man to live with, yet its passing—if this must come—seems the most tragic of all. I can watch elephants, and elephants alone, for hours at a time, for there is mystery behind that masked gray visage, an ancient life force, delicate and mighty, awesome and enchanted, commanding the silence ordinarily reserved for mountain peaks, great fires, and the sea. I remember a remark made by a girl about her father, a businessman of narrow sensibilities, who, casting about for a means of self-gratification, travelled to Africa and slew an elephant. Standing there in his new hunting togs

in a vast and hostile silence, staring at the huge dead bleeding thing that moments before had borne such life, he was struck for the first time in his headlong passage through his days by his own irrelevance. "Even *he*," his daughter said, "knew he'd done something stupid."

The elephant problem, still unresolved, will eventually affect conservation policies throughout East Africa, where governments may not be able to withstand political pressure to



provide meat for the people. Already there is talk of systematic game cropping in the parks on a sustained-yield basis, especially since park revenues from meat and hides and tusks could be considerable, and this temptation may prove impossible to resist for the new governments. Or an outbreak of political instability might wreck the tourist industry that justifies the existence of the parks, thus removing

the last barrier between the animals and a hungry populace. African schoolchildren are now taught to appreciate their wild animals and the land, but public attitudes may not change in time to spare the wildlife in the next decades, when the world must deal with the worst consequences of overpopulation and pollution. And a stubborn fight for animal preservation in disregard of people and their famine-haunted future would only be the culminating failure of the Western civilization that, in its blind administration of vaccines and quinine, has upset the ecology of a whole continent. Thus, wildlife must be treated in terms of resource management in this new Africa, which includes, besides gazelles, a growing horde of tattered humans who squat for days and weeks and months and years on end in a seeming trance, awaiting hope. In the grotesque costumes of African roadsides—the wool greatcoats and steel helmets of old white men's wars are worn here in hundred-degree heat—the figures look like survivors of a cataclysm. Once, in Nanyuki, I saw a legless man, lacking all means of locomotion, who had been installed in an old auto tire in a ditch at the end of town. Fiercely, eyes bulging, oblivious of the exhaust fumes spinning up the dust around him, he glared at an ancient newspaper, as if to

decipher the news of doomsday that had already come.

The elephant problem is the reverse side of the problem of domestic cattle, which are also out of balance with the environment. In small numbers, cattle were no threat to the African landscape; it is only in the past century, with the coming of the white man, that a conflict has emerged. The Europeans saw livestock as a sign of promise in the heathen: what was good for the white in Europe was good for the black in Africa, and that was that. In addition, the whites encouraged a contempt for game, not only as food unfit for man but as competitors of cattle and as carriers of the tsetse fly. In Uganda, Zambia, Rhodesia, Tanzania, the solution has been the destruction of the bush and a wholesale slaughter, over vast areas, of the native creatures, in a vain effort to render these regions habitable for men and cattle.

The European and his paraphernalia have upset the balance of man and the African land. It became clear to the simplest African that the wild animals were creatures of the past, destroying his *shambas* and competing with his livestock for the grass; they stood in the way of a "progress" that was very much to be desired. Game control, tsetse control, fenced water points, poaching—everywhere the wild animals made way for creatures that even from the point of view of economics seem far less efficient. The ancestors of the wild animals evolved over seventy million years; the modern species, three-quarters of a million years old, form the last great population of wild animals left on earth. Over their long evolutionary course, they have adapted to the heat and rain, to poor soils and coarse vegetation, and because they have had time to specialize, a dozen species can feed in the same area without competing. Rhino, giraffe, and gerenuk are browsers of leaves and shrubs, while zebra, topi, and wildebeest are grazers; buffalo, elephant, eland, impala, and most other antelope are both. Zebras will eat standing hay, and wildebeests and kongonis half-grown grass, leaving the newest growth to the gazelles; the topi has a taste for the rank meadow grass that most other antelopes avoid. Only a few wild herbivores require shade, and all have water-conserving mechanisms that permit them to go without water for days at a time; the Grant's gazelle, gerenuk, and oryx may not drink for months. Cattle, by comparison, must be brought to water every day or two, and waste coarse grasses used by the

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wild animals. In addition, the game matures and breeds much earlier than domestic stock, and no fencing, shelter, or veterinary service is required.

So far, game-ranching projects in Kenya and Tanzania are still experiments, having failed to anticipate the complex problems, from local politics and prejudices to the mechanics of harvesting in a hot wilderness without roads: the animals soon become so wary that systematic shooting is impossible, at least in areas accessible to service vehicles and refrigerator trucks. For this reason, the emphasis on game cropping seems less promising than the development of semi-domesticated herds that can be harvested where needed. Whatever the solution, it seems clear that game ranching is a promising approach, all the more so since the tourists on whom East African economies count heavily do not come here to see cattle.

UNTIL recent years, when the elephant herds have become concentrated in game reserves and parks, it has been difficult to study elephants, since one could not stay close enough to the herds to observe daily behavior. Even now, most students of the elephant are content to work with graphs, air surveys, dead animals, and the like, since behavioral studies are best done on foot, a job that few people have the heart for. An exception, I found, was Iain Douglas-Hamilton, a young Scots biologist, who was doing his thesis on the elephants of Lake Manyara National Park.

Lake Manyara is a magadi, or soda lake, that lies along the base of the Rift escarpment. The eastern shore of the lake is arid plain, but the western shore, where streams emerge from the porous volcanic rock of the Crater Highlands, supports high, dark groundwater forest. The thick trees have the atmosphere of jungle, but the air is dry. On the road south through Lake Manyara Park, this forest gives way to an open wood of that airiest of all acacias, the umbrella thorn, and beyond the Ndala River is a region of dense thicket and wet savanna. The strip of trees between lake and escarpment is so narrow, and the pressure on elephants in the surrounding farm country so great, that Manyara can claim the greatest elephant concentration in East Africa, an estimated twelve to the square mile. For this reason—and also because the Manyara animals are used to vehicles, and with good manners can be approached closely—it is the best place to watch elephants in the world. (Probably Lake Manyara Park should be extended a few miles south in order

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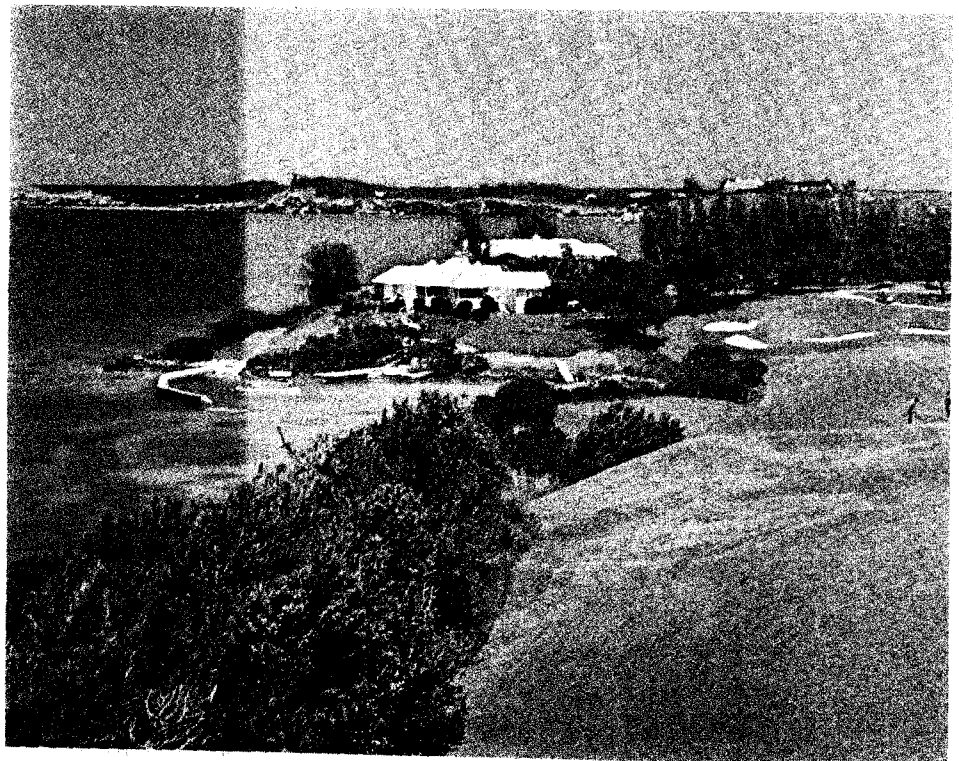
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In the acacia wood that descends to the lakeshore, elephants were everywhere in groves and thickets. Elephants travel in matriarchal groups led by a succession of mothers and daughters—female elephants stay with their mothers all their lives—and this group may include young males that have not yet been driven off. (Elephants not fully grown are difficult to sex—their genitals are well camouflaged in the cascade of slack and wrinkles—and unless their behavior has been studied for some time the exact composition of a cow-calf group is very difficult to determine.) Ordinarily, the leader is the oldest cow, who is related to every other animal; she may be fifty years old and past the breeding age, but her great experience and memory are the herd's defense against drought and flood and man. She knows not only where good browse may be found in different seasons but when to charge and when to flee, and it is to her that the herd turns in time of stress. When a cow is in season, bulls may join the cow-calf group; at other times they live alone or in herds of bachelors. When I drove near, the bulls moved off after a perfunctory threat display—flared ears, brandished tusks, a swaying forefoot like a pendulum, the dismantling of the nearest tree, and perhaps a diffident scream; sometimes they ease their nervous strain by chasing a jackal or a bird. With cows, as well, aggressive behavior is usually mere threat display, though it is wiser not to count on it.

Douglas-Hamilton had set up a small camp on the Ndala River, eight miles into Lake Manyara Park. The camp was perched above a gravel bend in the Ndala, a surface stream that courses down over ancient crystalline rock in a series of lovely waterfalls and pools and empties into the lake a mile below. When I drove into Douglas-Hamilton's camp, he was standing outside his modest research laboratory with his mother, Prunella Power, who was there on a visit from England. A strong, good-looking young man with blond hair and wearing glasses, he was dressed in faded green drill shorts and shirt and old black street shoes without laces or socks. He took my note of introduction and stuffed it in his pocket, and I doubt if he has read it to this day. "You'll stay with us, won't you?" he said straight off. "Have you had tea? Well, do come along, then. We're just off elephant-watching."

I got out of my Land Rover and

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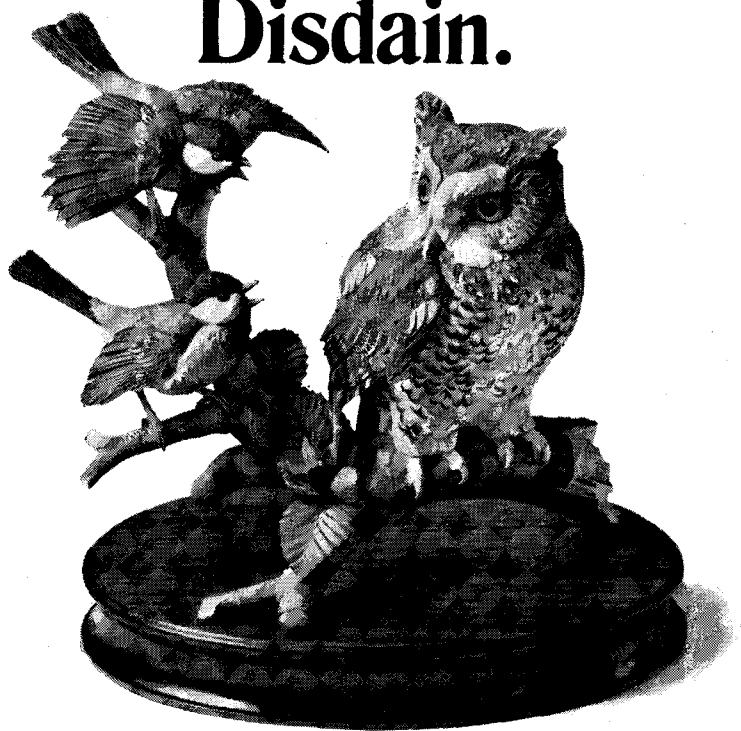


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into his, and we set off with a turn of speed toward the lake, where Douglas-Hamilton drove straight up to an elephant herd and began taking notes. His approach was so abrupt, so lacking in finesse, that the whole herd was engaged in threat display, with much shrill screaming. "Silly old things," he said, scarcely looking up. "Frightful cowards, really. Silly old elephants." He gazed at them with affection. "Oh, damn!" he said as a big cow came blaring through the bushes. "That's Big Boadicea—she'll charge us, I expect." But Boadicea, the matriarch, held back as a younger cow charged instead. I expected Douglas-Hamilton to drop his notebook and go for the wheel, but he merely said, "This one doesn't mean it." The young cow stopped a few yards short of the hood. Her bluff called, she backed up, forefoot swinging, and began what is known to behaviorists as displacement feeding, by way of expending her chagrin. Forefoot still swinging sideways, she wrenched at a tussock of green grass, and we were close enough to observe a trick I had never heard about—as the elephant tugs on grass, it mows it with the sharp toenails of its heavy foot, which is swinging in the rhythm of a scythe.

On another day, a cow-calf herd led by an old cow known as Ophelia came up the riverbed to drink at a small pool at the base of a falls. The camp lay on the ascending slope of the escarpment, at the level of the falls; just below, the river levelled off, flowing gradually toward Lake Manyara, and downriver a short distance Douglas-Hamilton had a makeshift blind. From here, he thought, he could get pictures of the herd with a complex camera device of his own invention which made double images of the subject on a single negative; by a calculation based on the variation of parallax with range, animal measurements could be made with fair accuracy without destroying the animal itself. (The animal's shoulder height is a clue to its age, and the age structure of the population—the proportion of old animals to young—is an important indication of population health: despite the density of its elephants, Manyara at present has a healthy "pyramid" population, with many young animals at the base.) The camera device worked, but it was so unwieldy that another person had to be present with a notebook to record the data, and that other person was me.

We descended a steep bank under the camp and made our way downriver to the blind. The herd was busy at the pool, but I disliked our position

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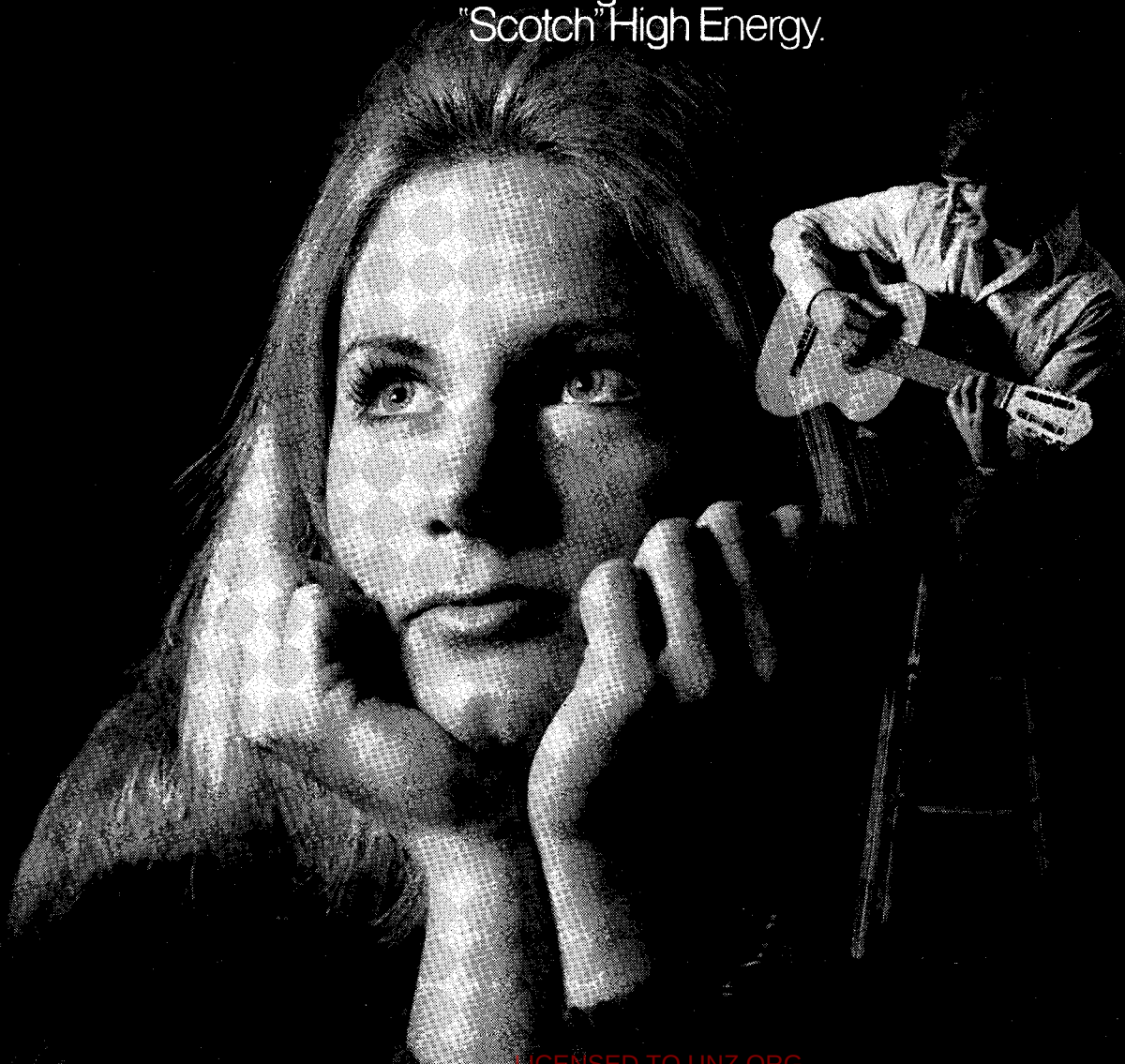
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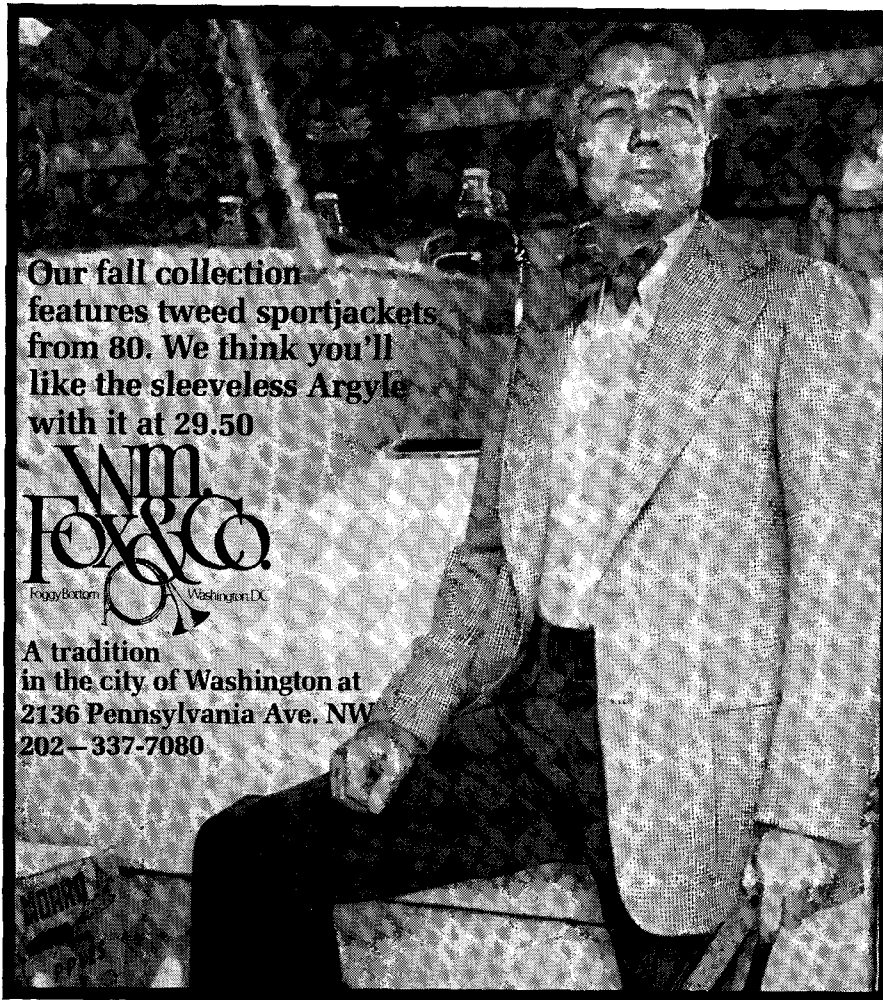
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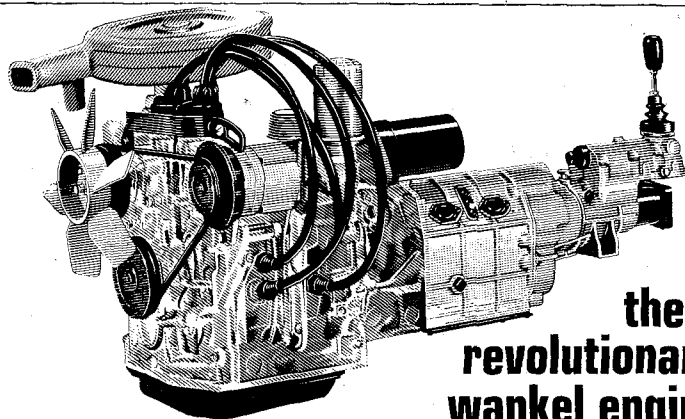
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very much. The animals were cut off; their only escape was straight back down the river past the blind, which was skeletal and decrepit, utterly worthless. And here we were on open ground, a hundred yards downriver from the steep bank leading up to the camp. "They'll never scent us," Douglas-Hamilton assured me as he set up his apparatus, an ill-favored thing of long arms, loose parts, and prisms. But scent us they did, before he could get one picture. Ophelia, ears flared, spun around and, in dead silence, hurried her generations down the riverbed in the stiff-legged elephant run that is really a walk, keeping her own impressive bulk between man and herd. We didn't move.

"I don't think she's going to charge us," Douglas-Hamilton whispered. But the moment the herd was safely past, Ophelia swung up onto the bank, and she had dispensed with threat display. There were no flared ears, no blaring, only an oncoming cow elephant, head held high, less than twenty yards away.

As I started to run, I recall cursing myself for having been there in the first place; my one chance was that the elephant would seize my companion instead of me. In hopelessness, or perhaps some instinct not to turn my back on a charging animal, I faced around again almost before I had set out, and was rewarded with the sight of Douglas-Hamilton—apparently unwilling to abandon his apparatus, and doubtless cross that Ophelia had failed to act as he predicted—making a last stand. As the elephant loomed over him, filling the coarse heat of noon with her dusty bulk, he flared his arms and waved his glittering contraption in her face, at the same time bellowing, "Bugger off!" Taken aback, Ophelia flared her ears and blared, but she had side-stepped, losing the initiative, and now, thrown off course, she swung away toward the river, trumpeting angrily over her shoulder.

Annoyed by my annoyance, Douglas-Hamilton said I had no faith. "I *know* these elephants," he complained later, "I really do. People seem to think I'm some sort of idiot, but I *have* to work close to elephants to do my research." To study not only elephant behavior but the effect of high numbers on the ecology of Manyara requires a close record of elephant movements; therefore, he had to know each animal's identity and position in its herd, as well as which herds were Manyara elephants and which were transient in the park. His solution was to photograph each animal with its ears flared, head on, so that tusks and ear



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nicks could be used in identification, but the method demanded confrontations with hundreds of agitated elephants. He had learned the hard way which elephants were bad-tempered, and his confidence that he could distinguish a threat from an honest charge—which professional hunters who had gone out with him were unable to do—encouraged him to give visitors what he called “the same excitement, the same fun with elephants that I had when I didn’t know anything.” But the spreading tales of these adventures tended to discredit the valuable research he had done in long days spent closer to wild elephants than anyone had ever gone before.

In the course of several visits I made to his camp on the Ndala, Douglas-Hamilton and I became good friends, and I also liked his fiancée, Oria Rocco, a handsome woman whose family has a farm in Kenya. One day, the three of us took a picnic to the Endobash River, which descends in a series of waterfalls that churn up a white froth in its pools. To reach it, one must pass a short way through the bush, and Iain, who had had two bad scrapes in this region, put his heavy rifle in the Land Rover. At the river, we climbed to a high pool, where we swam in the cool current. Then we sat on a hot rock ledge to dry, and drank wine with a fine lunch.

We had scarcely started home when the road a quarter mile ahead was crossed by a herd of elephants. “Endobash baddies,” Iain said. “I’ll have to have a look at those. Load up the gun.” Because we would have to approach on foot to get close to these strange elephants, he needed gun support; Oria would take the pictures. We got out of the Land Rover and walked quickly and quietly down the river road. The elephants were upwind of us, and before we knew it we were right among them—so close, in fact, that we dived for cover when the high bush behind us quaked with the movements of an elephant. A moment later, another walked out into the open a few yards ahead. It was a large cow with odd warped tusks.

“Oh, hell,” said Iain. “It’s only Jane Eyre after all.” Blithely, he stepped out onto the road, hailing his old friend, and there was a moment of suspense when the cow turned toward him. Then she went off sideways, ears flapping in halfhearted threat display, and her herd came out through the wall of bush and fell into step behind her.

It was a lovely late afternoon, and, whirling along the lake track in the



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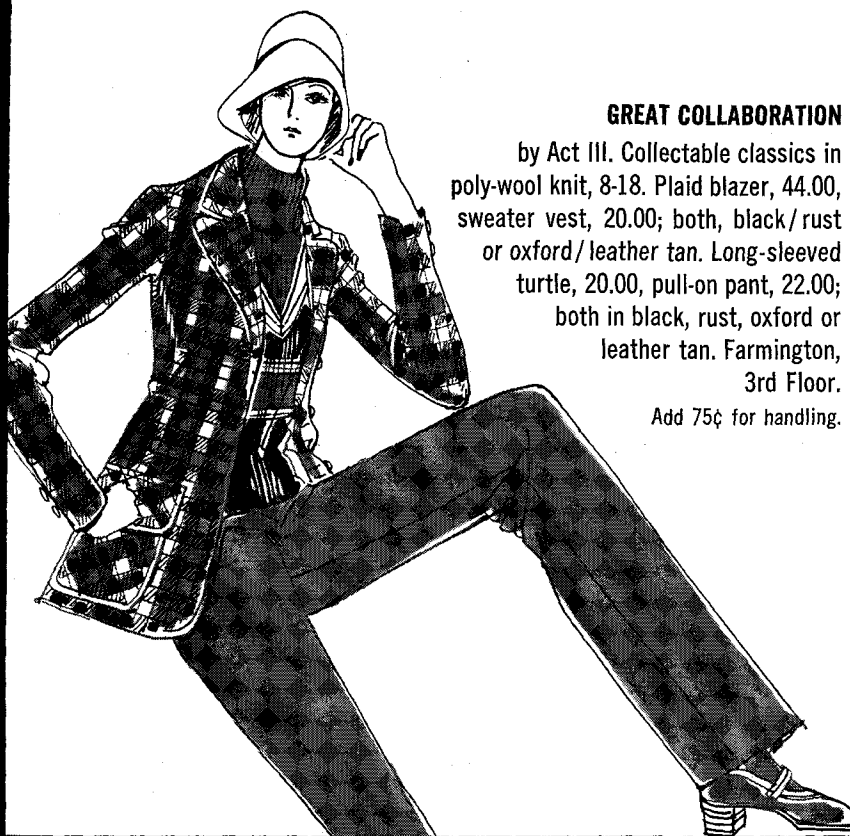
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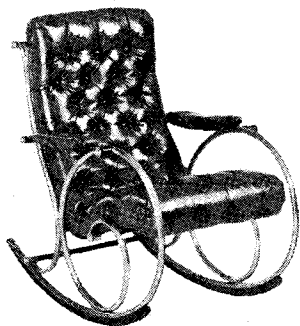
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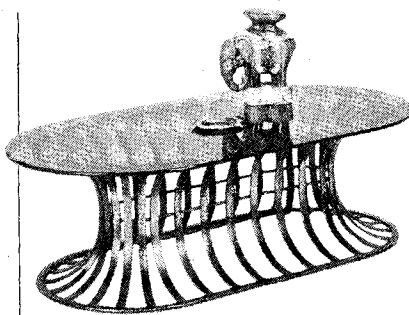
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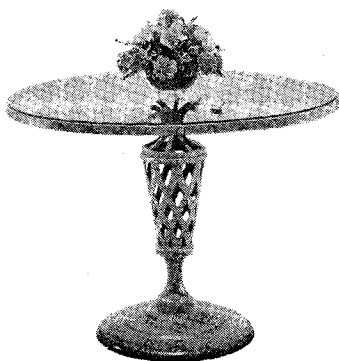
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open car, exalted by wine and wind, I was delighted by buffalo and wading birds in the bright water of the lake edge, and a great shining purple baobab that stands on the lakeshore between the Endobash and the Ndala. Just past the Ndala crossing, there were two lionesses in an acacia, and one of them lay stretched on a low limb not ten feet above the road. Oria said, "I'll take her picture as we pass underneath," and Iain slowed the Land Rover on the bridge while she set her camera. At Manyara, the tree-climbing lions are resigned to cars, and there is no great danger in driving beneath one. But this animal was much closer to the road than most, and the car was wide open; Iain had removed the roof to be closer to his elephants, and even the windshield was folded flat upon the hood. Lions accustomed to cameras and faces in car windows see human beings in the open as a threat; when the car passed beneath her, the lioness and I scowled nervously, and I felt my shoulders hunch around my head.

Oria said she had missed the shot, and we passed beneath again, and then again, as she shot point-blank into the animal's mouth, which was now wide open. "Once more," she said; both she and Iain seemed feverish with excitement.

"Christ," I said, scarcely able to speak. "You people—"

But already the car had been yanked around, and, seeing Iain's stubborn face, I knew that any interference short of a blunt instrument would only goad him to some ultimate stupidity that might get one of us mauled. I considered jumping out, but not for long. The lioness, extremely agitated, had risen to her feet, and a man on the ground might well invite attack. Insane as it seemed, I decided I was safer in the car, which proceeded remorselessly forward.

The lioness crouched, hindquarters high, pulling her forepaws back beneath her chest, and the black tuft of her heavy tail thumped on the bark. Awaiting us, she bared her teeth, and this time I saw the muscles twitch as she hitched her hind legs for a spring. Apparently Iain saw this, too, for when Oria murmured, "She won't jump," he snapped at her, "Don't be so bloody sure." Nevertheless, he carried on—I don't think it occurred to him to stop—and a second later we were committed.

The lioness hitched her hindquarters again, snarling so loudly and at such close range that Iain, who should have shot ahead, passing beneath her, jammed on the brakes, and stalled. Since the front of the car was directly

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under the limb, the cat's stiff whiskers and my whey face were less than a lion's length apart; I was too paralyzed to stir. The Land Rover's motor spun quietly awhile before it started, and as we waited for that lioness to explode around our ears we listened to the scrape of claws on bark and the hiss and the spitting and the heavy thump of that hard tail against the wood, and watched the twitch of the black tail tassel and the leg muscles shivering in spasms under her fly-flecked hide. The intensity, the sun, the light were terrifically exciting—I hated it, but it was terrifically exciting. I felt almost unbearably aware. I think I smelled her, but I can't remember; there is only a violent memory of lioness in all my senses. Then Iain, gone stiff in the face, was easing the car out of there, and he backed a good long way from the taut beast before turning around and proceeding homeward through the quiet woods.

Nobody spoke. When Oria pointed out more arboreal lions, we ignored her. I felt angry and depressed—angry at having our lives risked so unreasonably, and depressed because I had permitted it to happen, as if I had lacked the courage to admit fear. At camp, I said in sour tones, "Well, you got some fantastic pictures, I'll say that much."

Iain, looking cross himself, said shortly, "I'll never use them—those were for her scrapbook. I can't stand pictures of frightened animals."

Months later, when Iain's work at Manyara had ended, we were all discussing elephants and the fine days at Ndala, and arrived eventually at the adventure with the lioness. "Those times with the elephants weren't really dangerous," he said, glaring at Oria when she laughed. "Honestly. I knew what I was doing. But that business with the lion was absurd." He shrugged, and, after a pause, said quietly, "We just did it out of love of life."

—PETER MATTHIESSEN

(This is the second part of a three-part article.)

The transformations noted by other grammarians are in Yngve's view mainly useful in enabling us to avoid excessive grammatical depth. For example, instead of saying "What what what he wanted cost in New York would buy in Germany amazed us" (as we would have to say using only active verbs) we can say "We were amazed by what could be bought in Germany for the cost in New York of what he wanted." —"Language and Thought," by John B. Carroll.

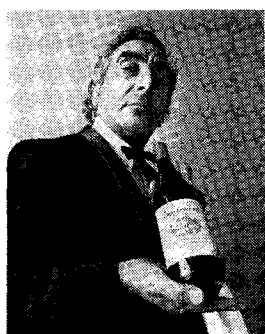
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BE PREPARED.

First, you ought to be able to pronounce wine names correctly. Nothing can shake your confidence more thoroughly than to blurt out your order and pronounce it completely and totally wrong.

Or worse yet, just pointing to a wine on the list and saying, "Er, ah, we'll have a bottle of that one."

Most people have trouble with wine names because they're mostly French words. Actually, they're really not that hard if you work at them a bit. This pronunciation guide should help.

KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING.

Now let's go through the whole thing step by step. First you order the wine, pronouncing it correctly. So far, so good. The waiter brings it out and shows it to you. At this point, you're supposed to inspect the label to see if it's the wine you ordered. Check the brand, the type of wine, and the vintage.

That done, the waiter should now open the wine. This is a ritual in itself. A good wine steward should remove

the cork and smell it. This is to see if everything is alright. If the bottle has been stored in an upright position, the cork could dry up and air could get through and spoil the wine.

The cork should be placed beside your plate and the wine left open on the table, but not poured. This allows the wine to come into contact with air, which expands its bouquet and gives it a fuller taste. Just before the main course, the waiter should return to pour the wine.

"IT'S A GOOD POISON, BUT IT'S NOT A GREAT POISON."

What follows here is a ritual dating back to the Middle Ages. At that time, a good way to kill off your enemies was to invite them to dinner and slip a little poison in their wine.

Needless to say, everyone soon got a little paranoid about going over to someone's castle for dinner. So in order to set the guests at ease, the host would take the first sip of wine.

We do the same thing today, but there's a more practical reason for this. The host, or man at the table, takes the first sip of wine simply to see if the wine has turned. If a wine has "turned" it has begun to dry out or oxidize. All wines will become corky and sour, if they are exposed to the air for a long period of time. So if the wine tastes unsatisfactory to you, send it back.



AN EASY WAY OUT.

If you still feel a little threatened by the whole situation, here's an easy way to get on top of it.

Ask the waiter which wines on the list are estate bottled.

An estate bottled wine is made only from grapes grown in vineyards under the constant supervision of the vintner.

Then ask him, of those wines, which ones come from Napa Valley.

And of those, which wines are vintage wines.

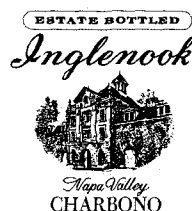
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Sauvignon Blanc	so-vec-nyonh blanh
Semillon	sav'-meh-yonh
Riesling	reez'-ling
Sylvaner	sil'-vah-ner
Traminer	trah-mee'-ner
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Gamay	gah-may
Pinot Noir	pea-no no-ahr
Red Pinot	red pea-no
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Most Amicable Combatants

THERE is a retrospective playing now (at the Library and Museum of the Performing Arts at Lincoln Center) of all the movies that Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn ever made together. Already it seems a lifetime since their professional alliance. The pace of action, the speed of backchat between obvious acting intimates, the stamina, the films' imparted feeling for private life, the braininess, the devotion and the rages, the dated paradoxicality that women with jobs should wear pretty hats, the flashes of women's lib in the sibling cleverness of the heroines, the flashes of everything that women's lib despises in the way these heroines are shown as intellectually stunning but emotionally always at a loss and often near to weeping: it all seems long ago.

The festival also reminds one of the death of comic partnerships. Tracy and Hepburn, Astaire and Rogers, Beery and Dressler... The tradition has passed into television, where it doesn't seem to count. Whom have we got now on the stage? Comden and Green, sometimes, with luck. Mastroianni and Loren could have been a wonderful double. There was a moment when it looked as though Albert Finney and Audrey Hepburn might become a pair, but they went their own ways, as young actors tend to now.

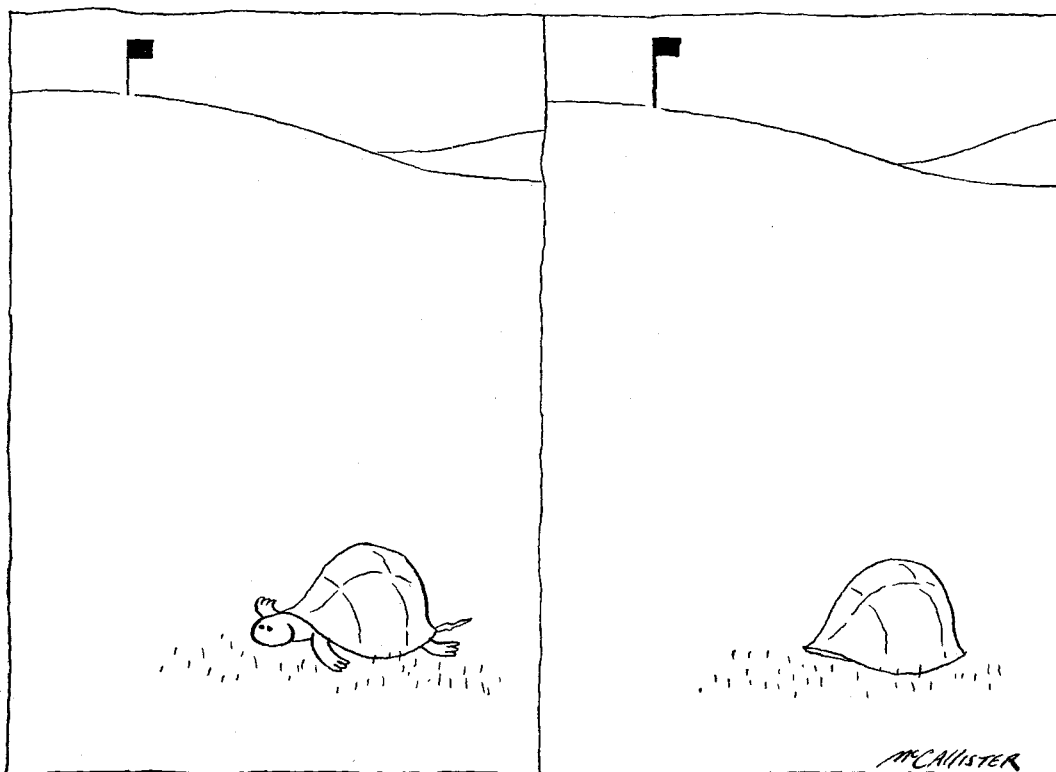
Spencer Tracy is often talked about as a simple actor, without tricks or sophistication. It is true that he has the apparent solidity and directness of, say, Finney. He weights the screen the way a fish weights a net. He has substance without bawling, like some great Russian. But the offhand tough-guy manner is really a mannerism of true stylishness; it brings up Belmondo's and Bogart's. Otherwise, it could never meet the brilliant oddness of Katharine Hepburn. She and Tracy together create a particular comic weather. It is without storms, sometimes self-mockingly despairing on her part, imbued with generosity, blue-skied. It has a special quality of sensuality without sexuality. Miss Hepburn's blend of resilience, frailty, and bravery is not definable as ordinarily feminine, but it is certainly not mannish, either. Like Tracy's performances, they imply a moving suggestion that most people tell the truth, and in their own fashion.

Tracy's and Hepburn's best films together—perhaps "Woman of the Year," "Pat and Mike," and "Adam's Rib," out of the festival's nine—are wrapped in moods of excitement and amiability and some magical longevity. They are entirely unhectic. Miss Hepburn's bruised caw acquires beauty and nobility, like her skinny figure, which is in the shape of a dairymaid's yoke

across the shoulders and has no obvious right to be as stirring as it is. There is a moment in "Adam's Rib"—in which she plays a lawyer married to Tracy, a lawyer opposing her in a case about Judy Holliday's being accused of a comically improbable and touching *crime passionnel*—when she bends down with the greatest intellectual dignity to look at her husband under the lawyers' table from the opposite end and shows him her petticoat. There is another moment when, with even greater dignity, she bends down for a second time, on the ruse of picking up her pencil, and catches his eye under the table to stick out her tongue at him. But "You look kinda like Grandma Moses," Tracy has said passionately earlier, at home, giving her a hat in which she looks ravishing.

The pallor and the sunken cheeks and the consuming flame of gaiety are as typical as the inimitable voice. Katharine Hepburn conveys an extraordinary abundance of spirit. In "Adam's Rib" she lets Judy Holliday become a star, allowing her a seven-and-a-half-minute scene done in a single take when Miss Hepburn is supposed to be listening to her testimony in a women's detention room. The take is photographed entirely over her shoulder and onto Miss Holliday, who looks unhappy at being a bit plump. "After you shot him, how did you feel then?" says Miss Hepburn, the vehement defending counsel. "Hungry," says Judy Holliday, miserably. This is the first film in which Judy Holliday's politely soaring acumen really makes its comic point. She seems to have the I.Q. of someone beyond education but to be trying ambitiously to be ordinary. "Thank you," she says to Katharine Hepburn's secretary, who is taking down her words. "Thank you," says the secretary, fast, surprised. "Thank you," says Judy Holliday back, even more rapidly. Not many people could make three "Thank you"s sound witty.

"Adam's Rib" was written by Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin (Mr. and Mrs. Kanin), and directed by George Cukor. The Hepburn character,



"Fore!"



THEATER OF THE STOMACH

It's a little scary at first.

There you are sitting around this enormous table (which turns out to also be a grill) when suddenly he appears. A man dressed like a chef but with the unmistakable air of a samurai warrior.

He bows. Just to be on the safe side, you bow back.

Smiling inscrutably, he takes out a knife. You make a grab for your chopsticks.

He reaches into the cart he's wheeled in. From it he brings out rows of these really beautiful fresh whole shrimps.

Suddenly, the man turns into a kind of whirling dervish. Zip.

zip, zip... his knife flashes through the rows like lightning. The shrimps (now cut into bite-size morsels) seem to dance to the center of the grill. He presses on. With magnificent, sweeping gestures he adds freshly ground pepper to the shrimps. Then butter. Then soy sauce. The action never stops. He even spins around and throws sesame seeds out from over his shoulder.

At last comes the moment of truth. He flips a sizzling shrimp directly on your plate. You taste it. You have a small fit of ecstasy.

Naturally, that's just the first scene. The show goes on this

way... course after course after course. He performs. You eat. He performs again. You eat again. Steak. Chicken. Mouth-watering vegetables of every variety. You've never had such a feast, you've never seen such choreography.

Finally, it's over. He bows. You sigh. He thanks you. You thank him. He walks off.

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chirruping away with boldness and buoyant farcical invention, is very reminiscent of Ruth Gordon. The character wonders, with swift sense, not pursued, why there can't be a radio arrangement so that all the good news is on one station and all the bad news on another. She scatters ideas like a bird showering drops in a birdbath. To make a point about the superior competence of women, she calls three women witnesses and gets one of them to recite her endless number of degrees, one of them to say that she has been a foreman for seventeen months without any complaints from the men working under her, and one—a vaudeville star—to do a spectacular flip-flop and then to lift Spencer Tracy bodily over her head in front of the judge. The point of female equality has thus been made, but male pride has also been much wounded. So Spencer Tracy leaves home in a huff, to come back to prove his own superman point by pretending to terrorize his lovelorn wife and the neighbor who is trying to woo her with booze (David Wayne). The Tracy character holds a pistol on them that turns out to be made of licorice. He first makes his wife eat her own words to the judge—a speech about double standards that won the case—and then eats the pistol, which is piling Pelion on Ossa for women's lib, but still.

In "Pat and Mike," also directed by George Cukor, Mike (Tracy) is a sports promoter who manages Pat (Hepburn), an amazing upper-crust athlete unbeatable at golf, tennis, shooting, archery, boxing, and judo until she ever happens to catch sight of her chat-ty boyfriend (William Ching), whose fidgety role reverses the convention of the doting wife without nerves or sensitivity. He is her jinx, and she perversely adores him. (A female counterpart of him in character talks bossily to Pat at one moment in a golf championship about tensing her gluteal muscles; Pat looks furious and fully equipped to throw her to the Antarctic.) "What's your handicap?" somebody asks. "My fellow," she says honestly, unable to do a thing about it. She tightens up with muscles like bits of bone when the fellow comes on the telephone in the middle of Mike's massaging her. Pat and Mike eventually join up, as you expect them to because of the Irishness of their pair of names, and long for them to because of the community of their sense of humor. When they decide to get married, they merely shake hands. It is a signal of the complicity of comrades. The promoter-apprentice relationship has been equalized. Ruth Gor-

Handy answers to hard questions asked by children in the Health-tex years.

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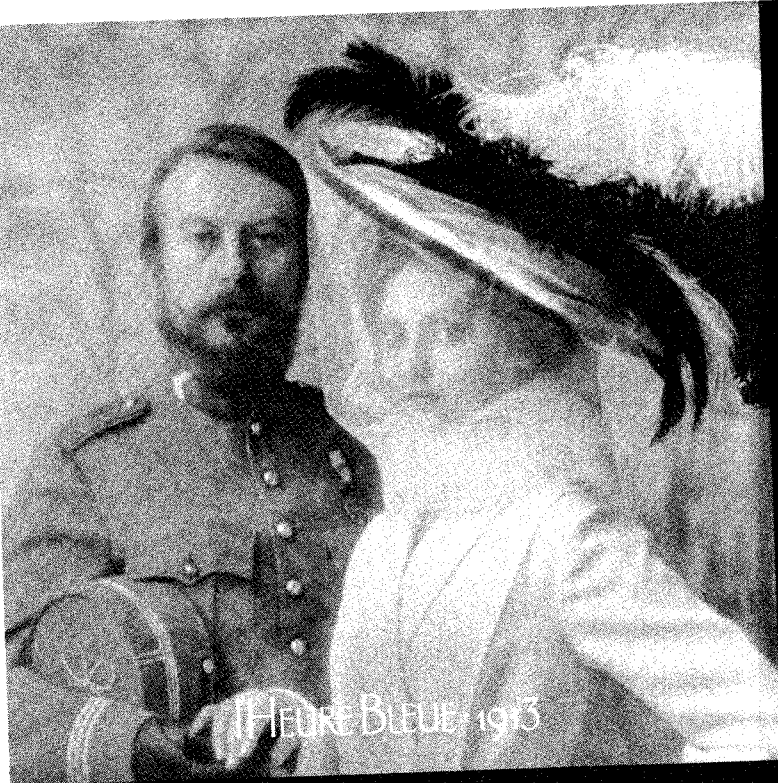
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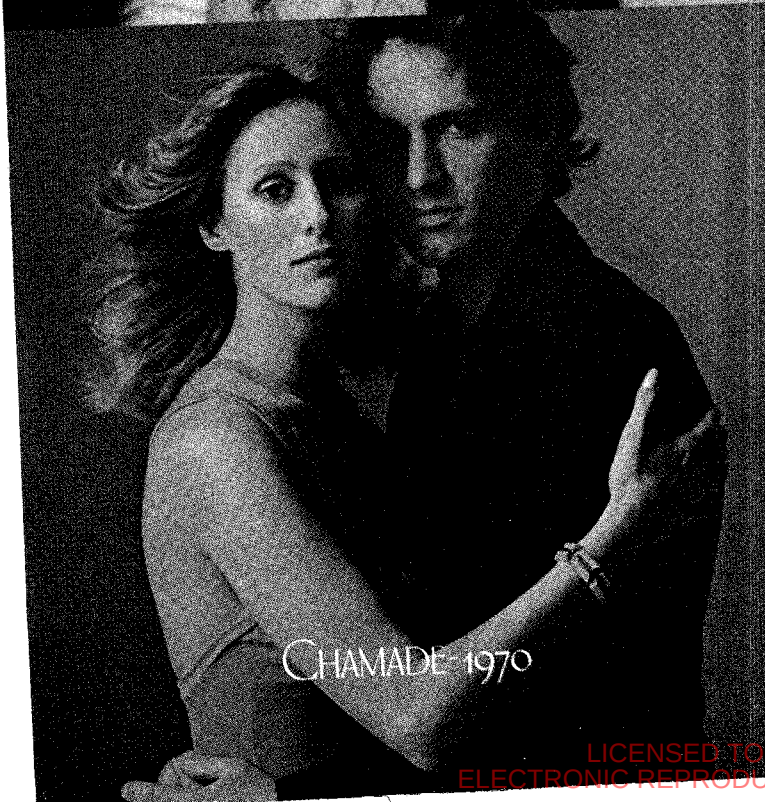
MITSOUKO - 1921



SHALIMAR - 1925



VOL de NUIT - 1933



CHAMADE - 1970



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TO MEN AND WOMEN FOR A LONG TIME

don and Garson Kanin here wrote an engaging screenplay about emotion-without-display for their rare uncut diamonds.

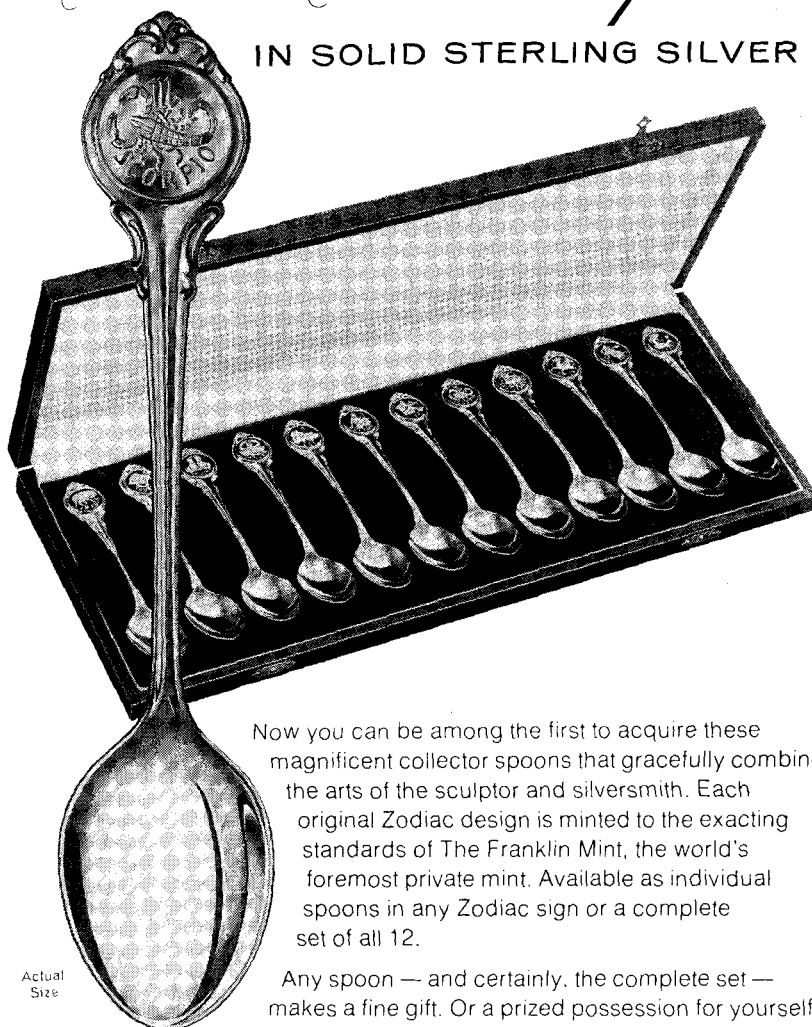
It was Ring Lardner, Jr., and Michael Kanin who wrote "Woman of the Year," with George Stevens directing. Tracy plays a sports columnist and Hepburn a star newspaper opinion-monger. Hepburn speaks every known language with fluent geniality, trailing a rather miserable Tracy after her. He is dazzled by her wits but horrified by her eloquence, her male secretary, and her hysterical news ticker, which gives him the jumps. When they get married, she barely has time to put on a negligee before a famous Serbo-Croatian on the run from the Gestapo arrives at her flat with a train of Yugoslavs. The ticker belches again. Spencer Tracy, with the price tag still on the back of his dressing gown, leaves the edgy study she has allocated to him as his room and goes into the nuptial suite, which is crowded with languages. He has the quiet acerbity to ring up his amicable neighborhood bar and invite everyone around. A friendly down-and-out called Flo sizes up the situation and efficiently clears out both the Serbo-Croatians and the barroom anecdotalists, who are all in full flood but ready to be sentimental about a wedding night. The film earlier has one of the very best Tracy-Hepburn love scenes, full of the sense of private shelter that they uniquely purvey. It reminds you of the wonderful way Hepburn acted in a stage production of Shaw's "The Millionairess," that late polemic farce without much humor, in which she had her native role of the born boss and assumed a child's look of grievance when she wanted to defend marriage in spite of its risks of damage.

JEAN VIGO's small and poetic output is the case in film of, say, Webern's in music. In Vigo's twenty-nine years of life, he was blessed enough only to be able to make three and a quarter hours of movies. "Zéro de Conduite" and "L'Atalante" are well known; at the Anthology Film Archives we can now see his surrealist short "Taris," about the French swimmer Taris (1931, and Vigo's first sound film), and his longer "À Propos de Nice" (1929-30).

Vigo was the son of an anarchist who was first imprisoned as a teenager. The father adopted the name of Almereyda, an anagram of "y a la merde." He was found strangled in prison soon after the French Army mutinies of 1917, a rebellion that

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aborted for much the same dialectic reasons as the Paris events of May in our own recent lifetime but that the Army managed to hush up. The father was said to have strangled himself with bootlaces bought for him by his child son, but more knowledgeable commentators suspected murder for political reasons. Whatever the background, young Jean was left a bequest of instinctive anarchism. Not only his childhood but his whole life was a sort of defiant, tender improvisation, for all the love of his wife and his friends. He removed anything from "Zéro de Conduite," his allegory of being at school, that would have shown a schoolboy as helpless in the face of authority; he cut a line calling the boys "filthy brats." The most memorable adults in the film are the headmaster—a bowler-hatted dwarf sitting behind his desk, entrenched in his diminutive disciplinarianism—and the crustacean-backed vice-principal, who creeps around the form rooms at recess on lissome toes, stealing sweets and spying. There is also a cheery master who does Chaplin tricks in class, before the beautiful famous dormitory scene of the boys marching as if in a pagan re-creation of the Mass, with feathers from their pillows wafting down like holy wafers in slow motion.

Perhaps because of the American and English preference for realism, we have always tended to push surrealism away in the margin. Vigo lets it float to where it belongs. Sartre is known to hold that surrealism is the only poetic movement of the first half of the twentieth century. Marcel Duchamp, for instance, seems to destroy our idea of the physical when he makes a lump of sugar in marble. Its weight and actuality are startling. So is its failure to melt. The contradiction between substance and expectation is much the same as the contradiction in a carved marble wall of some Indian Muslim tomb which is like a piece of white tulle.

In "Taris," Vigo's vision of Taris underwater is like his vision of the bridegroom Jean underwater in "L'Atalante" when Jean is remembering bits of country lore his bride has told him, recalling the gray Corot beauty of the riverside above, which looks part industrial and part agricultural. In "Taris," Vigo photographed his underwater scenes through portholes in a swimming pool. One sees Taris blowing bubbles idly, as if smoking a hookah; using the floor of the pool as an armchair, giving one the feeling that man has no need of anything as ordinary as air.

Surrealism liberates fancy; so does Vigo's so-called anarchism in "À Propos de Nice," though the film begins with some rather affected doodling, and though it includes a few primitive, early-Russian-style montage shots. This is not really a political picture about the class struggle but a film about the battle that Vigo always wanted to wage for the imaginative against the imprisoning. The camera lingers on the imbalance between the fruity trimmings on the hats of dulled-looking women on the *plage* at Nice and the flashes of expressiveness and passion in their over-made-up faces. There is a sequence of papier-mâché dummies at a carnival with sad-eyed operators peering out. Yachts glide smoothly by, the competitive well-to-do play rich ball games, and in the meantime cats eat garbage and seem more free and lucky. Is Vigo's anarchism really saying something about release from pressure? His films almost palpably impart the sensation of the marvellous. One seems to be taking off bandages after treatment for cataract and staring at a bowl of silvery fish as if one had never seen such a thing.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

EDITORS' NOTE: Penelope Gilliatt and Pauline Kael alternate as *The New Yorker's* film critic, in periods of six months each. With this column, Miss Gilliatt concludes her current six-month period. Miss Kael will appear next week.

ANSWERS TO HARD QUESTIONS

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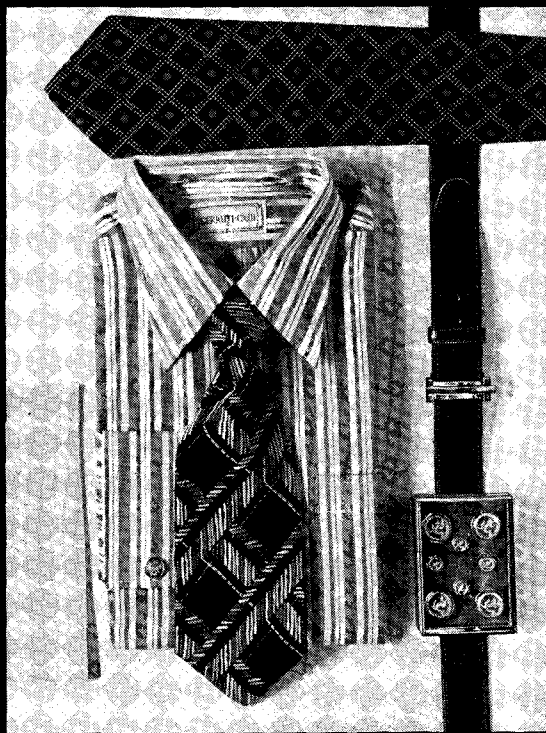
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LITERARY LICENSE

"If one might have an *apéritif*?" I had agreed to meet Montessor at Ahmed's, a disreputable *café maure* on Eighth Avenue, patronized by the literary scum of the West Eighties. Montessor fitted well into the atmosphere. He was thin and wan, with lank black hair falling about his cheekbones, and his eyes were two flames.

"What are you doing just now?" I asked.

Montessor accepted a vermouth with citron from a turbaned menial and sipped it carefully before replying.

"I am a writer," he said. "An author."

"Really!" I murmured. "What sort of things do you write?"

"License plates, mostly," said Montessor. "Automobiles, you know. I still dabble in poetry, of course, but I find the challenge of license plates more stimulating."

"I was not aware that license plates had authors," I confessed.

"Of course. How do you suppose they get done? Someone has to write them."

"Give me an example," I begged.

"Well, 'Land of Lincoln,' the Illinois plate, is one of mine."

"I thought Lincoln was from Kentucky."

"No longer," he said with satisfaction. "I have also done 'Great Lake State' for Michigan and 'The First State,' which is Delaware. In fact, whenever you see a license plate you can be pretty sure you are reading some of my work. Except for 'North to the Future,' Alaska, and 'Oklahoma Is OK.' God knows who wrote *those*."

"Uninspired," I said in agreement.

"I have run across some interesting facts in my research," Montessor went on. "'Connecticut,' for example, was originally spelled 'Quinatucquet.' Then there is Ohio, one of the few state names that can be read backward as well as forward."

"You get 'Oiho,'" I pointed out.

"I didn't say it read the *same* backward. I said you could read it backward."

There was a short silence.

"A license plate is so small," I ventured. "Surely the genre imposes its own limitations."

"Naturally, the elements of the license plate are quite different from those of a longer work," agreed Montessor. "The Vermont license plate, 'See Vermont,' with the 'See' small and the 'Vermont' large, while not fully representative of my style, gives some

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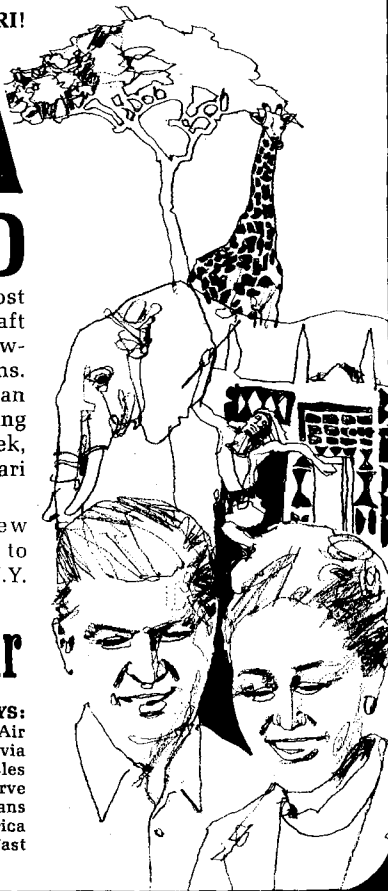
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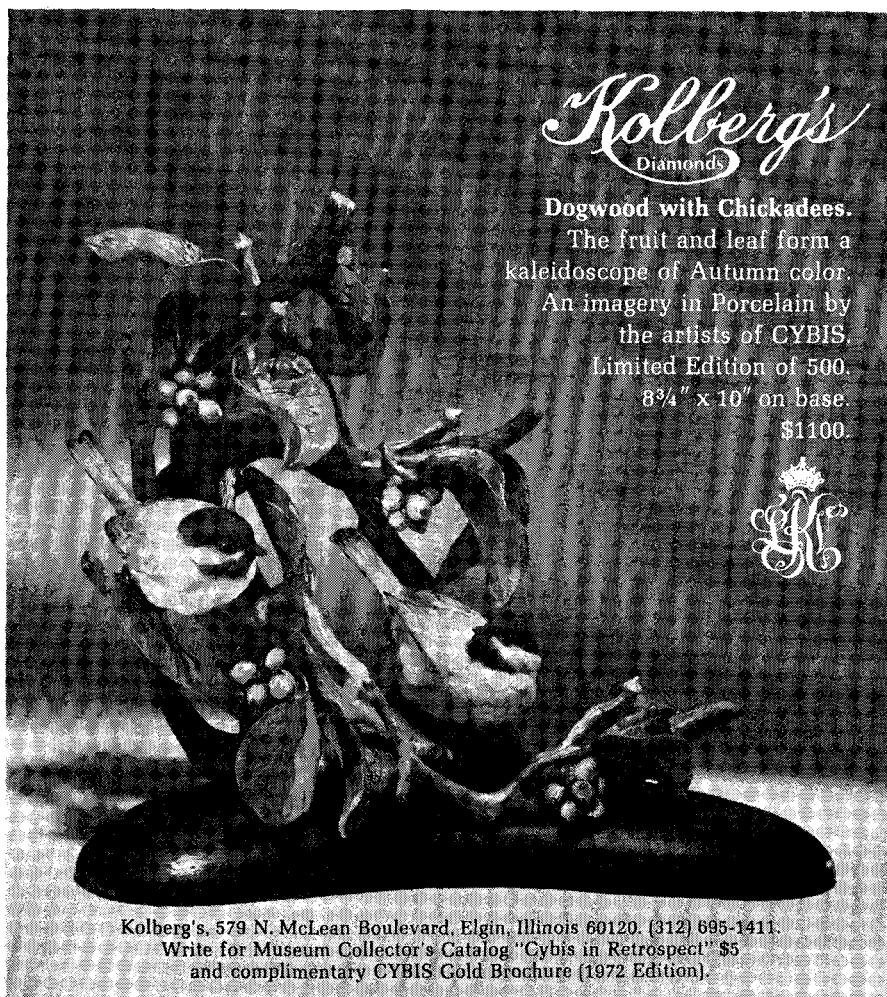
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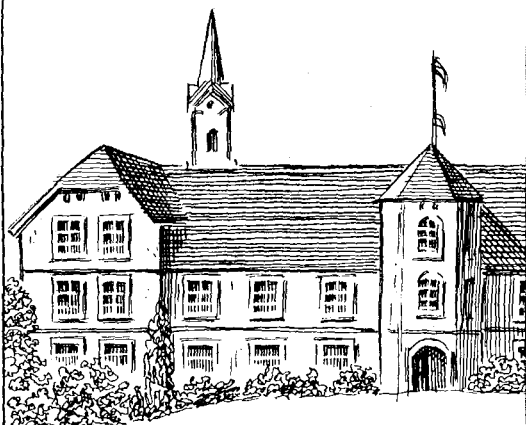
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idea of the necessary compression of verbal resources. As do 'Discover Rhode Island' and 'Sunny Manitoba,' one of my foreign commissions. One learns to leave out. I leave out almost everything. But then, the whole art of writing is selective."

"Are there other special requirements?" I asked.

"A mastery of geography and vocabulary, of course," said Montessor. He lit a cigarette and pushed the box over to me. "A sense of proportion. Tone and color. Light and shade. A nice adjustment to scale. Balance. I think my Wisconsin plate, 'America's Dairyland,' is an excellent example of this. Two words contiguous and inexorably yoked, yet holding their delicate balance in tensile euphony."

"Quite lovely," I said. "But to achieve adequate literary expression in such a limited number of words must be extremely difficult."

"Yes," said Montessor. "There is room only for a lightning flash of metaphor, such as my Alabama plate, 'Heart of Dixie,' or the brief, vivid touch of didacticism one finds in my Idaho plate, 'Famous Potatoes.'"

"I have never understood the creative process," I said. "How does one go about it?"

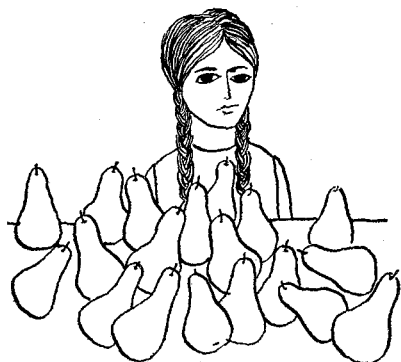
"I am primarily a meditative writer," said Montessor. "My ideas are reflexive. Only when I 'feel' a state do I begin to write."

"Fascinating!" I murmured.

"After I had finished my Wisconsin plate," Montessor resumed, "I felt written out—as if I had exhausted my powers. I went for a tour of Italy, came back refreshed, and in a mere six weeks polished off Nebraska—"Cornhusker State."

"But how do you get your ideas?" I asked.

"I can only say that ideas come to me of their own accord or not at all," said Montessor. "Most of mine come to me while I am in a state of half-consciousness—that twilight disequilibrium that precedes sleeping or waking. Then some thought or imagined scene illumi-



Judith Shaker

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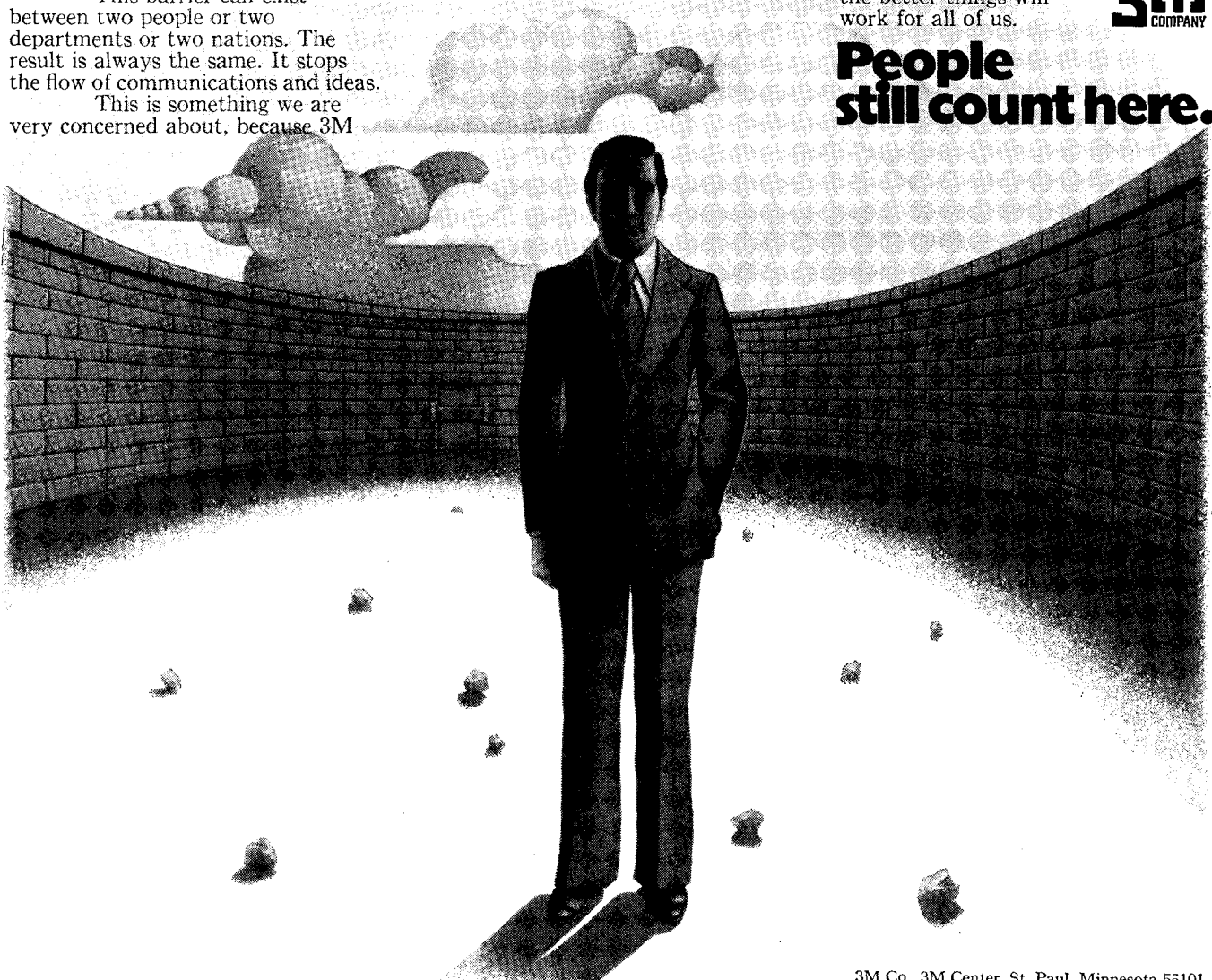
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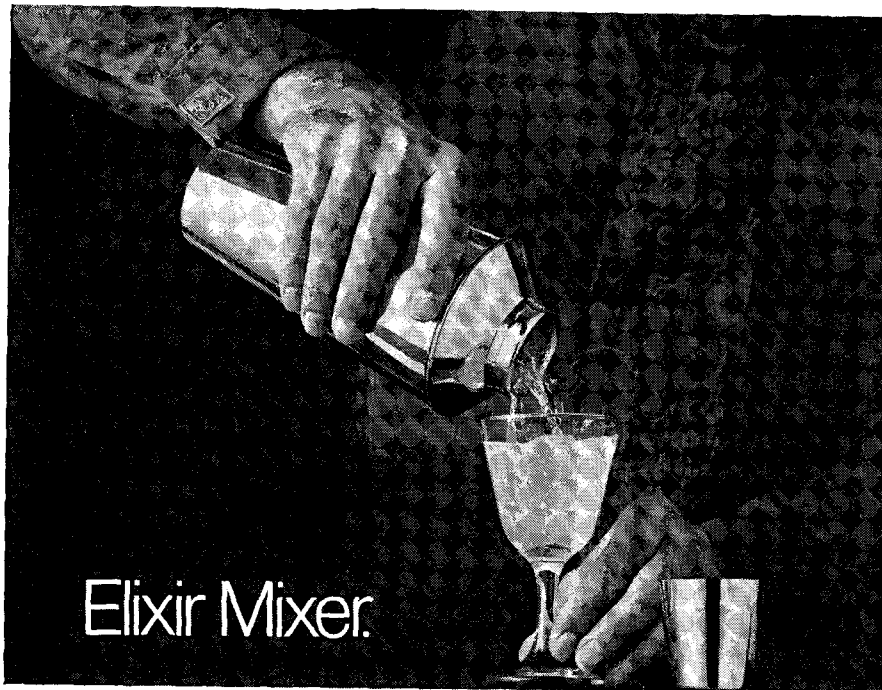
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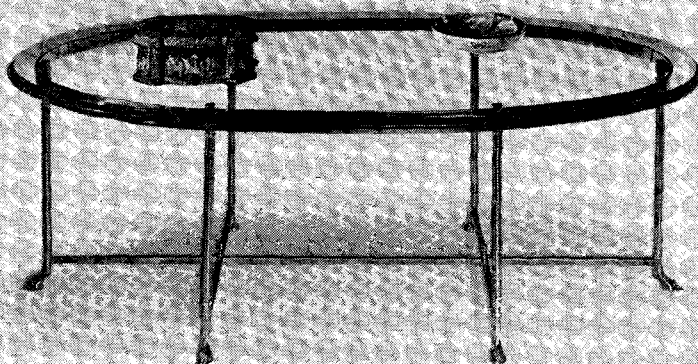
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nates the subconscious, and the idea for the license plate emerges."

"What a moment!"

"Often enough, I get the end before the beginning. For example, in the aforementioned Nebraska plate I had seized upon the word 'State' long before I found the word 'Cornhusker.' The best license plates, it seems, always derive from some such orphic astonishment."

He passed a pale hand over his forehead, consulted his watch, and rose. "To work," he said, sighing. "The Muse is a jealous hussy."

I paid the bill and hurried after him into the street. "What are you working on at present?" I asked.

"Florida," said Montessoro. "Their present plate, 'Sunshine State,' is by a lesser writer, and they have asked me, in the utmost confidence, to replace it. I have completed a very rough first draft."

"Which is?"

He peered sharply up and down the street and then drew me forward. "Honor Our Alligators," he whispered. With a preoccupied wave, he darted between two homeward-bound "Garden State"s, dodged a mud-spattered "Vacationland," and was gone.

—JOHN BAILEY

WINDY POINT

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I roar out
onto the highway
anguished
furious
seeking Windy Point
and wishing to forget your drowning

the pale dawn
pale
your eyes and hands
upraised for death

and there by the roadside
a fawn
trusting
alone

On Windy Point
thrust out from everyone
one sees far across the water

quiet sleepers
like pebbles
lie scattered everywhere

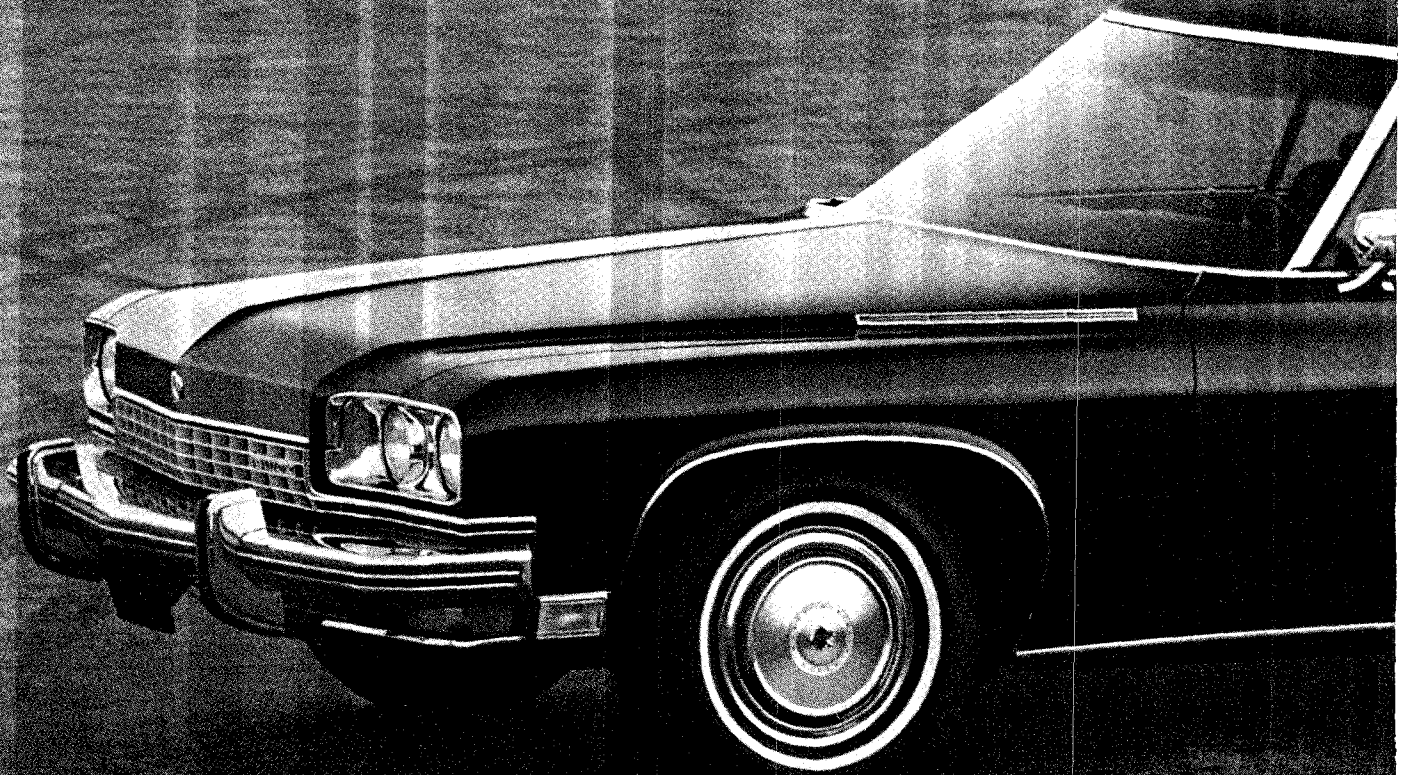
they do not hear
the cruel heartless water sucking stone
—ROBERT GRANT BURNS



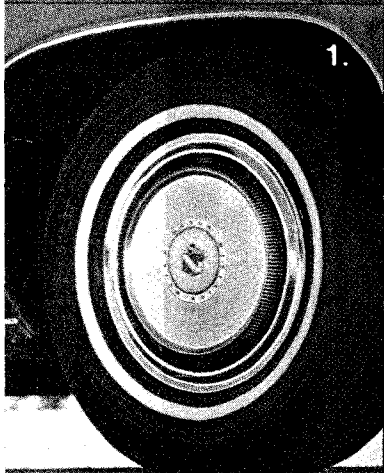
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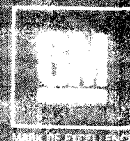
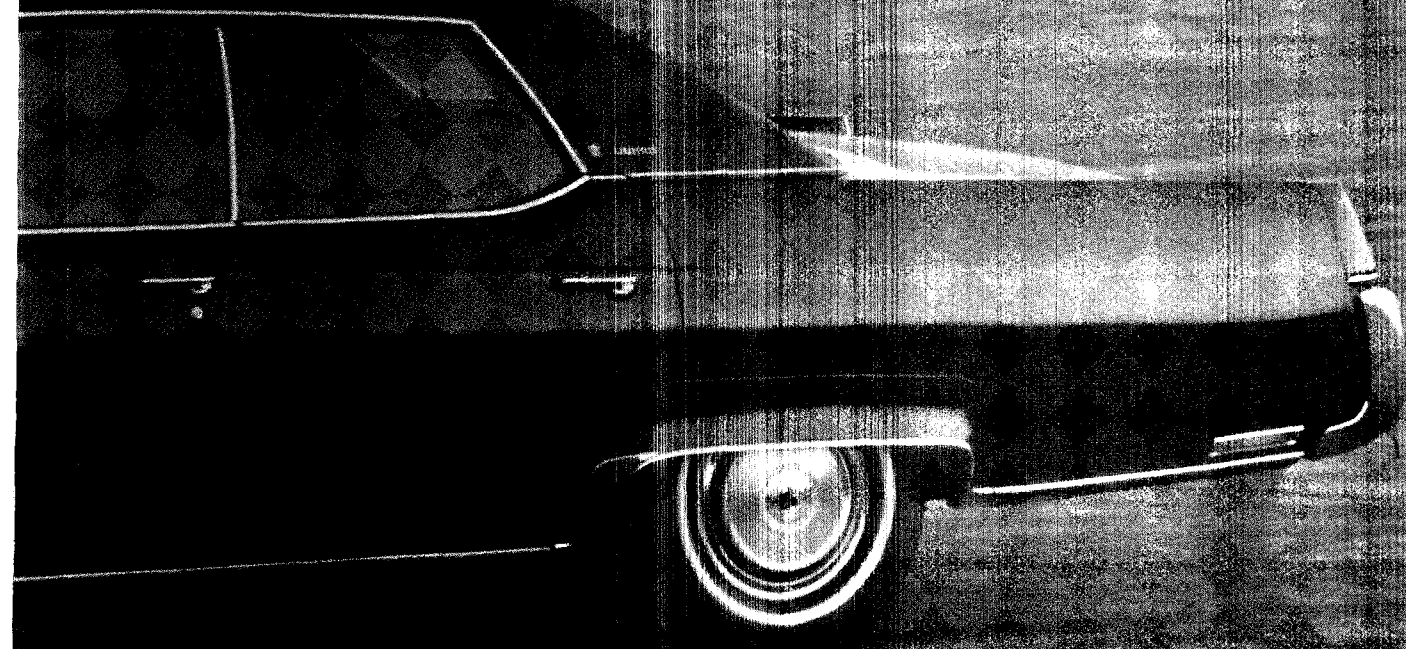
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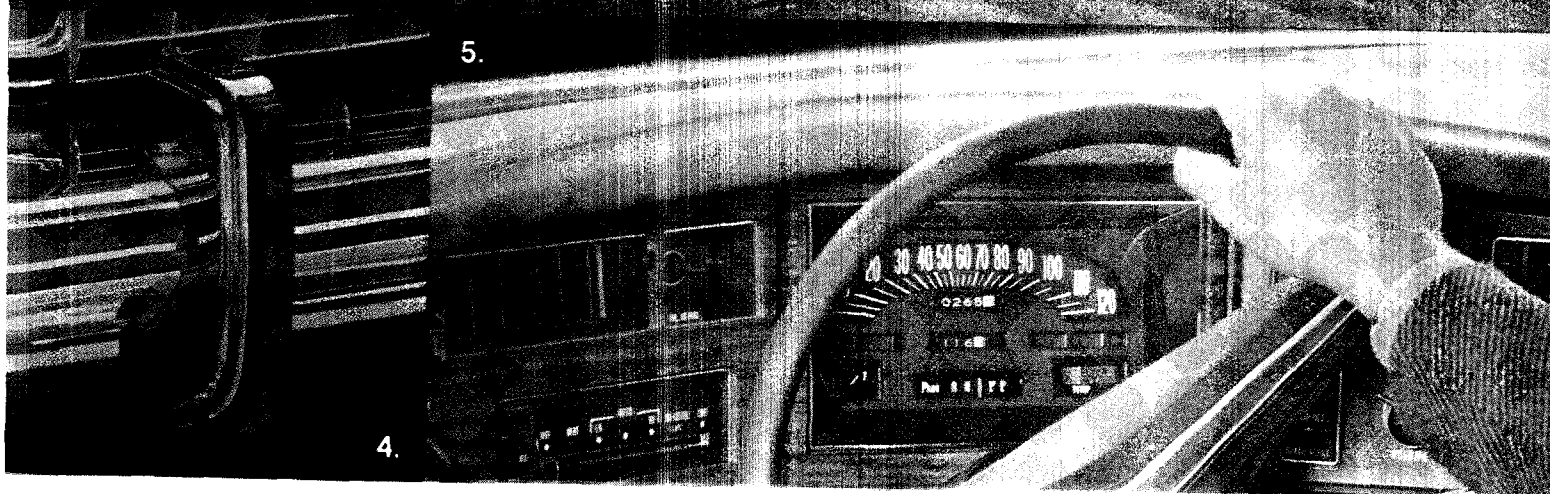
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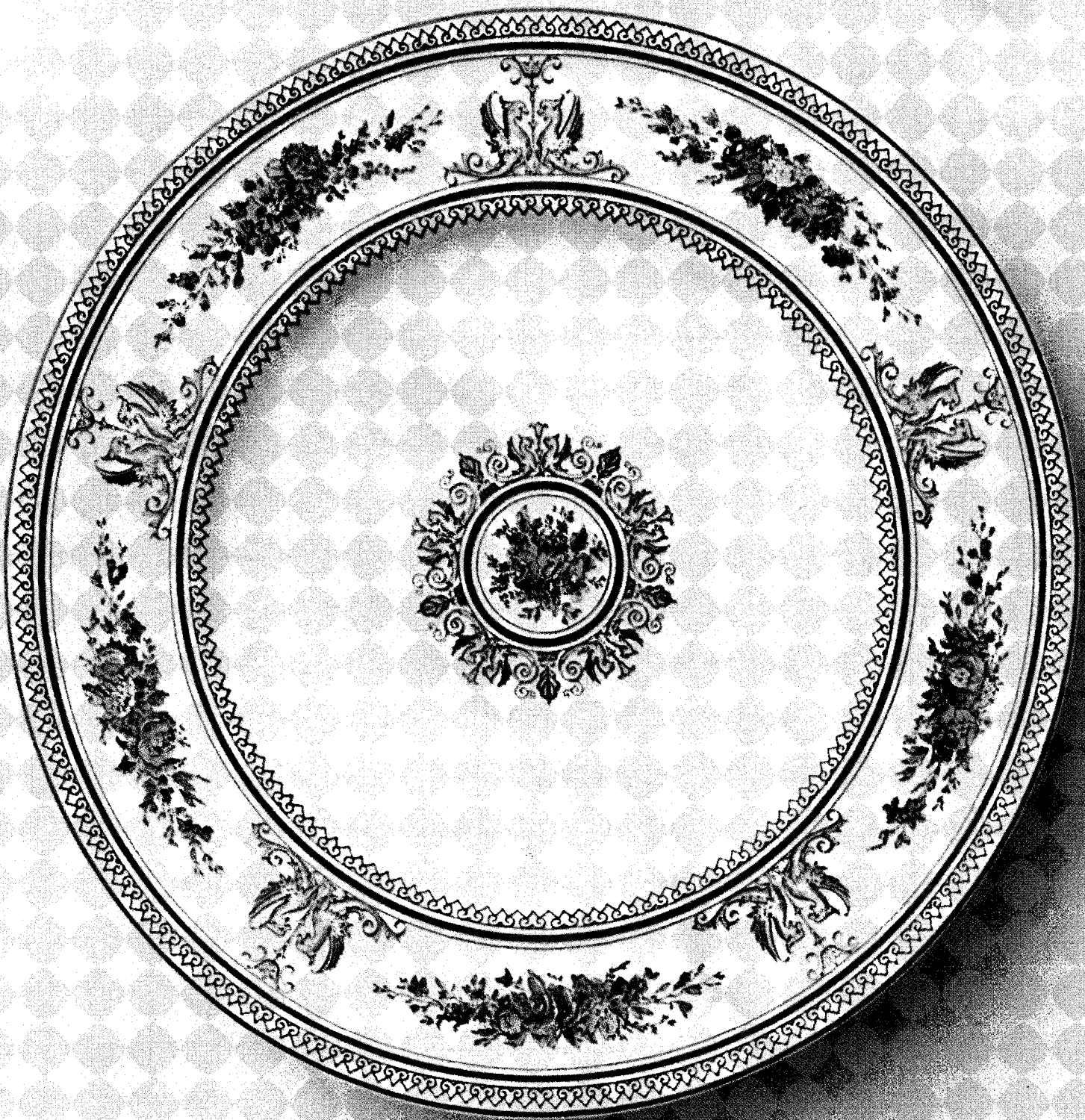
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MUSICAL EVENTS

POPULAR RECORDS

BOBBOY SHORT LOVES COLE PORTER (Atlantic) is a nimbly conducted tour of Porter byways, which are recognizable enough in general outline but are marked only here and there by familiar items, such as "Just One of Those Things," "You've Got That Thing," and "At Long Last Love." For that matter, these three appear to be present because of unfamiliar adornments: extra sets of lyrics that Porter was inspired to write for the second and third, and the piquant verse he provided for the first, through whose time-worn chorus Short dashes along. For the rest, this recital, running to twenty-two selections, on two records, is made up largely of lesser-known (three unpublished songs are included, by the way), which is to say lesser, Porter. (There are really very few neglected masterpieces in the history of music, popular or otherwise. Porter's own "Love for Sale," whose stunning lyric has only recently been deemed acceptable on the commercial airwaves, managed to achieve the status of a standard on the merits of its music alone.) Still, it's fun poking around in Porter territory, and this collection of mainly rediscovered and newly discovered songs by one of the masters of what now appears to have been the golden age of American songwriting—roughly, from 1925 to 1940—shines with the wit and grace and glitter to be found in his better-known work. The byways are, of course, city byways—unmistakably part of Porter's sleekly designed world, blithely free of any disorders other than emotional ones.

Of all the members of that extraordinary group of songwriters who constituted the élite of the profession in his day, Porter, though his gifts, energy, and craftsmanship were second to none, was the most cavalier. Born into a privileged world, which he proceeded to adjust to his own tastes, and disarmingly pagan in his outlook ("the gods" are forever being importuned or else exerting their influence in his songs), he was untouched by either the pressing needs that led such contemporaries as George Gershwin and Richard Rodgers to investigate larger and presumably more significant musical forms than musical-comedy proper or the piety that is to be found in, say, the Rodgers-and-Hammerstein *œuvre*. After a single flirtation with ballet, in

the early nineteen-twenties, he remained exclusively and happily a songwriter, creating seemingly endless fresh variations, both witty and romantic, on the themes of sacred and profane love, along with sprightly comments on contemporary society, and, late in his career, engaging himself with some reluctance in the creation of a musical-comedy masterpiece, "Kiss Me, Kate." Melodically and rhythmically, his inventiveness was unsurpassed (the originality of "Night and Day" is still astonishing, and the smilingly delayed appearance, after the third beat, of the recurrent phrase

"You're the top," in the piece of that name, is unique in popular music), and he enjoyed the added comfort—shared only by Irving Berlin among his peers—of being his own lyricist, so that his best songs are seamless, the words and music exquisitely joined. If Berlin can be held up as the classic example of a twentieth-century songwriter, Porter can be said to have proceeded furthest in establishing the genre as an art form.

Understandably, his spirit, though not his productiveness, lagged a bit in the decade following the 1937 riding accident that left him crippled and in almost constant pain for the rest of his days, and the audacity of his lyrics, which had always borne traces of collegiate outrageousness, at times verged unbecomingly on the waspish, particularly in his gleeful observations on sex. Thus, "Katie Went to Haiti," the long, narrative piece from 1939's "Du Barry Was a Lady," which brings Side One to a close, is, though cleverly put together, rather nasty in tone. "Do I Love You?," an up-tempo ballad from the same show, and "So Near and Yet So Far," from the 1941 film "You'll Never Get Rich," both of which are included here, are commonplace Porter. These songs and most of the others he set down during the war years ("He's a Right Guy," "Let's Be Buddies," "Make It Another Old-Fashioned, Please," "Something for the Boys," and so on) give the impression of having been done by rote, though there are occasional ones that quicken the pulse, among them the pretty ballad "I Love You" and "Visit Panama," a piece whose musical interest is vitiated, in part, by its summons to a land of questionable attraction. Also among these, and here recorded



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for the first time, as far as I know, is "I Hate You, Darling," from Broadway's "Let's Face It." A song that is patently manufactured but gets the program off to a lively start is "Rap Tap on Wood," a reworking of "Anything Goes" that Porter devised for the movie "Born to Dance."

Practically all the other numbers here are from those green years when Porter, a prominent part of the international social whirl and a songwriter whose output had been familiar mostly to members of his own set, finally found his talents in demand both here and abroad. From "Gay Divorce" come the teasing "I've Got You on My Mind," with its delightful harangue of a verse, and the flip "How's Your Romance?;" from "The New Yorkers" the world-weary "Where Have You Been?;" and the giddy "Let's Fly Away;" from "Jubilee" "Just One of Those Things" and the appealing "Why Shouldn't I?;" from "Fifty Million Frenchmen" both "You've Got That Thing" and the oversentimental but still attractive "You Don't Know Paree;" and from England's "Nymph Errant" the gently reflective "How Could We Be Wrong?;" There is also, apparently from a French night-club revue, the breezy "Pilot Me," with a French lyric (by one René Pujol) as well as Porter's English one, performed with nice music-hall esprit, and from the 1924 "Greenwich Village Follies" the oldest entry, "I'm in Love Again," a joyous utterance that a singer named April Stevens repopularized about twenty years ago in a slow treatment, which Short adopts here while unaccountably disfiguring the lyric. And there are two independently published songs—"Hot-House Rose," a curiously raffish item that seems to exist principally for the purpose of making a pun on the name "Rosenbaum," and the melting "Weren't We Fools," whose title insured neglect by a public that rallied to such declarations as "Let a Smile Be Your Umbrella" and "I Faw Down and Go Boom."

The three unpublished songs are ordinary, though one of them, "Why Don't We Try Staying Home?," which brings this recital to a cozy conclusion, is a pleasant enough entry in the home-and-hearth division that is much better represented in the Porter canon by "You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To" and the matchless "Easy to Love." "By Candlelight," a wistful piece, echoes of which can be found in the composer's later film song "Dream Dancing," was evidently fashioned around the time of his accident, as part

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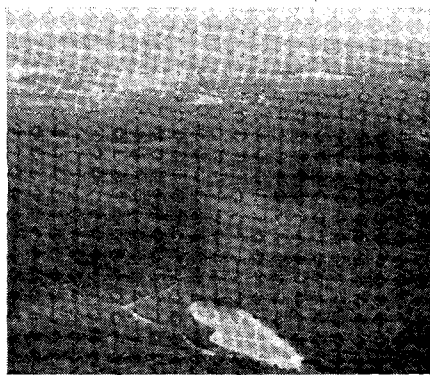
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of the score he was undertaking for "You Never Know," based on the play "Candle Light," but was unable to complete, additional numbers for it being contributed by Dana Suesse and Robert Katscher. "Once Upon a Time" is merely baffling—a two-chorus fairy tale in which Porter evidently hoped to make a sophisticated point but failed, and which, having given up on it, he relegated to his trunk, where it properly belongs.

On the other hand, there are snatches of obscure numbers or overlooked phrases of memorable ones that cling to the mind. What, for example, was that piece in "Jubilee," a musical about a royal family, that ended with a chorus of commoners enthusiastically singing, as nearly as I can remember, "What a kindly king he must be,/What a most unselfish monarch,/Who instead of building castles gives his vassals/Such a nice municipal park!"? And the year before, in "Anything Goes," there was a magical moment when, Ethel Merman and William Gaxton having been recalled from the wings time and again to sing additional choruses of "You're the Top," they returned for the last time and the tempo suddenly retarded as they engaged in a wistful exchange—She: "You're much more/You're a field of clover;" He: "I'm the floor/When the ball is over"—before sailing into the staccato finish. These are moments passed by in this album, and even in such a generous sampling of Porter lyrics as can be found in the handsome volume "Cole."

Taken as a whole, Short's concert is an enchanting one, which restores to us for the moment the style and gaiety of an earlier musical era. (So many of us couldn't wait to buy sheet music in those days, and I can recall rushing to the piano upon discovering the introductory bars of "Night and Day" on the front page of a newspaper theatre section the Sunday prior to the opening of "Gay Divorce.") Short, an ebullient and talented supper-club performer devoted to the magnificent popular-song literature of the past, indeed performs with love, and with an insight responsible for some affectingly apt lead-ins. He is splendidly supported by the bassist Beverly Peer and the drummer Richard Sheridan, both associates of long standing, who are thoroughly familiar with Short's impulsive ways.

STEPHEN SONDHEIM, most recently represented by "Follies" (Capitol), is a writer—he, too, does both the words and the music—who possesses



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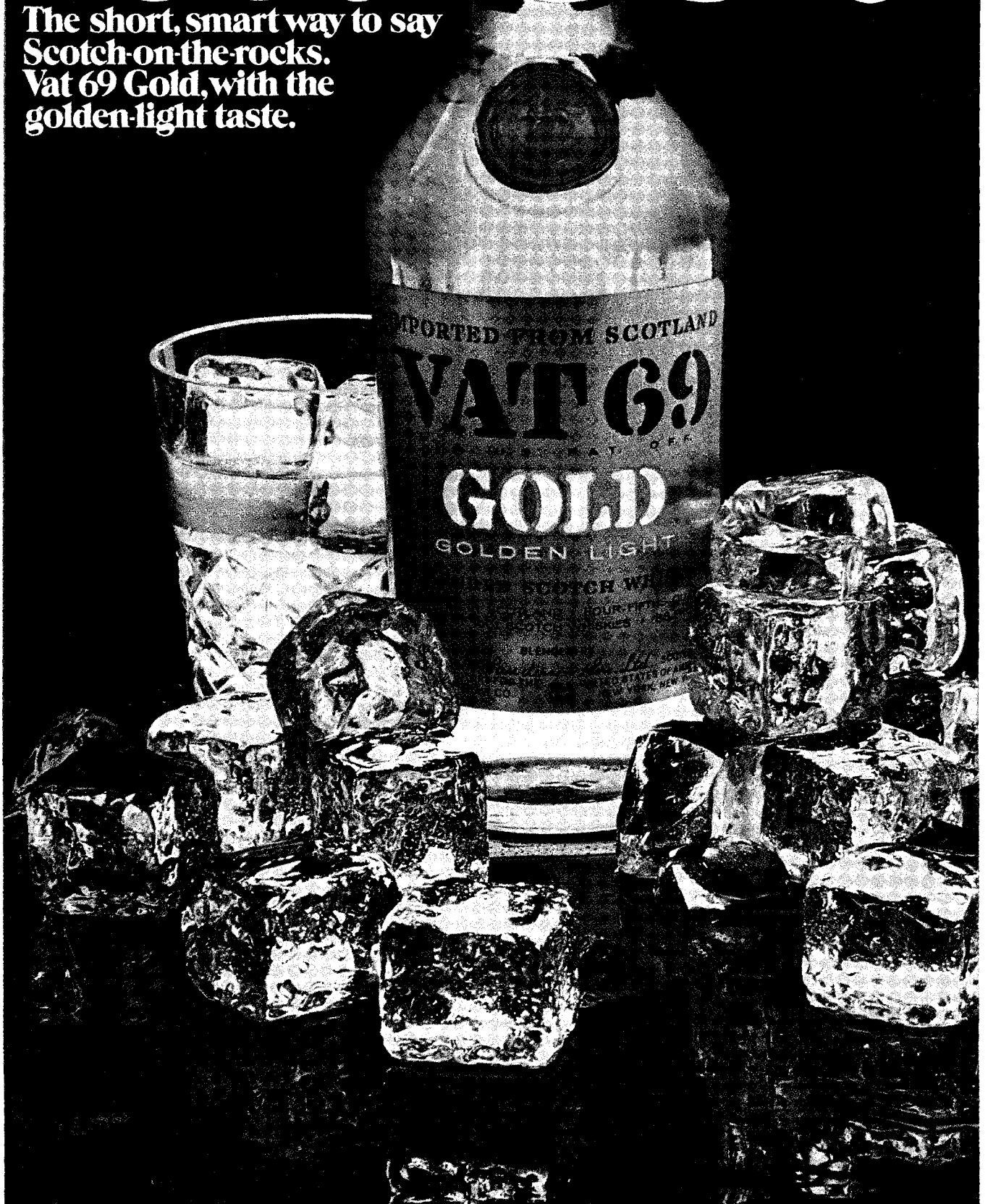


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many of the dazzling qualities associated with Porter. He is, in fact, an even more dazzling lyricist, whose cunningly structured songs, mainly built on contemporary themes, abound in bright word schemes, such as multiple rhymes apt to occupy both the beginning and the end of his phrases. His music is equally rich in ideas, with frequent shifts of key and unorthodox time signatures. Also in keeping with the pressures of the day, his work has a nervous energy that is, by and large, sardonic in tone.

Sondheim, who is now in his forties, is a sort of carry-over from the golden age. Though he is too young to have been a part of it, he was old enough so that when he embarked on his career some members of that heady era—among them Porter, Harold Arlen, Richard Rodgers, and Oscar Hammerstein—were still quite active. (He has publicly stated that he admires Hammerstein above all other lyricists, in even the most noteworthy of which he finds faults or, at the very least, as in Porter, limitations.) Steeped in his learning, he has seized the grand chance given him by "Follies," a story in which the present is repeatedly invaded by the past, to compose a formidable array of songs that is part pastiche and part original. The part that is pastiche comes off best, not merely because it gives us the easy pleasure of sources but because, thanks principally to his enormous gifts as a lyricist, he often comes close to exceeding his models. (By the very nature of this sort of work, he cannot actually do so, of course, but he does come damnably close.)

The outstanding number in the show, for example, is "I'm Still Here," which, according to the singer, Yvonne De Carlo, was supplied out of town, on short notice, as a substitute for one less congenial to her talents. The music strikingly calls Harold Arlen to mind, and the lyric, a former film star's reflection on her career, is one of considerable wit and pungency. (Sections of this lyric and others, and whole songs as well, have unfortunately been left out in the effort to cram the entire "Follies" score onto a single record, since show albums, and especially those running to two records, are no longer looked on with as much favor as they once were.) There are tickling references to George Gershwin ("Losing My Mind," a torch song, makes artful use of figures in "The Man I Love"); Rodgers and Hart ("You're Gonna Love Tomorrow" is, in a surge of invention, coupled contrapuntally with the equally euphoric



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"Love Will See Us Through"); Porter ("Ah, Paris!"); DeSylva, Brown, and Henderson ("Broadway Baby"); Berlin ("Beautiful Girls"); Kurt Weill and Ogden Nash ("The Story of Lucy and Jessie"); and one or two others, including Noël Coward in a waltz, "One More Kiss," that is omitted here.

The songs that Sondheim has written for the show's plot, set in the present and involving two married couples, are at once more daring musically and less satisfying, being in the main too serious-minded for this sort of enterprise. One exception is the jaunty and touchingly reflective "Waiting for the Girls Upstairs," a thoroughly engaging piece for the four principals and their youthful show-business mirror images. "Could I Leave You?," a bitterly devastating outburst by Alexis Smith to a tune in three-quarter time whose mounting frenzy owes a good deal to Ravel's "La Valse," is effective, and "In Buddy's Eyes," appealingly sung by Dorothy Collins, has an odd, halting charm. But the big love duet, "Too Many Mornings," presented by Miss Collins and John McMartin, is over-ambitious, being self-consciously operatic in nature, and both McMartin's rueful "The Road You Didn't Take" and Gene Nelson's schizophrenic "The Right Girl" are abrasive and lack the emotional impact desired.

—DOUGLAS WATT

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—*Pittsburgh Press.*

He's been under a lot of strain.

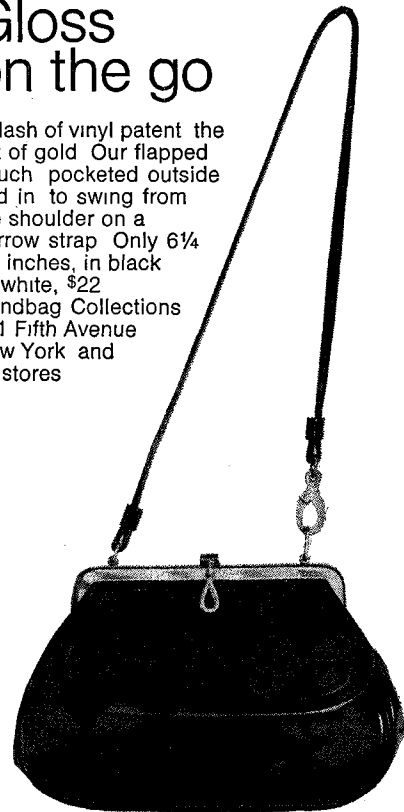
MOST TITILLATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[The following item, reprinted in its
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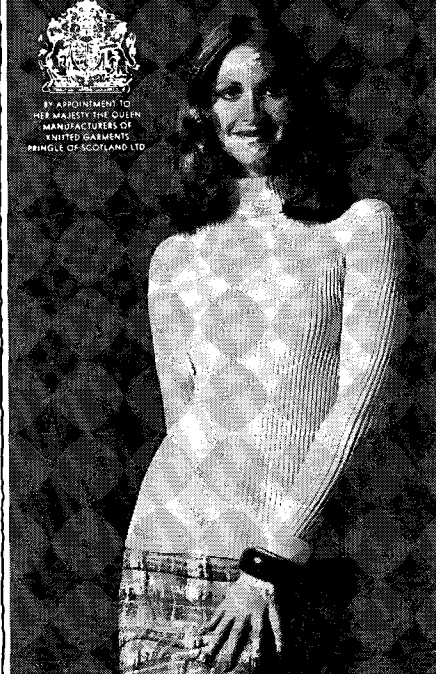
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OUR SCIENCE CORRESPONDENTS

COLD LIGHT

BIOLUMINESCENCE, the emission of light by living things, has puzzled and fascinated men throughout history. In the flickering of fireflies on summer nights, the glow of fox fire in the woods, and the dazzling displays by the tiny luminescent creatures of the ocean, ancient peoples saw something eerie, beautiful, and magical—a fire that burned but did not consume. Before it was understood, or even named, this cold light inspired poetry, engendered superstitions, and probably played a part in accounts of miracles, many of which refer to mysterious lights or strange effulgences. The first written reference to bioluminescence is found in one of the Thirteen Classics of China—the “Shih Ching,” or “Book of Odes,” which dates from sometime between 1500 and 1000 B.C. It contains the line “Glowing intermittently are the fireflies.” Perhaps a millennium later, Aristotle listed some examples of bioluminescence in the plant kingdom. In the first century A.D., Pliny the Elder noted that a Mediterranean jellyfish and an edible mollusk (*Pholas dactylus*) shone “as if with fire in dark places, even in the mouths of persons eating them.” Other early observations were made by such seventeenth-century scholars as Francis Bacon, René Descartes, Robert Hooke, and Marcello Malpighi, and, indeed, ever since

their time bioluminescence has been not only a source of wonder but an object of scientific investigation. It is still not completely understood, but researchers now envision technological applications of it which range from detecting cancer to combatting the smuggling of heroin.

Bioluminescence is distributed widely but very erratically through the ranks of life. Two large groups of plants—bacteria and fungi—possess it. As for the animal kingdom, bioluminescent organisms exist in almost half of its twenty-seven phyla, or major divisions. The organisms include such tiny creatures as flagellates, hydroids, and radiolarians, and such larger organisms as sponges, nemerteans (bright-colored marine worms), ctenophores (marine jellyfish-like animals), crustaceans, clams, snails, squids, centipedes, millipedes, insects, and fish—the only vertebrates among them. No amphibians, reptiles, birds, or mammals have the lustre or scintillation of self-produced light. The highly unsystematic occurrence of bioluminescence among earth's flora and fauna has perplexed researchers for years. An organism that is bioluminescent may have close relatives that are not. The late E. Newton Harvey, who was Henry Fairfield Osborn Professor of Biology at Princeton from 1933 to 1959, described the anomaly in this

fashion: “Imagine the names of all the forms of life written on a huge blackboard—the scores of phyla, classes, and orders descending from there to the hundreds of thousands of plant and animal species. Then imagine a man with a handful of wet sand standing off from the blackboard. He throws the sand at it. Where a grain sticks to a name, that species becomes bioluminescent—where not, no bioluminescence. The capacity really seems as disorganized and inexplicable as that.”

All bioluminescence, whether its source is plant or animal, is an almost completely cold radiance. Less than one per cent of the energy released in the chemical reaction producing it is in the form of heat—a level of efficiency that Westinghouse and General Electric would like very much to match, for even the most advanced fluorescent illuminating devices dispense their energy as twenty-two per cent light and seventy-eight per cent heat, and incandescent light bulbs give off ten per cent light and ninety per cent heat. Blue is the dominant color of bioluminescence, but red, yellow, orange, green, and pearly tones also exist. The light stays within the visible range of the electromagnetic spectrum, having no infrared, ultraviolet, or penetrating radiation. Physically, except for the almost total absence of heat, it is no different from any other light. It can affect a photographic plate, can induce chemical reactions, and can be polarized—although its emission in polarized form

by an organism has not been definitely established. Dr. Jean-Marie Bassot, a French scientist, believes, however, that a small shrimp he has been studying—*Meganctiphanes norvegica*, whose home is in the Scandinavian fjords and in the River Clyde, in Scotland—may emit light from its eye in the form of a laser, which is a highly sophisticated form of polarization. A laser (the name is an acronym for “light amplification by stimulated emission of radiation”) is a beam of light whose waves all travel in the same direction, as opposed to those of ordinary light, which vibrate in all directions. The first laser was



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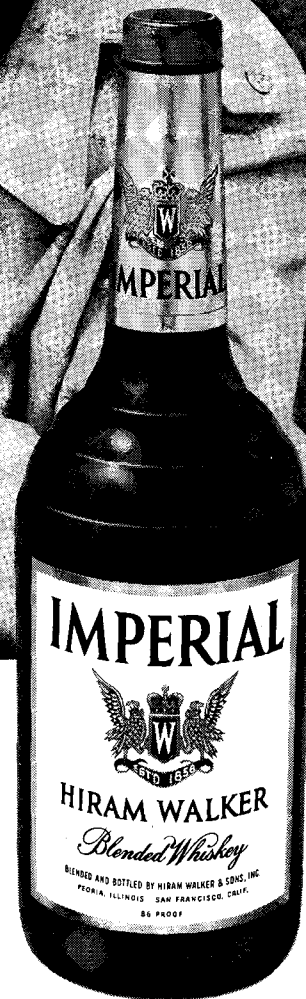
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produced in 1960, and up to now laser light has been thought of as a product of man's ingenuity, manufactured in a complicated optical device, not in a small shrimp's eye.

BY far the best-known example of bioluminescence is the firefly, which inhabits every continent except Antarctica. There are more than two thousand firefly species, of which a hundred are known to inhabit the United States. The two that are most common in the New York area are *Photuris pennsylvanica*, which has a greenish light, and *Photinus pyralis*, which is somewhat smaller and whose light is yellow. Both still breed in Central Park, but their numbers have diminished, mainly because of the spraying of pesticides and the increase in human traffic through the Park. Human footsteps pack down the soil, thus reducing vegetation by denying air and water to the roots, and at the same time destroying many small tunnels and subsurface spaces. The vegetation is necessary to fireflies, because its roots provide food for some of the tiny animals on which the firefly larvae feed, and the tunnels are the homes of these creatures and of the firefly larvae as well. One evening last fall when I was in the Park digging some dirt for my terrarium, I found a firefly larva near the Fifth Avenue wall, north of the Conservatory Pond. The larva was nearly an inch long, and as it lay in the dirt on my trowel, it reminded me of nothing so much as the fierce-looking dragon that used to emblazon the imperial banner of China. The creature had a dark, horny shell, rather weak multiple legs, small eyes, short antennae, strong, curved jaws, and two round lights glowing near the end of the tail. It had hatched some fifteen months before, four weeks after its mother, having mated, had laid perhaps a hundred eggs on or just under the surface of the soil. At its hatching, it was less than an eighth of an inch long. By day, it hid among the grass roots; by night, until the autumn came, it hunted. Largely by the sense of touch, using its legs and antennae, it located its food—mites, bristletails, and small snails and earthworms. With a poisonous bite, the larva paralyzed and partly liquefied its prey, and then it sucked in their substance like a nourishing soup. At the first frost, the larva hibernated under a stone, and during this period of reduced activity the lights in its tail were barely visible. Awakening in the spring, it more or less repeated the actions of its first summer. I took the larva out of the trowel and re-



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turned it to the damp soil. Its life cycle called for it to awaken again at the start of the next spring and to pupate in late May. If it did so, it used its legs to dig a shallow pit in the earth, which it roofed with strips of mud it had formed by chewing soil and extruding it as ribbons from its mouth. After ten days inside the chamber, metamorphosis was complete, and the newly formed firefly broke through the roof and started its search for a mate.

The most dramatic displays of fireflies to be found anywhere in the world occur along certain riverbanks in the Orient; several of the best-known sites are in Thailand. The scintillating shows have been objects of astonishment to Occidentals for nearly three hundred years and of diligent study by some for several decades. In 1680, a Dutch physician travelling downriver from Bangkok wrote, "The glowworms . . . represent another shew, which settle on some Trees, like a fiery cloud, with this surprising circumstance, that a whole swarm of these insects, having taken possession of one Tree, and spread themselves over its branches, sometimes hide their Light all at once, and a moment after make it appear again with the utmost regularity and exactness." The description at once brings to mind a Christmas tree with flashing electric lights, and a more contemporary description does not alter this impression. An American scientist, Hugh M. Smith, making the same journey in 1935, wrote, "Imagine a tree thirty-five to forty feet high, thickly covered with small ovate leaves, apparently with a firefly on every leaf and all the fireflies flashing in perfect unison at the rate of about three times in two seconds, the tree being in complete darkness between the flashes. Imagine a tenth of a mile of river front with an unbroken line of *Sonneratia* trees with fireflies on every leaf flashing in unison, the insects on the trees at the ends of the line acting in perfect unison with those between. Then, if one's imagination is sufficiently vivid, he may form some conception of this amazing spectacle." Smith added that the rhythmic flashing is confined to male fireflies and "occurs hour after hour, night after night, for weeks or even months."

Such displays, scientists believe, represent communal, rather than individual, efforts to attract mates; the females are present, in and around the trees, but their lights, which are dimmer and are not synchronized, are lost in the concerted male blazes. These surprising performances, scientists have decided, make complete ecological

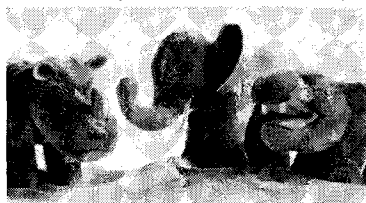
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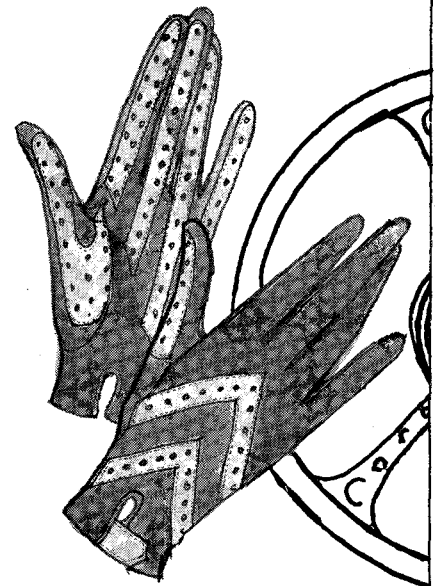


WJ3772B. PURE WOOL

sense. The country inland from the trees where they take place tends to be dense swamp, in which the individual flash communications that gild the summer nights in American fields would be largely obscured. A tree beside a river, on the other hand, is an assembly point that can be seen for hundreds of yards as it flashes like a huge torch under the nocturnal sky. Firefly breeding in the tropics, unlike that in our Temperate Zone, is more or less continuous. The mated insects withdraw to breed and die within a few days, but the supply of fireflies in and around the trees is steadily renewed. Recently, a scientist in Malaysia who was studying these glowing trees with the aid of a light-recorder attached to an oscilloscope discovered that the flashes of the species under study occurred once every second, lasted for only a fraction of that time, and were actually not single flashes but double bursts of light, spaced a thirtieth of a second apart, which were seen as one by the human eye. The fireflies' flashing in unison is one of very few instances of synchronism in nature, and its mechanism has lately received the attention of several investigators. At present, the investigators incline to the theory that, through the eye, the individual firefly's central nervous system judges the timing of the discharges by the majority of the fireflies in the tree, regulates its own flashing to that pace, and so locks into the cycle. The process is more or less like the sudden handclapping that occasionally erupts at sporting affairs, the controlling agent there, of course, being a sense of rhythm established (somehow) through the ear.

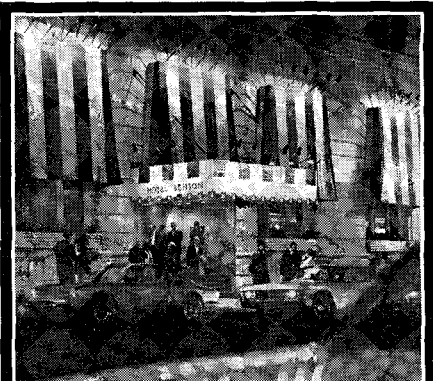
"**B**IOTOPE" is a word that the general public is hearing more and more often in this ecology-minded era. Webster's Dictionary defines it as "a region uniform in environmental conditions and in its population of animals for which it is the habitat." By far the world's largest biotope is the deeps of the sea—below the level of a thousand feet. Its uniform environmental conditions are dimness shading into utter darkness, food scarcity, great pressure, great stillness, and great cold. Light vanishes just below its upper limit. Food, mostly in the form of dead organic matter from the sunlit upper realm, rains slowly down. The crushing pressure is hundreds of times that of sea level. A great calm prevails; the biotope is untroubled by the fiercest storms, whose effects extend downward no more than a couple of hundred feet. Many fish in these re-

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gions, in the absence of the stresses that occur in the upper regions, have developed almost decalcified, paperlike bones. Only vast, slow-creeping currents, resulting from differences in temperature in the ocean as a whole, impart any movement at all to the water in the abyss. The chief instrument of motion is cold water, which, being heavier than warm water, sinks in the vicinity of the poles and flows away softly along the bottom to all latitudes, carrying with it the dissolved oxygen that is necessary to life. Temperatures through most of the biotope hover around the freezing point. A thousand feet beneath the top of the biotope, the human eye can see no light. From that level on, eternal darkness stretches through all the oceans of all the world. No day, only perpetual night. No summer, only everlasting chill. No dawn, no dusk, no spring, no fall, no seasonal change—only an infinite sameness. In this immense and forbidding habitat, most of the planet's bioluminescence is found. For centuries, scientists assumed the ocean depths to be no biotope at all. They were viewed as a desert, utterly devoid of life. In the eighteen-eighties, however, the net hauls of deep-sea-research vessels began to discredit this theory, and then it was discovered that the vast subsurface gloom was atwinkle and ashine with the cold fire of living things.

The investigation that firmly established the existence of large-scale bioluminescence in the depths was made off Bermuda between 1929 and 1937 by Dr. William Beebe, of the New York Zoological Society. As part of this effort, he descended repeatedly into the ocean depths in a steel globe called a bathysphere, which was outfitted with fused-quartz portholes and a searchlight. On three occasions, he reached a depth of three thousand feet. The bathysphere, suspended by a cable from a mother ship at the surface, was lowered and raised by machinery, and over telephone wires to the mother ship Beebe described his voyages into a realm never previously seen by man. First, he said, the red, orange, and yellow colors of the spectrum faded; at two hundred feet they were swallowed up by green. Four hundred feet farther down, green was replaced by a deep, rich blue—a light that, Beebe found, was impossible to read or write by. This color, very familiar to divers, prevails at this depth because sunlight's blue wave lengths are the most penetrative in water. For reasons that still aren't known, most marine bioluminescence is blue. At two thousand feet, Beebe

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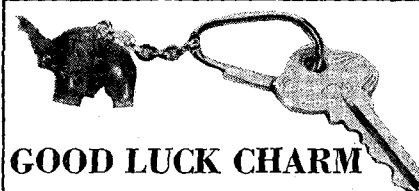
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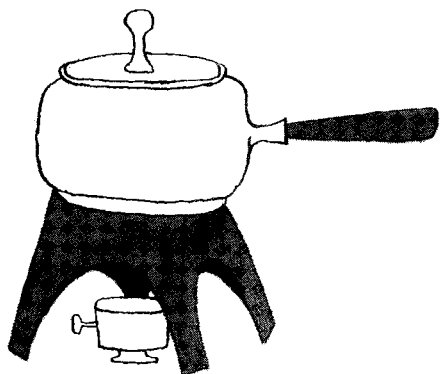
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reported, the water became jet black, and he turned on his searchlight. On a typical plunge, Dive No. 30, a few of the sights he saw, according to a stenographic record made at the surface, were sparks in all directions that faded, then burst anew; lovely, bright pale-blue lights close to the porthole; a big glow, six to eight inches across, rising in the distance; at the edge of the searchlight beam, ten or fifteen lights steadily coming and going; a three-inch-long fish lighted all over with a silvery luminescence; a flash of pale rose-red. The show never stopped.

Beebe's research is still the greatest effort ever made to sample deep-sea fauna in a restricted region. His descents were supplemental to a long period of netting, in which he made fifteen hundred hauls with a one-metre-wide net in an eight-mile circle south of Bermuda, to depths of seventy-two hundred feet. He collected 115,747 individual fish, of two hundred and twenty species. In 1966, when R. J. Lavenberg, curator of ichthyology at the Natural History Museum of Los Angeles County, was collecting between New Zealand and Chile, he brought to the surface 20,479 individual fish, of a hundred and fifty-four species. Ninety-six per cent of Beebe's individuals were luminescent, as were ninety-eight per cent of Lavenberg's, and two-thirds of the species obtained by each of the men were luminescent. The fantastic appearance of many of these fish, as their collectors and other scientists have described them, is such as to suggest demons painted by Hieronymus Bosch. Some of the fish have great heads, composed almost entirely of mouths filled with huge teeth, attached to relatively insignificant bodies. One, brought from a depth of twelve thousand feet in the Pacific Ocean, has a sizable luminous organ, like a pod, dangling from the roof of its mouth. The angler fish has a light organ projecting from its forehead on a tentacle. The light organs of other



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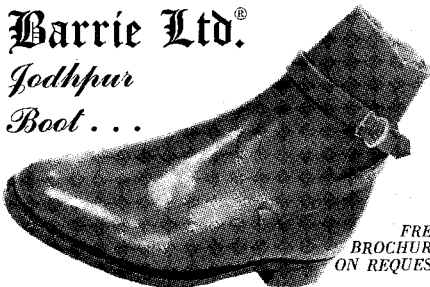
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species are on stalks, streamers, or pendants, or are embedded in the flesh in varied designs. Often these organs have as appurtenances a lens, reflectors, and pigment screens, making them into small lanterns. Another instance of a complicated luminous system is that of the hatchet fish, a disc-shaped creature about the size of a twenty-five-cent piece that lives in the upper range of the biotope. A row of bluish stomach lights running from its mouth to its tail are connected with ingenious light-reflecting tubes arranged so that the brightest light is directed downward and the softer tones shine up the fish's sides; the result is that the fish blends in with the surrounding water almost to the point of invisibility. Besides fish, Beebe identified in the searchlight beam and in the nets he brought to the surface numerous species of luminescent shrimp, squids, and jellyfish, among other shimmery creatures. Some years earlier, a squid raised from a depth of ten thousand feet in the Indian Ocean was found to possess bioluminescence in many colors besides blue. It had five light organs on each eyeball, eight on the underside of the body, and four on a pair of arms. The collector described it thus: "One would think that the body was adorned with a diadem of brilliant gems. The middle organs of the eyes shone with ultramarine blue, the lateral ones with a pearly sheen. Those towards the front of the lower surface of the body gave out a ruby-red light, while those behind were snow-white or pearly, except the median one which was sky-blue. It was indeed a glorious spectacle."

Deep-sea research has advanced considerably since Beebe's time. In studying underwater luminescence today, scientists use a light detector called a photomultiplier tube, which is so sensitive that when it is lowered into the depths it can pick up light intensities as low as a trillionth part of full sunlight. The detector, on steel-armored conducting cables, has descended more than twelve thousand feet. In every area tested and at almost every level, bioluminescent flashings have been noted—some of them mass-produced, lasting for several seconds, and approaching the radiance of moonlight. The detector has also shown that the eyes of depth animals respond to fainter lights in their environment than the eyes of human beings do. This fact was demonstrated by monitoring the movements of the sonic-scattering layer, which is the name that oceanographers have given huge aggregations of minute animals, mostly crustaceans and



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mostly light-producing, that form broad, thick sheets in the ocean. (The appellation arose from the fact that these sheets of living creatures were impenetrable to the sonar waves used during the Second World War by Navy patrol ships to locate submarines. Once a submersible was under the layer, it was safe from detection. Owing to the improvement of sonar, this circumstance no longer obtains.) Sonar devices and light detectors have shown that the sonic-scattering layer rises and falls hundreds of feet during a twenty-four-hour cycle. It is deepest—perhaps as deep as half a mile—at noon on clear, sunny days, and it rises to its highest point, within a hundred feet of the surface, on nights when clouds obscure all moonlight and starlight. Let a break in the clouds occur and only a little radiance from the stars trickle through, and the sonic-scattering layer reacts, sinking a bit. Under similar submerged conditions, the human eye, of course, would not react. The greater sensitivity of the eyes of abyssal fish and other depth creatures has also been demonstrated in anatomical studies, which show them to possess a notably larger amount of photosensitive pigment than man's eyes do. The sonic-scattering layer's vertical migrations are thought to be a survival mechanism by which its members can avoid predators and yet spend a portion of each day in the food-rich upper layers of the ocean, where photosynthesis takes place.

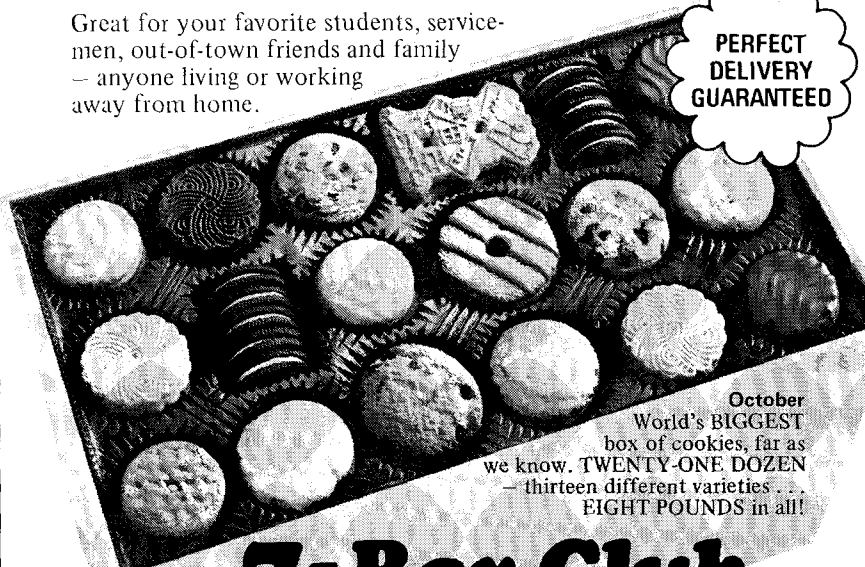
There are bioluminescent displays, often stunning in their splendor, at the surface, too. The bow waves of ships passing through the Red Sea at night have been known to trigger acres of blue-green flame that circle the vessels over and over. Such displays are caused by the excitation of hordes of dinoflagellates—tiny, one-celled creatures that can kindle upon the surface of the sea streaks of oozy lightning or sheets of chilly fire. It was from these creatures, which are red by day, that the Red Sea got its name. (The poisonous red tides that have occurred recently in Florida, killing many fish, are produced by an unrelated, non-bioluminescent organism.) Bioluminescence is sporadic in the Red Sea, but it can always be found in four bays in the West Indies—three of them in Puerto Rico and one in Jamaica. There a boat crossing at night provokes the resident dinoflagellates to glitter with such power that a person sitting at the stern will have no trouble reading a newspaper by their light. Unhappily, much of this lustre is now threatened by pollution. Off the Bahama Islands, surface displays of bio-

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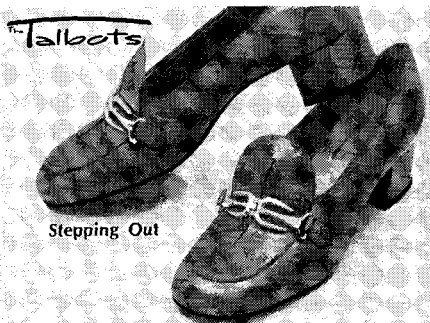
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luminescence are provided by the mating ritual of the marine fireworm, an inhabitant of the area. A few days after the full moon, during much of the year, the female of the species rises from her burrow on the bottom about an hour past sunset, blazing brightly. Her presence attracts males, and a furious circling ensues, during which both eggs and sperm are emitted in a strongly luminous cloud.

Many other things glimmer and glow just under the surface. Sea pens are polyps living in colonies, the individuals of which have featherlike heads atop stalks that fasten them to the bottom. When they are stimulated at night by waves or passing fish, light suddenly undulates over the colony, passing from one to another. Louis Agassiz, the great nineteenth-century naturalist, wrote that they shine at night with a "golden green light of a most wonderful softness." In the Banda Sea, at the remote eastern end of the Indonesian archipelago, live two extraordinary species of fish—*Photoblepharon* ("light eyelid") and *Anomalops* ("strange eye"). Both species have under their eyes large, constantly bright light organs that, by different methods of screening, seem to turn on and off rhythmically. Professor Harvey, of Princeton, who studied the fish in their habitat almost half a century ago, found that the light of both is created by colonies of luminous bacteria that live in the light organs and receive a rich supply of blood and oxygen from the host. Whether the bacteria are present in the egg or enter the light organs at a later stage is a mystery that scientists have yet to solve.

Although the ocean is rich in bioluminescence, fresh water decidedly is not; in fact, no large body of fresh water contains any bioluminescence. Close relatives of bioluminescent marine forms remain dark in fresh water. To date, the only known bioluminescent fresh-water organisms are a New Zealand limpet, about the size of a kernel of corn, that eats algae and clings to rocks, usually in swift-moving streams, and the larva of a firefly which lives in tropical pools and breathes by tracheal gills.

BIOLUMINESCENT organisms that have their homes on land include springtails, centipedes, millipedes, beetles, and those members of the plant kingdom which gleam with self-manufactured light—certain fungi and bacteria. The most striking individual among the animals is the *ferrocarril*, or railroad worm, of Central and South

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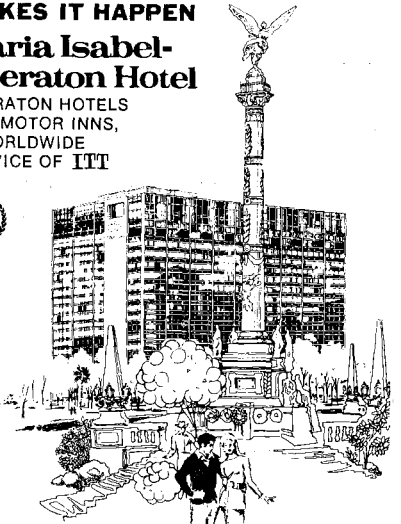
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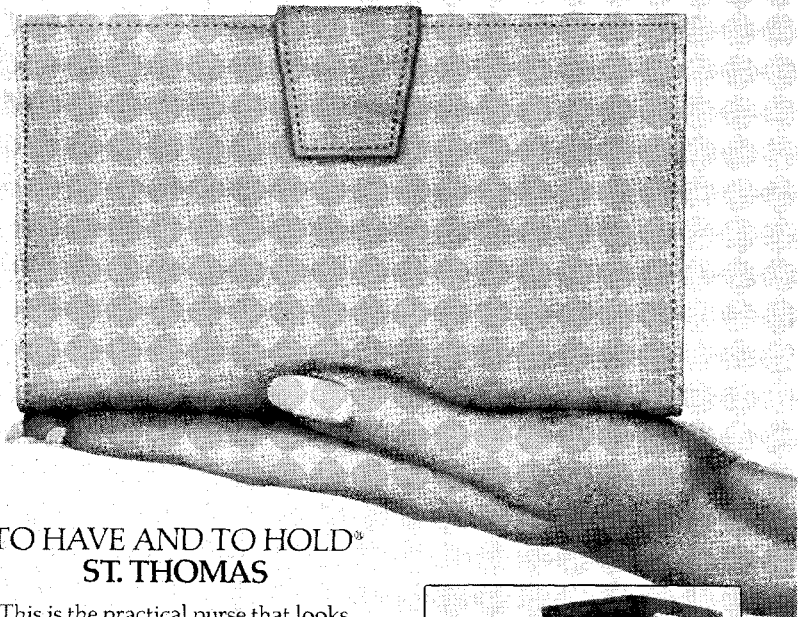
America. The adult female and the larvae of both sexes have eleven pairs of greenish-yellow lights along the sides and a red light at the head. At night, the moving worms resemble tiny railroad trains. Another brightly lighted bug—a West Indian click beetle sometimes called the *cucujo*—changed the course of history in a minor way. In 1634, a British fleet intended a night landing on Cuba. The cautious officers in charge of the enterprise withdrew, however, when they saw countless bright lights moving about on the shore, in the belief that these were torches carried by regiments of Spanish soldiers; actually, they were *cucujos*. A sight that rivals the firefly trees of Asia is furnished by New Zealand glowworms—small larvae of a species of fly, masses of which live in caves, where they glimmer blue-white overhead. The glowworm attaches itself to the ceiling of a cave in a transparent tube, from which it drops lines bearing tiny beads of adhesive; these trap insects, which it then hauls up to the tube and devours. The beauty of the assembled worms is such that on North Island, near Waitomo, the site of the largest glowworm caves, a tourist industry has arisen, complete with a hotel and guides. The guides lead the tourists through the dim grottoes, warning them against all talk, for noise causes the larvae to dim or extinguish their lights. In full glory, the largest cave presents a sky never seen above the earth—a sky packed almost solid with galaxy after galaxy of blue-white stars.

The bioluminescence of plants differs greatly from that of animals. Instead of being sporadic or rhythmic, it is a continuous, steady glow. In fungi, either the mass of fine fungal threads or the fruiting body, or both, may glow. Dead wood of any kind—tree stumps, fallen logs, moldering leaves—may display this fungal light, popularly known as fox fire. Occasionally, fox fire has been associated with the supernatural. American Indian legends of ghost bears returned from the spirit world were inspired not by apparitions but by flesh-and-blood bruins that had enjoyed a daytime nap in a rotting hollow log and then, with strands of fox fire clinging to their fur, had gone for a nighttime amble through the woods. The smallest lamps known are found among bacteria, the other group of plants containing bioluminescent species. Only one twenty-five-thousandth of an inch across in some cases, the bacteria are so tiny that the light of an individual cannot be seen with the naked eye. That of colonies, however,

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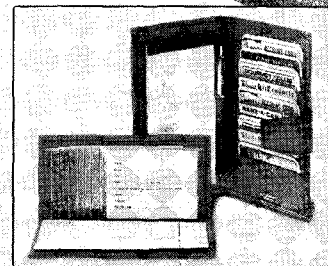


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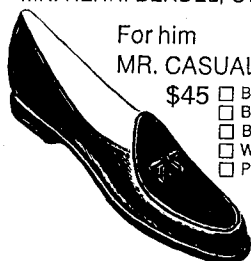


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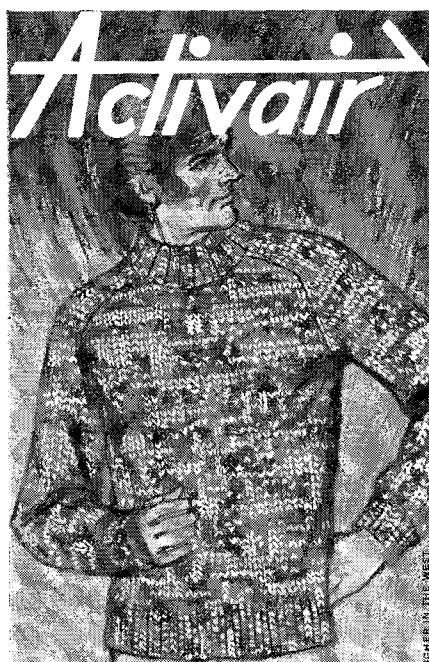
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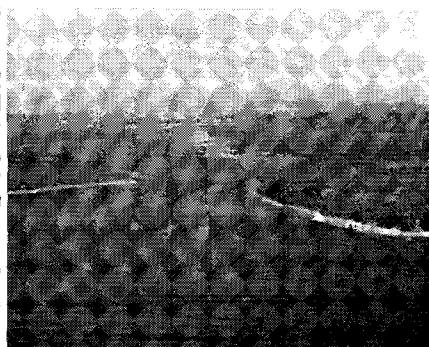
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is readily visible. Light-producing bacteria live in the air all around us and in salt water. Dead fish or squid stranded in a tidal pool overnight usually glisten with them. The bacteria also cause the iridescence sometimes seen on slices of boiled ham. There is no danger in eating such meat, for the organisms are completely harmless to man. In fact, before the days of antiseptic surgery luminous bacteria frequently sprouted on mending wounds, and Civil War doctors visiting the hospital wards at night noted that these wounds seemed to heal quicker than others, the bacteria evidently consuming waste tissue. The glow of bacteria is soft and spectral. An early investigator of bioluminescence computed that if the dome of St. Peter's in Rome were lined with a single layer of luminous bacteria they would emit a light so diffuse that it would be equivalent to that given off by a single tallow candle. When such bacteria are packed solidly together, however, they are capable of much more impressive displays. Another early investigator filled a number of twenty-five-litre glass flasks with a salt-water variety and put them on display at the International Exposition in Paris in 1900. They gave off a blue-green light so strong that visitors could easily read by it and could recognize acquaintances twenty or twenty-five feet away.

THE first concrete advance toward an understanding of the workings of bioluminescence came in 1667, when the English scientist Robert Boyle discovered that oxygen was necessary to make the light—that the glow of fungi and bacteria faded and disappeared in a vacuum. Some sixty years later, the Frenchman René de Réaumur demonstrated that dried or powdered luminous organisms would glow with the mere addition of water, and thus that the light-producing matter was inherent in their substance. But the greatest early step was made by another Frenchman, Raphael Dubois, in 1887. By experimenting intensively with hot- and cold-water extracts of Pliny's clam, *Pholas*, he showed that its light came from two materials, both of which he named after Lucifer, the light-bearer. One, which could not be damaged by heat, he called luciferin; the other, which was destroyed by heat, and which he judged, correctly, to be an enzyme, a class of compounds that generally react in this fashion, he called luciferase. Both were needed for the production of the clam's light.

Early in the twentieth century, Professor Harvey arrived on the scene,



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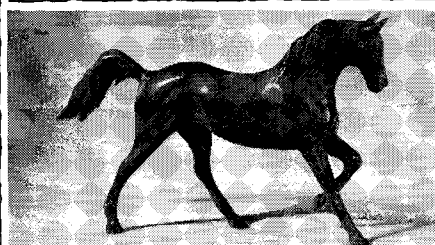
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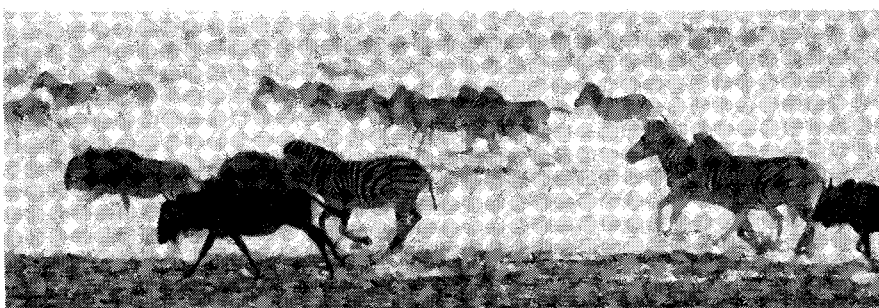
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dedicated to collecting and classifying all bioluminescent creatures and to mastering their anatomy and chemistry. For nearly fifty years, he was the world's leading authority on bioluminescence. Shortly before he died, in 1959, at the age of seventy-one, he observed with pride, "Today my students have had their students; and these students have had theirs, and these in turn have had theirs. I call these my first-, second-, third-, and fourth-generation bioluminescent descendants." Over the decades, he showed that luciferin and luciferase were the main light agents in many bioluminescent animals besides *Pholas* but that these substances were usually specific for each animal; they were interchangeable only occasionally, among close relatives. When Beebe was making his Bermuda studies, Harvey, a friend of his, joined him for several weeks in 1930 and, while he was there, proved the existence of luciferin and luciferase in deep-sea animals. Much of Harvey's work was done with *Cypridina*, a small marine crustacean living off the coast of Japan. When *Cypridina* is disturbed, it discharges through several glands two secretions whose luciferin and luciferase, upon mingling with the water, give off a soft bluish light. In the Second World War, when Japanese troops were too close to the enemy at night to use a flashlight for map reading, they produced a substitute light by pouring water over a palmful of dried *Cypridina*. Harvey spent years trying to fathom the precise chemical nature of *Cypridina's* light agents, but he was not completely successful.

Dr. William D. McElroy, one of the most famous of Harvey's pupils, was the first to discover the exact chemical formula of a luciferin—that of a firefly. The formula turned out to be $C_{13}H_{12}N_2S_2O_3$. He and his team of researchers also studied the firefly's luciferase, which proved to be a euglobulin, or protein that is insoluble in water, and to be so complex that it had a molecular weight of one hundred thousand. They could not synthesize it, as they had the luciferin, but they isolated and crystallized it, and were thus able to use the natural substance in experiments. The work represented years of dedicated effort at Johns Hopkins University, where McElroy was a professor of biology. He says that what actually occurs in the nerve-controlled flash of the firefly is part of the ordinary process of anabolism and catabolism, jointly called metabolism. To properly understand this process, one must realize that the energy by which all life, in any form, is carried on depends upon



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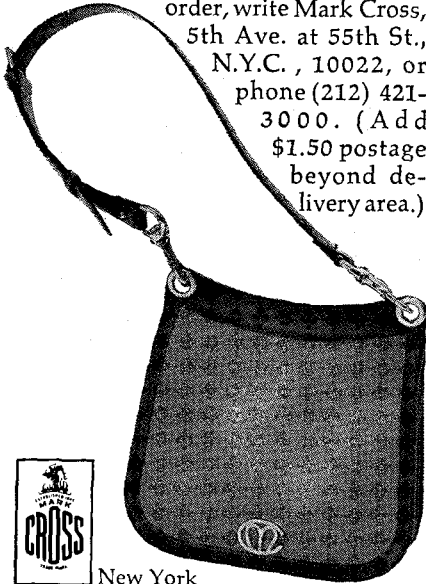
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an organism's taking into itself nutritive material, rearranging parts of the material for its own use, and discarding other parts. The most elementary nutritive materials are the inorganic matter and the solar radiation taken in by plants. What the plants make out of them constitutes, directly or indirectly, the nutritive materials on which the almost countless forms of animal life depend. The nutritive materials are handled in a highly complex fashion, whether in a self-sufficient unicellular organism or in a multicellular one in which many types of specialized cells make a contribution to the functioning of the organism as a whole. The incredibly diverse cell components that process the nutrient materials have not yet even been counted, and the full range of their activities is far from being known. They normally act in a matter of milliseconds, producing within the cell a continuous cycle of chemical buildup, breakdown, buildup, breakdown of nutritive materials. This biochemical fluctuation fuels life. It continues in the organism without interruption, millions of times an hour, until the moment of death.

To man, of course, the firefly's flash is the most noticeable part of that insect's life process, and it neatly exemplifies the rhythm of chemical buildup and breakdown—of anabolism and catabolism—within the insect's light-making cells. According to McElroy, the substances involved in the buildup phase are adenosine triphosphate, or ATP, the molecule that in all organisms is the storehouse of energy for vital operations; luciferin; the enzyme luciferase; magnesium, which chemically binds the ATP to the enzyme; and oxygen, which enters the cells through a network of tracheal tubes. In the breakdown phase, they are adenosine monophosphate; oxidized luciferin; the enzyme luciferase, which remains unchanged; the magnesium, which also remains unchanged; inorganic pyrophosphate; carbon dioxide; water; and the flash of light. McElroy inclines to the belief that the nerve in this nerve-controlled process does not actually turn the light on with periodic nervous impulses. Rather, he thinks, during the nocturnal periods of flashing the nerve maintains what could be called an open circuit to the cells, and the light is turned off by an inhibitory product of the breakdown phase and then, when it disappears, during the buildup phase, is turned on again by the open nerve circuit.

Plant luminescence, of course, is not controlled by nerves, and McElroy

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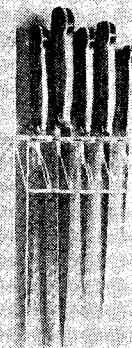


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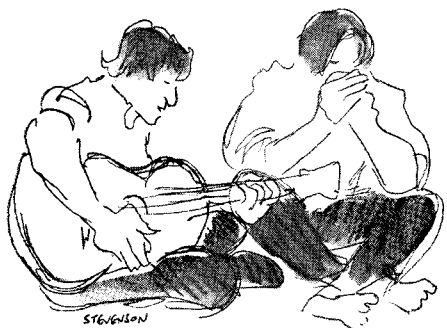
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thinks that the steady glow of bacterial light is a side product of the organism's metabolism. He believes that the chemistry of this light, which has been fairly well studied over the years, is very much like that of the firefly's luminescence. The luminescence of fungi has not been investigated sufficiently to enable anyone to hazard an opinion on the chemistry involved. A few organisms have been found whose bioluminescent systems do not appear to be based on luciferin and luciferase. One is the Pacific jellyfish *Aequorea*, a creature whose umbrella, measuring from three to six inches across, is rimmed with light organs that give off a bluish-green luminescence in response to mechanical or chemical stimulation. In this system, a single protein component emits light in the presence of calcium, according to Dr. Frank H. Johnson—another famous pupil of Harvey's, now a biology professor at Princeton—who has been studying the jellyfish for more than a decade with a colleague, Dr. Osamu Shimomura.

The uses of bioluminescence to an organism are not always clear. In some cases, of course, the function is obvious. In the firefly and the marine fireworm, it serves to bring the sexes together. Those deep-sea squids and shrimp that eject a luminous cloud into the water apparently use it to help them escape from their enemies. But in the matter of function there is a large gray area and a large black one. In the first, some of the things that scientists assume—so far, without proof—are that the light organs dangling in or near the huge mouths of abyssal fish serve to attract prey; that the often intricate patterns of luminescent structures on fish and other creatures furnish recognition signals, keeping similar individuals together and thus helping to preserve the species; that deep-sea fish may use luminescence to see by or to delineate territory with; and that the hatchet fish's strange illumination system is for camouflage. In the black area, even Harvey could not explain the value of light to a fungus or to unicellular organisms that float on the surface of the



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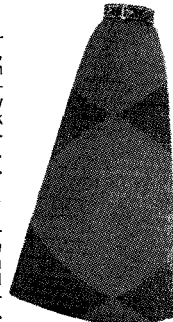
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sea, blown hither and yon by winds. Some scientists doubt whether there is any. Johnson has written, "Luminescence is certainly of questionable value to the jellyfish *Aequorea*. Apparently, it lacks organs of photoreception, and therefore cannot detect visible light from other individuals of its own species or from any other source. The same seems to hold true for the fungi, the bacteria, and many protozoa."

If McElroy's theories are accepted, however, much of the mystery surrounding the uses of bioluminescence and its erratic appearance in life's plan is cleared up. Late last year, I had a talk with him in Washington, D.C., where, following his years of bioluminescence research at Johns Hopkins, he was ending a three-year term as director of the National Science Foundation prior to assuming his present post of chancellor of the University of California at San Diego. "Scientists believe that life made its appearance rather early in the four-and-a-half-billion-year history of the earth—probably three or four billion years ago—and most likely in the form of single-celled, ocean-dwelling creatures," he told me. "The atmosphere then had virtually none of the free oxygen it has today. Instead, it's thought, the atmosphere was reducing; that is, it was one in which hydrogen, by far the most prevalent substance in the universe, was the main element in chemical compounds. The first organisms, therefore, were anaerobes, whose metabolic activity is carried out through fermentation in the absence of oxygen, their nourishment coming directly from the basic chemical elements or from simple organic molecules, such as rudimentary sugar compounds. Gradually, over geologic time, the amount of free oxygen in the atmosphere increased, and penetrated into the ocean. This occurred by several routes, including volcanism and lightning discharge, but mainly through photolysis, the breakdown of water molecules into their constituent hydrogen and oxygen, after which the hydrogen, being lighter, tended to escape from earth, and the oxygen accumulated slowly in the atmosphere. This oxygen would have been downright poisonous to anaerobic organisms that could not get rid of it quickly, and the easiest way to do so would have been to convert the oxygen into water by combining it with hydrogen, which could have been obtained by breaking up a hydrogen compound. Enough energy would thereby have been liberated in single packets, or quanta, to excite organic



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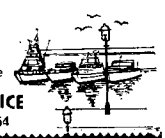


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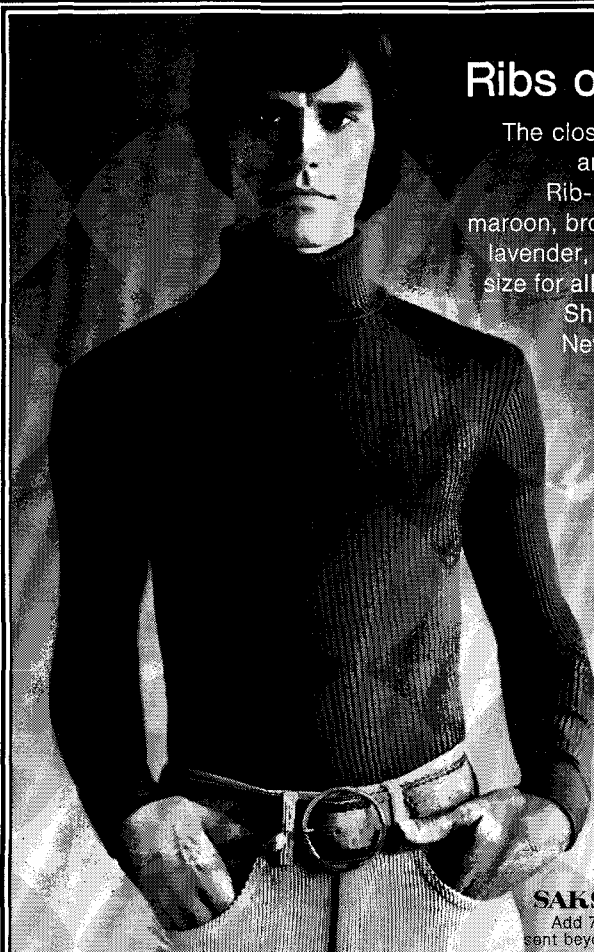
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molecules to emit light. Support for this notion comes from the fact that all luminous reactions can detect and use oxygen at extremely low concentrations. For example, bacteria, a type of primitive life that may very well have occurred in the primeval seas, can easily produce measurable light even when the oxygen concentration is as low as one part in a hundred million. During subsequent evolution, life forms evolved that could use oxygen directly in their metabolic machinery. But those organisms that already had bioluminescence did not lose it easily, because it was part of their primitive heritage. Thus, in their case bioluminescence represents a vestigial system in organic evolution. I should say that in the more advanced organisms bioluminescence came at a much later evolutionary stage, in a wide variety of often unrelated species. Among many of these, light emission has been adapted to fulfill definite functions. The firefly is an example. So is the deep-sea squid. Where it was beneficial, it has been preserved; where it was non-injurious, it has been tolerated." McElroy's theories, which he worked out in conjunction with a Johns Hopkins colleague, Dr. Howard H. Seliger, have manifest advantages. Not only do they explain the apparently useless emission of light by forms far down the evolutionary ladder—including lowly creatures that dwell inconspicuously in the sea, such as the sea pens and hydroids—but they also account for the random occurrence of bioluminescence in the higher forms.

TECHNOLOGY these days is expanding into more and more areas, and one of them is bioluminescence. Researchers are attracted by the purity and sensitivity of the bioluminescent reaction. "Bioluminescent materials are very specific and reliable," McElroy has said. "Once you have isolated them from any organism, a steady light results when you mix them together with the appropriate chemicals, such as ATP and magnesium." This is true, furthermore, even when they are present in almost infinitesimal amounts. Harvey discovered that *Cypridina*, his crustacean, has luminescent material so reactive that one part of it to forty billion parts of water produces a flash discernible to the dark-adapted eye. By contrast, the most dilute solution in which any dye is visible is one part to ten million.

One basis for the use of bioluminescent materials in technology is the fact that luciferin and luciferase react to ATP, the substance common to all



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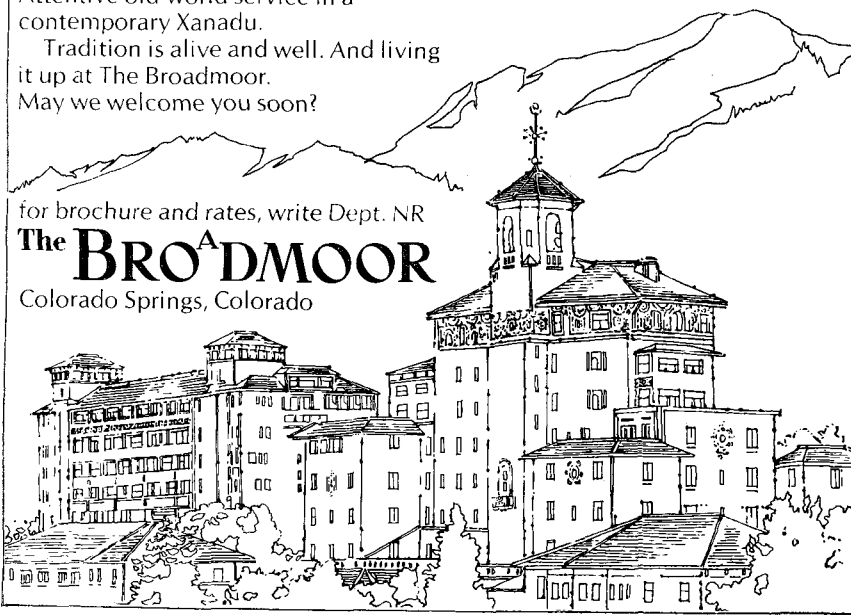
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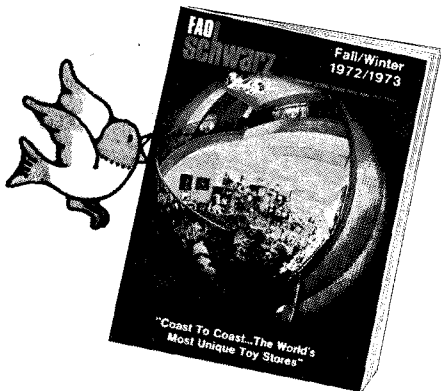
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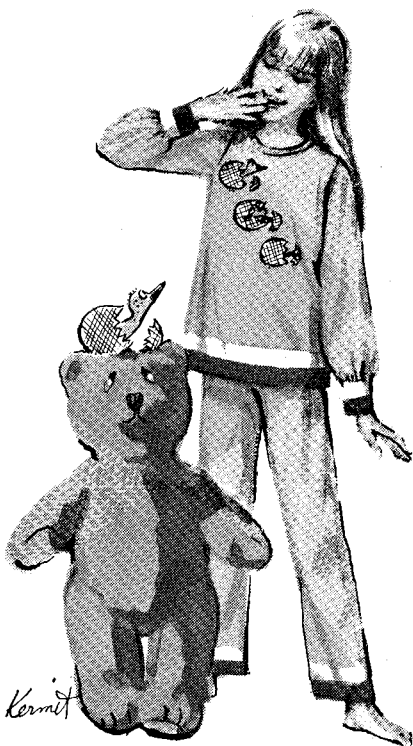
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life. When luciferin and luciferase are placed in measured amounts in a solution or compound to be tested, the resultant light or lack of it proves the presence or absence of living matter. Moreover, the quantity and brilliance of the light obtained indicate the relative amount of living matter present and its state of health; sickly cells are not as reactive as healthy ones. This new field of research has been aided greatly by the recent development of highly sensitive rapid recording devices for the measurement of light. In theory, scores of applications of this bioluminescent reaction are possible, and some have already proved workable. For example, two Maryland chemists received a patent early last year for the employment of firefly extract to determine the presence of cancer; in cancerous cells the light from the extract dims. A test for urinary infections that is hundreds of times as fast as any previous tests (which all required from twenty-four to forty-eight hours) has also been found: firefly extract from which the ATP has been removed reacts with the ATP of the infecting bacteria, producing light. The National Aeronautics and Space Administration at one time considered the use of firefly extract to find out whether there is life on Mars. The assumption behind the proposed experiment—Project Diogenes—was that ATP is common to all solar-system life. A probe would have picked up Martian soil and mixed it with firefly extract that lacked ATP, and any light produced would have been registered on a tiny photomultiplier tube and flashed to earth by telemeter.

Researchers have found that mutant strains of bioluminescent bacteria can be bred to be sensitive to many substances. In 1970, New York City received a federal grant of almost a hundred thousand dollars for the development, in collaboration with a West Coast company, of mutant strains of salt-water bacteria that would be sensitive to heroin, which, like every other substance, gives off effluents into the atmosphere. One purpose of the project is to create a strain of bacteria that could be used to monitor ports and airports through which heroin is brought into the city. The project is currently proceeding, under the direction of the Mayor's Criminal Justice Coordinating Council and the Police Department.

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method for the microdetermination of calcium in biological systems with the advantages of sensitivity, specificity, and speed," Johnson has said. "The sensitivity extends in principle to better than one-billionth of a molar of calcium in a small volume. Its specificity is solid. Its reaction speed requires at most a few milliseconds." In eleven years' work with ten tons of jellyfish, Johnson and Shimomura have isolated only one two-hundredth of an ounce of aequorin, but they hope that they will soon be able to produce an artificial equivalent of it. This artificial product could then be used by hospitals to make quick measurements of calcium levels in the blood and by public-service laboratories to determine the calcium content of milk and other fluids. Moreover, aequorin is almost as sensitive to strontium as it is to calcium, so it could also be used to detect and measure radioactive strontium in fallout. "Bioluminescence," McElroy told me, "has recently become an astonishingly valuable quantitative tool for biochemical and biophysical investigations."

During most of the time that life has existed on earth, bioluminescence has twinkled and gleamed, mating the fireflies, lighting the oceanic abyss, forming phosphorescent waves as a soft ornament to tropic nights. Now such phenomena have fallen under the scrutiny of technology. With this development, who can predict the future of that twinkle, that gleam?

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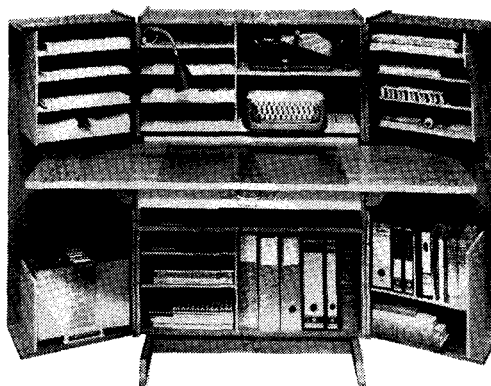
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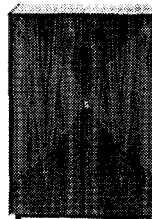
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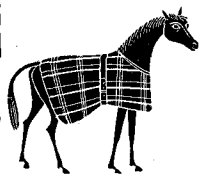
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THE RACE TRACK

Futurity Star



FROM the moment Secretariat passed the winning post in the Hopeful Stakes at Saratoga last month, there has been no doubt about his excellence. He took the Futurity in much the same style—in his stride, you might say—at Belmont Park last Saturday afternoon, winning by nearly two lengths from the Greentree Stable's Stop the Music. Five lengths farther back, Swift Courier was third.

The warm sunshine of a fine afternoon showed the seven two-year-olds who came out for the eighty-third Futurity at their best. Secretariat looked superb in the paddock. Perhaps I'm slightly prejudiced, but to my eye not only is he the best of his age, he is the handsomest horse in training. He's by Bold Ruler, the Futurity winner in 1956, out of Somethingroyal, by Princequillo; he is chestnut in color, with three white stockings, two of them behind; he is big, standing 16.3 hands (that's five feet seven inches); he is beautifully balanced, with good length for his height; and he has an intelligent head, and large, full, soft eyes to go with it. Altogether, he has great quality, which isn't always found in a colt that size. He leaves the starting gate very slowly, and I daresay the reason is that he broke in a tangle and banged against the gate in his first race; horses remember those things. That drawback is offset, however, by his ability to quicken his pace intensively when he is called on. By the way, some morning Mrs. John Tweedy, who directs the Meadow Stable, and Lucien Laurin, who trains it, are going to measure Secretariat's stride. They have a notion that it compares well with Man o' War's, which was twenty-six feet. Could be. Around the stable, Secretariat is easygoing, and Turcotte, his jockey, says he's a delight to ride.

Of the others in the Futurity, Stop the Music was turned out fine and fit; so was Swift Courier, who has never won but has twice finished second in stakes. As the gates opened, Swift Courier set off in front. He was quickly joined by Whatabreeze (apt names for a couple of pacemakers), and the two stepped the first quarter in 0:22 $\frac{3}{5}$ and the half mile in 0:45 $\frac{3}{5}$. Meanwhile, Secretariat was running next to

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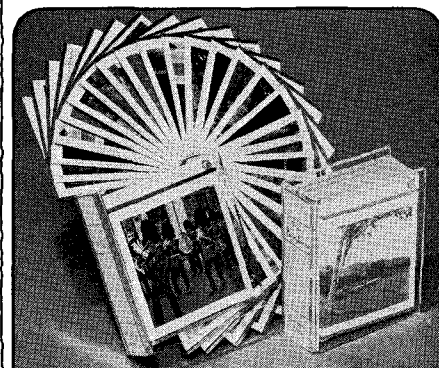
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last, but as he passed the far turn he began to move, and the crowd roared encouragement. His run wasn't as spectacular as it was in the Hopeful, for it took a bit longer, but watching him move up so smoothly you knew that the race was virtually over. Stop the Music gave it a good try, but he made a very wide turn into the straight. It seems that the runners in front of him kicked clods in his face, and that bothered him, but Pincay, who rode him, didn't think it had any bearing on the result. The time for the six and a half furlongs was 1:16 $\frac{2}{5}$ —a tick faster than Riva Ridge's Futurity last year. Secretariat has won five of his six starts and \$162,580 in prize money—\$82,320 of it in the Futurity. Now he'll be pointed for the Champagne Stakes at Belmont on October 14th. Riva Ridge won that, too.

THE Futurity seems to have lost its appeal. Though the weather was delightful, attendance was only 34,248. Earlier in the afternoon, two likely two-year-olds, both by Dr. Fager, scored victories. One was Plastic Surgeon, who is said to be tops in the stable of Ogden Phipps. The other was Alfred Vanderbilt's See The Doctor, a whopping big colt, who won impressively. Officially listed as a roan, he looked gray to me, and the way he ran reminded me of Native Dancer.

THE United Nations Handicap at Atlantic City produced a most unexpected result. Acclimatization, who had won only one of his seven tries this season, led the twelve other runners home in the annual invitational gallop over the turf course. Never far off the pace, he picked his way through the field, finishing with a rush down the stretch to beat Dubassoff, and paid \$26.60 in the mutuels. The mile and three-sixteenths was run in 1:54, equalling the course record. Red Reality, the favorite, was away last and remained far back until he was three furlongs out, from where he closed fast to be third. Baeza, who rode him, said he was dumbfounded by the poor performance. He and who else?

IT used to be the Michigan Mile. Now it's the Michigan Mile and One-Eighth. Last weekend at Detroit Race Course, it was run off in two sections. In the first, King's Bishop, no stranger hereabouts, beat Figonero, with Autobiography third. In the second, Favorecidian, who is also a traveller, won, with Viewpoise second and Joey Bob third.

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THE SPORTING SCENE

MUST THE SHOW GO ON?

THU final gaffe in the Olympic Games that concluded here Monday and that may long be remembered as a tragedy of errors came when, at the closing ceremony, the two electronic scoreboards in the main stadium, in a typographically askew farewell to the outgoing president of the International Olympic Committee, flashed "THANK YOU AVERY BRANDAGE." This mechanical error was, of course, tiny compared to the human folly we have witnessed over the past two weeks. With their sometimes bewildering sense of appropriateness, Mr. Brundage's underlings had elected, in the days immediately following the Arab raid that cast a dark shadow over the competitions, to distribute, among other propagandistic documents, a brief from the National Olympic Committee of South Africa explaining why that nation should be admitted to future Games and a booklet on West German sports with an introduction, obviously written a while ago, by Willi Daume, the resident manager of the massive Olympic proceedings. Mr. Daume asked some questions that now seem much more rhetorical than relevant: "Have sporting virtues such as fairness, esteem for the human being in the opponent, esteem for the people whose team stands in front of us, or the fellowship among the contestants which often leads to personal friendships, or the ability to rise above oneself in the hardest but peaceful fight, have all these just become phrases in the Olympic sphere? ... Aren't there enough examples that these virtues have been practiced until most recently?" Mr. Daume went on, "In Munich, Americans will play against Vietnamese [there were no North Vietnamese present], North Koreans against South Koreans, East against West, Indians against Pakistanis, White Africa against Black Africa, Israelis against Arabs, they will all live together and will fight against each other in friendship."

THE tensions that began here eight days ago with the death of eleven Israelis remain unabated. At the Munich airport, security is so tight that planes are departing five hours late. Even during the closing ceremony—when the ebullience of the athletes may have indicated their relief that they could pack up and be off—there was a scare: a plane was reported on its way to bomb the stadium. (It turned out to

be a commercial airliner, far off its course.) Most of the agitation in the Games' final days related to the petty disputes that were so rife that some of us almost stopped reacting to the flow of announcements from Olympic headquarters, including, for example, ones that began: "As a result of the confusion that has arisen in the tranquilizer control for the modern pentathlon . . ." and "As a result of the confused rumor circulating on the topic of sex control . . ." A few of the athletes and team officials have continued to react with understandable asperity, however, to what they have regarded as injustices or outrages perpetrated upon them in the name of fair play and universal brotherhood. As of this writing, for instance, the members of the United States basketball team still refuse to accept a silver medal after first thinking they had won and then learning they had lost a very confusing game with the Soviet Union. That game, incidentally, began at 11:45 P.M. Munich time, an outlandish hour at which to expect young men of any ideology to engage in sports—but one presumably selected by the noncommercially-minded Olympic officials for the convenience of the very commercially-minded American Broadcasting Company. (The game ended at well after 1 A.M. Munich time.) The American basketball player Dwight Jones—whose joint banishment with the Russian Mishako Korkia after they seemed about to begin fighting in the second half of the disputed game probably had a lot to do with the outcome—had declared, "If we can beat any other team, the referee is going to try to beat us." His teammates now heartily agree.

In event after event, one heard shouts at the officials of "*Aufhören!*" ("Stop it!") or "*Räuber!*" ("Robber!"). The Pakistani field-hockey team and its home-town rooters displayed so much resentment when it lost a gold medal to West Germany that its players have been banned from all international competitions. I wasn't present for those tantrums, but

I could well imagine their intensity, for a few days earlier, when Pakistan defeated India in their long-standing field-hockey border war, I had been amazed by the intensity of the Pakistani fans' reaction to *victory*, one of their young men getting so carried away that he literally threw a fit. Meanwhile, an Iranian weight lifter, a Puerto Rican basketball player, a Spanish bicyclist, a Mongolian judo artist, and the sixteen-year-old American Rick De Mont, the winner of the men's four-hundred-metre free-style swim, had all run afoul of the authorities for the alleged misuse of one drug or another. To deprive De Mont of a gold medal because, as he had already informed the Olympic authorities back in August, he has asthma and regularly takes medicine containing ephedrine seemed an unreasonably harsh decision, and the judo man may have felt put upon, too, inasmuch as it had been announced that the whole Mongolian team had been forbidden either to smoke or to drink—even beer—and this last week has made nearly everyone around feel the need of *some* kind of palliative for jangled nerves.

IF national attitudes are mirrored by these Games—and, alas, they are—it would seem that since the people who count up Olympic medals have come to their final reckoning, there is considerably less chance that the United States and the Soviet Union will agree to unify Germany, inasmuch as the two Germanys together collected a hundred and six medals (thirty-three of them gold), compared to the U.S.S.R.'s ninety-nine and our ninety-four. A Soviet spokesman had unsmilingly declared as the Games began, "Medals are of no meaning to us," but his compatriots accumulated fifty golds notwithstanding, against the Americans' thirty-three. United States spokesmen could take some comfort from our having the most silvers (thirty-one, if you include the scorned one for basketball); Olympically, we are now indisputably the best second-place nation on earth. According to my own hasty, unofficial tabulations, the predominantly white nations of the world far outdistanced the predominantly non-white, five hundred and forty-seven medals to fifty-five, and the more or less anti-Communist nations had two hundred and eighty-five to the Communists' two hundred and eighty-six. The Third World apparently took away a



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total of thirty-one medals. Only twenty-five of the hundred and twenty-odd countries represented here won a gold medal, and only forty-eight a medal of any kind. India, for all its size, ended up with a single bronze (in field hockey); Indonesia and the Philippines, which between them have a population of more than a hundred and fifty million, were shut out. The entire African continent took just three golds, five silvers, and nine bronzes. Asia, thanks mainly to Japanese gymnasts, did better, with a total of thirty-eight medals. But let it not be thought that there were no satisfactions for any of the competitors who left empty-handed. Along with new world and new Olympic records, dozens of new national records were set here. Thus, when Bruce Simpson of Canada fell out after clearing just over seventeen feet in the pole vault, he had nonetheless vaulted higher than any Canadian before him. Similarly, in the men's five-thousand-metre run new records were set for runners from Algeria, Chile, Saudi Arabia, and Zambia, and in the women's fifteen-hundred-metre run eight runners broke their countries' records.

The East Germans, all things considered, were the surprise of the Games, and the Germans in the stands, overwhelmingly from the West, were quite sporting about their home teams' being upstaged. Moreover, in a soccer game between East Germany and West Germany (the East won, 3-0), when a West German tripped an opponent he gallantly helped him to his feet. (Of course, he may have been just trying to con the referee into deciding he hadn't done anything improper.) East Germany's massive, state-financed athletic program—which includes something called a Run for Your Health Movement—is obviously paying off, and the Soviet Union may not be entirely happy about this state of affairs. The U.S.S.R., incidentally, hopes to hold the 1980 Games, if they are held at all, in Moscow, and its representatives have been unusually jolly here. (One of its rivals for the now dubious honor of putting on the spectacle is Orlando, Florida, which wants to tie the Games in with Disney World.) The Soviets' feathers have been slightly ruffled, though, by a group of nagging Ukrainian refugees who have been reminding anyone whose attention they could get that the Ukraine is a full-fledged founding member of the United Nations and ought to be entitled to an Olympic team of its own, and have been imploring their auditors not to refer to the U.S.S.R. team as "Russian," be-

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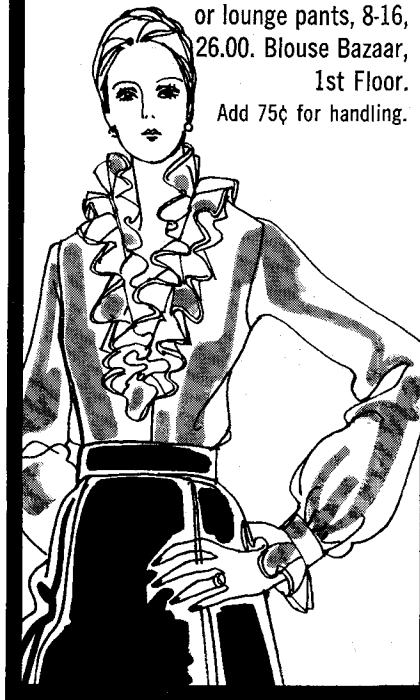
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cause a good many of its best athletes over the years—Valery Brumel, Janis Lusis, and Boris Onishenko, for instance—were in point of origin not Russian at all but Latvian, Byelorussian, Ukrainian, or whatever. Very well, then; let Valery Borzov, of Kiev, the impressive winner of both the men's one-hundred-metre and two-hundred-metre sprints, be referred to hereinafter as the world's fastest Ukrainian.

ONE hesitates to dwell at length on comparative national standings, but for the moment there is probably no way around it. Dr. Roger Bannister, the original four-minute-mile man, who is now head of Great Britain's Sports Council, said the other day that nationalism "is inconsistent with human dignity." If that is the case, what undignified behavior we have witnessed! With certain exceptions (notably the waving of a Confederate flag by an American fan during the basketball finals at an instant when all five of our men on the floor happened to be black), everybody was concerned not about the world's best performers, wherever they might hail from, but, rather, about the men and women from his own nation. One soon came to recognize various chauvinistic chants: the West German "Deutschland, Deutschland, ai-ai-ai ai!," the Czechoslovakian exhortation that sounds like "Tuckahoe!," the Japanese homonym of "Viva!," and the Soviet incantation that arrived at my ear indistinguishable from "Block that kick!" The United States was by no means immune to the fever. When Bob Seagren lost the pole vault, I happened to be standing alongside a United States team official. "I predicted we'd take only seven golds in track and field when everybody else was saying twelve or fourteen," he told me, "and now we've lost the discus and the men's hundred-metre and now *this*. We might even lose the shot put."

"Oh, no!" I exclaimed, trying to convey mock horror.

"Oh, yes," he said, very seriously.

We lost the shot put and ended up with six, and even that many unexpectedly and thanks in part to the Munich-born (his father was an American Army doctor), Yale-educated Frank Shorter's Frank Merriwellish capture of the marathon title—a conquest slightly marred at the very end, when, just as Shorter was about to reënter the stadium out of which he had jogged some two muscle-tearing hours before, a waggish German student in a track uniform pranced into view and ran most of the

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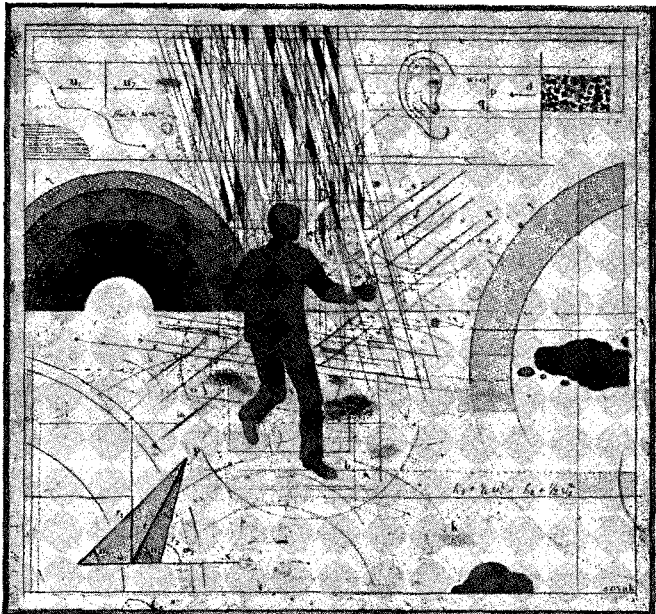
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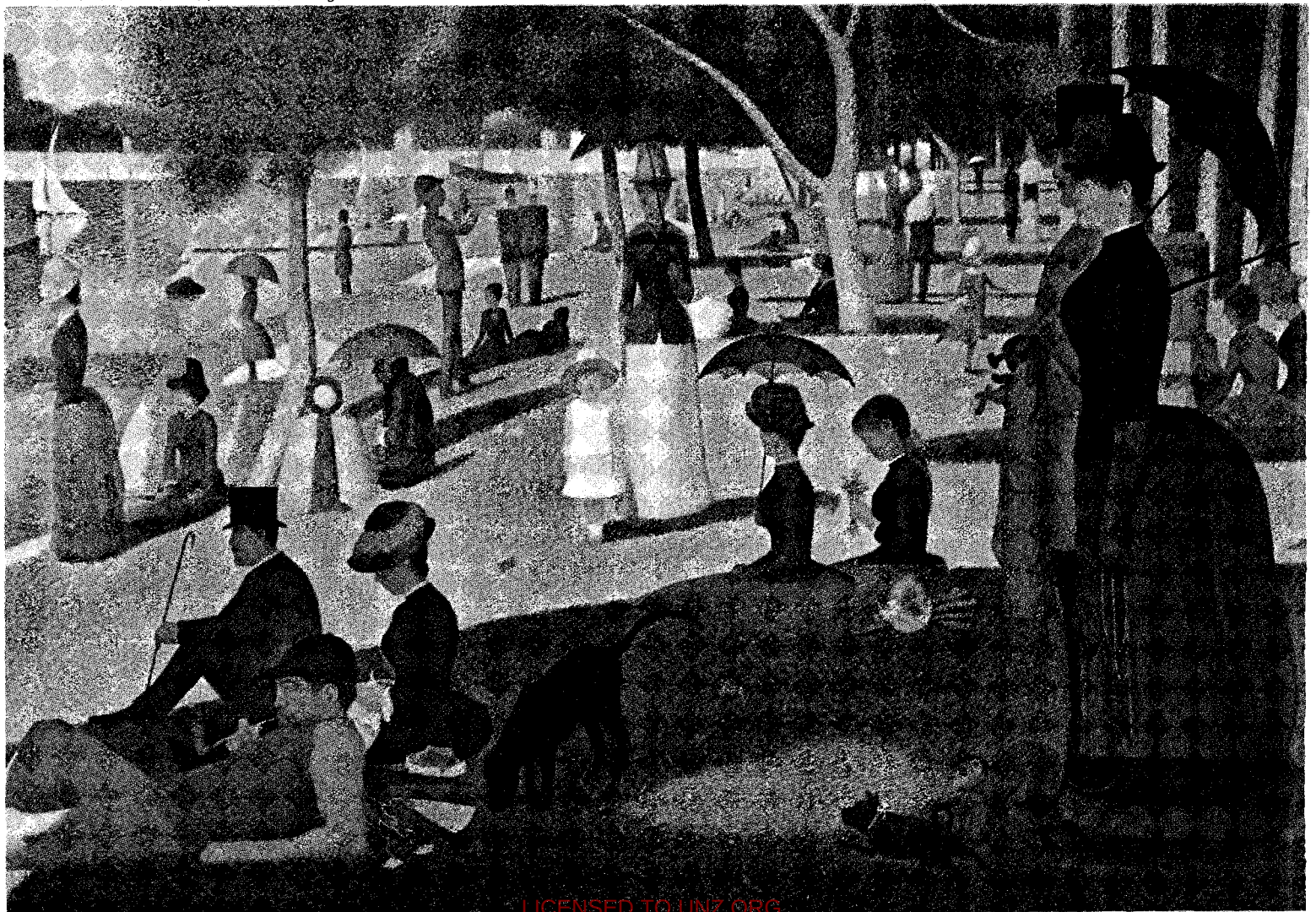
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way around the track, thereby draining off much of the applause that Shorter had earned. It was yet another instance of flawed security arrangements at the Games, but, at least, this time no one was physically hurt.

Before the Olympics began, an American sports columnist told me that September 5th would be a day of rest. That puzzled me until I examined the over-all schedule of events and saw that there was to be no track and field that day. To the columnist, that meant a day off, and, in truth, to many of those attending this circus, track and field has been the center, if not the only, ring. The fact is, though, that there were twenty-two other sports, some major, some minor. Americans may regard basketball as a major sport, but the West Germans don't, and they provided isolated and relatively small quarters for it. The Germans themselves had never played the game until 1936, when they threw together a team composed mostly of handball players; Willi Daume, who stands only five feet nine inches and in America would be barely tall enough for an elementary-school basketball team, was among those drafted. Even so, in Daume's own 1972 Olympics handball got bigger quarters than basketball. This is not the handball familiar to most Americans but a wall-less, seven-man-team game incorporating certain features of baseball, hockey, basketball, lacrosse, and homicide. The inexperienced United States handball team didn't fare especially well, but at least there was a United States handball team—built around a military cadre, because the game has flourished (to the modest extent that it has flourished at all) largely as a result of the evangelistic efforts of General William Westmoreland, who, after seeing it played in Europe, thought it might help keep his troops fit for whatever he had it in mind for them to do. "If the American public could understand the rules, they'd love this game," one of the General's protégés told me. Another minor sport that appeared on the Olympic program for the first time since 1920 was archery, and though its long absence can have mattered little to one of our pair of bow-and-arrow gold medalists, John Williams, who has just turned nineteen, its reincarnation came just in time for the other, Doreen Wilber, an Iowa housewife who has been competing for twenty-eight years with no Olympic target to aim at. The archery contests took place in downtown Munich, on the serene grounds of the celebrated park called



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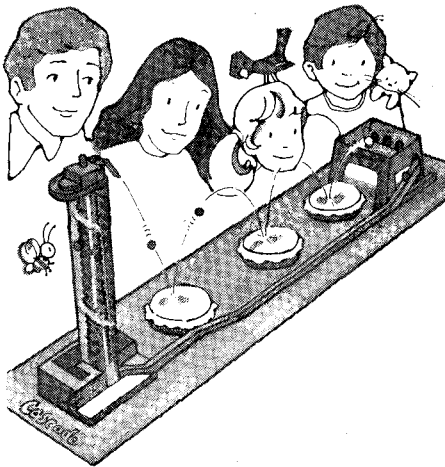


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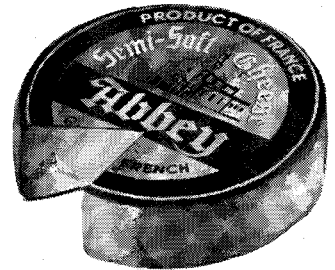
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the English Garden. (It is now also a hippie hangout; postmen wander through it inquiring solicitously whether anyone around knows So-and-So from San Francisco, who has a letter.) In the Garden, the atmosphere was refreshingly low-keyed. The competitors sat around between shots at umbrella-shaded tables, sipping soft drinks and chatting among themselves, and the spectators refrained from outbursts of applause, so at times the only noise to be heard was arrows plopping into targets across the lawn—a sound like raindrops at the outset of a shower.

My own favorite minor Olympic sport is volleyball. In the three sets of Games I have witnessed, I have, at least in my imagination, adopted the Japanese women's volleyball team, though I have never met any of its charming members. At Munich, my pet was the still, alas, unmet Seiko Shimakage, No. 8 on your television screen. *Nobody somersaulted as prettily as she.* When she served, she would usually screech "Hai-ee!" as the ball arched over the net, on a number of occasions so diverting her opponents that they failed to lay their hands on the ball. She is Aquarius and I am Sagittarius—if that matters—and there is probably a language barrier. Unfortunately, Miss Shimakage's team lost to the Soviet Union in the final—perhaps because in the last set of the match Seiko was hardly sent in to play at all.

MAJOR or minor, all the sports consistently attracted capacity crowds, even after the Israeli massacre, and the speculators peddling tickets downtown at the Marienplatz and outside the various stadia seemed to do a brisk business no matter how much they escalated their demands. In the last few days, though, it was not the concluding Olympic Games that occasioned the most talk but, rather, the forthcoming ones. Montreal is scheduled to play host in 1976, and there have been many Canadian scouts in evidence here, sniffing the uncertain air. Almost everyone, including Lord Killanin, Mr. Brundage's Irish successor as head of the I.O.C., feels that the Games have become too chauvinistic and too cumbersome. The Olympics will probably continue, because even people who derive neither livelihood nor prestige from them are persuaded that the world needs them. These defenders argue that the Olympics bring a lot of people together who might not otherwise meet, and that, while the Games are imperfect, they often

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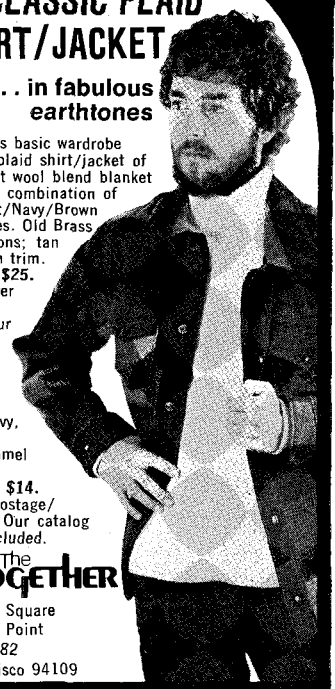
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achieve what the United Nations should but doesn't. Yet the U.N., for all its imperfections, has probably prevented more trouble than it has generated, and the Olympics, it seems, are more and more exacerbating the world's latent political ills and more and more instilling in the young the dubious idea that competition rates higher than co-operation. Those who believe that the Games must be radically changed to justify their survival have suggested, for a starter, that absolutely everyone should be allowed to participate—Rhodesians, South Africans, North Vietnamese, Maldivian Islanders, and representatives of all other territorial entities, including Yap. (I know one Yapese who can outswim a few people I've seen in action here.) The reformers further propose that the flags and anthems so prominently featured in award ceremonies be abandoned, thus focussing attention on individuals instead of nations. Still another suggestion deals with economics. The Games have become so costly that henceforth host nations will hardly be able to hold them for much less than a billion dollars. Perhaps, it is suggested, a permanent installation would be the answer to that. It is sometimes also suggested that Greece would be a logical spot, and that perhaps its government could be cajoled into turning over an adequate patch of land to a worldwide body. Whether everyone would be happy about going to Greece under its present regime is another matter.

A further idea that seems at first blush to have considerable merit is to do away with some of the team sports—soccer, field hockey, water polo, and, yes, even volleyball—which would substantially reduce the number of participants, or, at least, to switch those that take place indoors to the less jammed *winter* Olympics. And then there is the large-looming question of professionalism. One of Mr. Brundage's difficulties was that while everybody else was worrying about sports and politics he thought it was sports and purity that mattered. Many observers who have closely followed the tortured paths of the last few Olympic Games fail to comprehend why professionals should not be allowed to enter them. Pros are usually more skillful than amateurs and more exciting to watch; moreover, they have higher motivation and are less affected by small gifts or bribes. Even Little Leaguers have commercial sponsors these days. On the Olympic level, most of the Communist athletes are professionals right now, by any rationale except



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Mr. Brundage's, and many of our own athletes get financial support of one kind or another. If the Olympics were open to all, we would truly see who is the world's best in any line of athletic endeavor.

It is hard, however, to get the old guard in sports even to examine such heresies. I had a chat the other day with one man who is trying to prod them into doing so—John B. Kelly, Jr., the legendary single-sculler, four times an Olympic athlete, who is now a successful building contractor in Philadelphia and, in addition, a director of the United States Olympic Committee and president of our Amateur Athletic Union. In addition, he recently became the co-founder—along with the United States Olympic skier Suzy Chaffee—of the World Sports Foundation, which, among other things, is trying to obtain more of a voice for athletes in the conduct of athletics. Kelly is also, of course, Prince Rainier's brother-in-law, and was as healthily interested in the fortunes (bleak) of the five-man Monegasque team as in those of the battalion-strength American aggregation. "One trouble with the Olympics is that too many people who can influence them still believe in a caste system," Kelly told me. "My father, though he was United States champion single-sculler, was barred from the Henley Regatta because he belonged to a bricklayers' union, and that sort of thinking persists to this day. The whole silly business probably dates back to the time when knights were athletes and serfs could at best get to curry their horses.

"What bugs me is that the Socialist countries go along with the Old Guard of the I.O.C. in perpetuating archaic rules that say everybody has to be an amateur, when in fact the athletes from their countries are, in many instances, more professional than our pros, because our pros generally engage in sports only about six months a year and then sell bonds or life insurance or run bowling alleys, whereas in Russia or Hungary, or wherever, the athletes keep in training the year around and are rewarded for success with an extra room in their apartment, or an automobile, or lifetime pensions. The alliance between the Socialists and the Old Guard is as unholy as that between bootleggers and ministers, in cahoots to keep a dry state from going wet.

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social club or a university or a wealthy father. All our athletes have to take an oath that they're amateurs, and the overwhelming number of them are forced by that requirement to commit perjury. There's a rule still on the books that if you shovel manure in a stable you're a pro and can't ride on an Olympic equestrian team, and if you drive a nail in the hull of a boat you can't row on an Olympic crew. There's a rule that you can't accept a prize worth over a hundred dollars. I thought I was a pretty upstanding amateur, but after I won at Henley the city of Philadelphia gave me a sterling-silver replica of my shell that must have been worth close to two thousand dollars. I ought to have been banned quite apart from that, technically, because I had once been a lifeguard and there's still another rule that an amateur oarsman can't work around boats for money. When you come right down to it, most of these rules are simply antiquated social distinctions. But it's hard to get people to budge. Suzy Chaffee, who has really been knocking herself out to persuade athletes to speak up for change, was having dinner the other night with me and my sister Grace, who is basically rather conservative. I happened to remark at one point that Suzy in this mission reminded me of Joan of Arc. 'More like Jane Fonda, I'd say,' said Grace." Kelly's prospects of getting a hearing for his views have considerably improved; Lord Kilanin is the Consul-General in Ireland for Monaco.

Well, whatever happens in the long-term future, in the immediate future Munich can lick its wounds and brace itself for the onslaught of its annual Oktoberfest. All of us will carry away one giant shared memory of this Olympics, and each of us, I suppose, will have his small private ones. Conspicuous among my own was a tiny incident that occurred at the conclusion of one men's relay race. Just beyond the finish line, an American who had been on the winning team threw his baton onto the grass with what seemed to me a contemptuous gesture, as if saying to all concerned, "Big deal." At exactly the same moment, thirty or forty yards short of the finish line, two Spanish runners were bent over in deep anguish; in trying to pass their baton from one to the other they had fumbled it and dropped it, and their grief was uncontrollable. Disdain and despair jumbled together—that seemed somehow to characterize the Twentieth Olympiad. Not to mention disenchantment.

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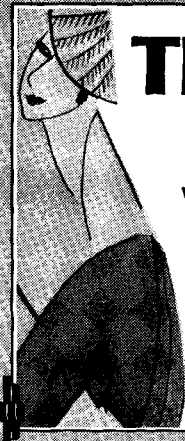
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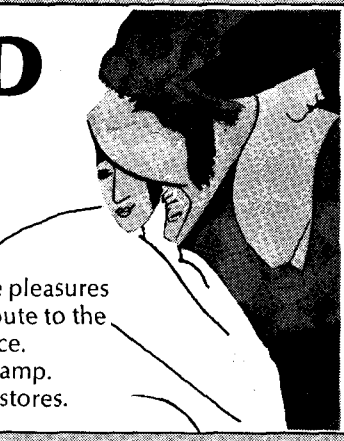
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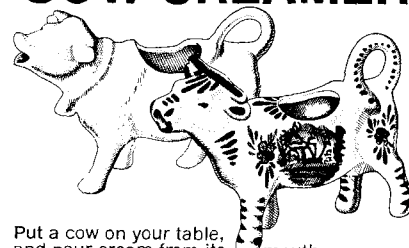
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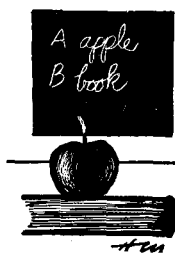
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THE patients who taught Sigmund Freud so much were all grown up, sometimes well into middle age. They came to him in desperation, after they had consulted other doctors, and what troubled them was the present, not the past—an everyday kind of fear, inexplicable anxiety, sudden loss of energy, morbid preoccupations. Why am I in this peculiar kind of strait-jacket, what will happen to me, they wanted to know from their rather young doctor, a specialist in neurology, a man whose originality, persistence, and forcefulness of character would soon inspire reactions in his colleagues—mistrust, fear, envy, spitefulness, a desire to inflict harm. To answer these whys, Freud turned to the past: What was it like, what happened back when you were younger, how did you feel and manage to get along? Yet we are apt to forget how deeply he has influenced the way we think of ourselves, and even today, in many parts of the world, including the United States, some doctors still do not attempt to analyze what is going on now in a patient's life in terms of what once went on in that life.

The crucial problem for Freud was memory—our dreams and nightmares, our idle thoughts and fantasies, our symptoms and hangups, even what was once called our temperament, all of which can be said to be part of remembering. We cannot forget certain important lessons we have learned, and we live a good deal of our lives in response to them—at their behest doing this, not that, feeling one way and not another, keeping the kind of company we “seem” to prefer. Childhood may not be all, but it is an awful lot—always, say the psychoanalysts, more than we are disposed to believe, because it is, ironically, in the very nature of growing up that we push aside things that matter so very much. The word “repress” is meant by psychiatrists to convey the mind's effort to elude some of its important determinants.

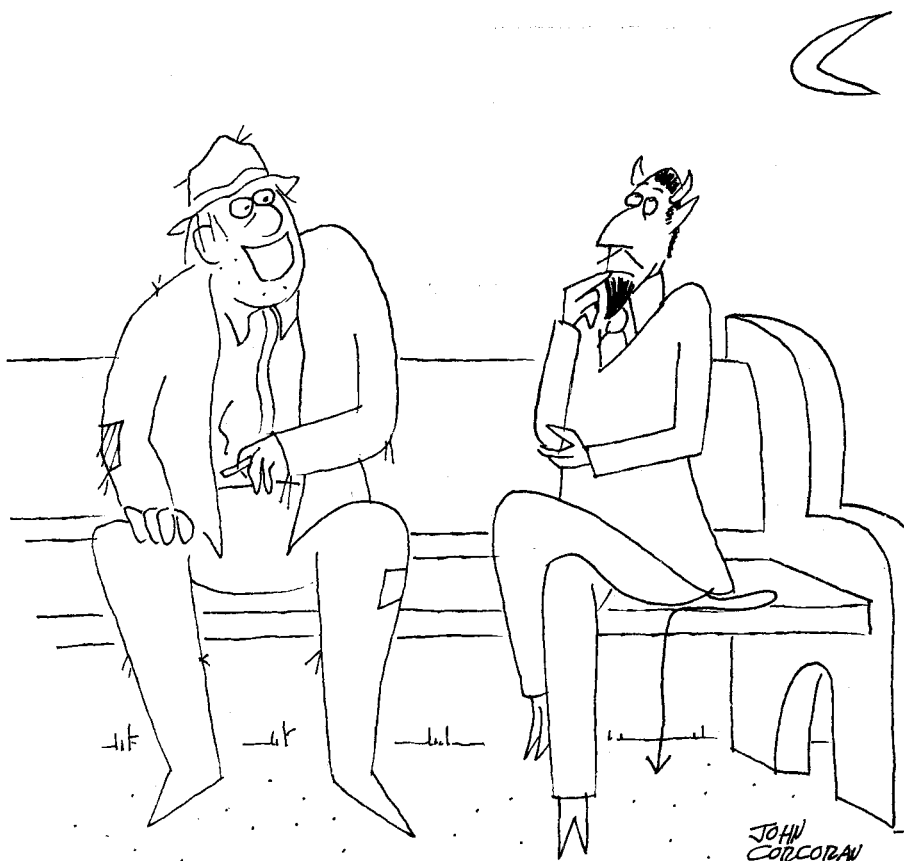
Over the years, as Freud and his colleagues saw through so very many repressions in their patients, a new view of childhood evolved: boys and girls are not innocent or naïve, they have passions, even lusts, and, like their elders, they struggle with resentments, envies,

rivalries, anger, and hate. A very young child can be demanding, calculating, “possessed;” he can want to control one person, get rid of another, and manipulate still others. There are love affairs, devotions to individuals or causes, extreme disappointment and sadness. Pretense, guile, deviousness alternate with openness of manner and disarming candor of speech. The evidence to support this view, one that surprised and outraged many people, was clinical, garnered by doctors from their patients, and Freud summarized it with his formulations (Oedipus complex, infantile sexuality, the phenomenon of transference), all of which had to do with the child who remains a powerful part of us, at no matter what age.

Nevertheless, such evidence can be faulted; it is gained from men and women, not children, and avowedly troubled men and women. Who is to say that what an analysand of thirty tells about events of twenty-five years ago is a true record? Psychoanalysts have noted how much we shape our

thoughts and ideas to suit our moods, and we may do the same when we talk, or dream, about our earlier lives. And if that is so—and psychoanalysts appear to agree that it is—then where are they (or we) when the theories they (and so many of us) have accepted as wisdom are traced back to the picture of childhood that adult patients have given their adult doctors? A strong-minded child, or a grownup eager to speak for the child (not only psychoanalysts have had ideas about what childhood is like), might with logic insist that once again the young have been misrepresented by their elders.

Had it not been for Anna Freud's work of the last five decades, this charge would be difficult to refute. Some analysts would doubtless continue to insist upon the value of the retrospective accounts conveyed by their patients. They would say that their patients may resort to complicated and evasive symbolism, and attempt to cover their tracks, but that what happens to children is permanently a decisive force in a grownup's life and is there-



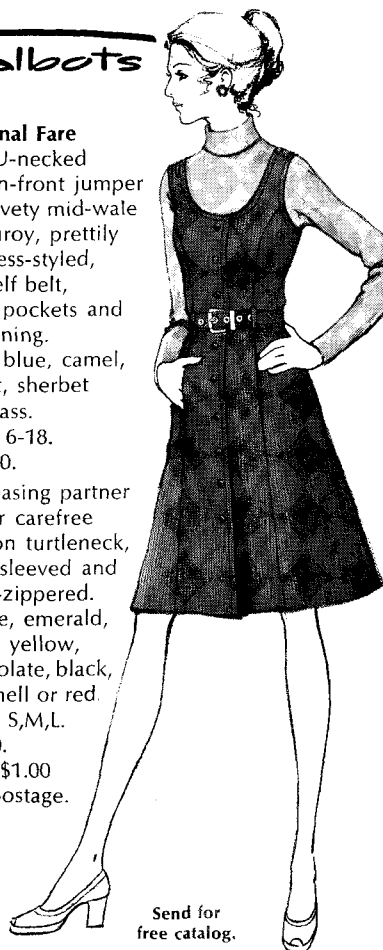
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fore accessible to the analyst. In reply, their opponents would continue to demand hard, clinical evidence rather than theories based upon memories of long ago. "Direct observation" is what these critics would ask. But the fact is that such observation has been done and is being done, and if Anna Freud has her way it will continue to be done; the ways children find to get along with their parents and brothers and sisters and friends are watched by analysts who are trained to talk with children, listen to them, pay them the faithful attention other analysts accord older patients. By 1926, when she was thirty-one, it was plain that Miss Freud was the one child of her father who would become a psychoanalyst. She had been a schoolteacher, but she did not end her interest in children when she took up a new profession. Though she has always treated adult patients, she has concentrated most of her energies on young people, and in effect has pioneered a new field of inquiry—child psychoanalysis. In the late nineteen-twenties, she published two books that are essential for those who want to work with and understand children: "The Psychoanalytic Treatment of Children" and "Psychoanalysis for Teachers and Parents." In these books one encounters clear, crisp, unadorned, forceful writing, and a modesty of spirit that no amount of adulation by either the general public or her colleagues will ever diminish. What she knows she says, and in a blunt, confident manner; what she is not sure about, or cannot quite grasp, because she thinks she has not seen enough, heard enough, she avoids or simply says is a matter for future study. Her "The Ego and the Mechanisms of Defense," published in 1937, is one of the most important psychoanalytic books ever written. In it an imbalance is redressed; she makes it clear that analysts must no longer emphasize only the drives that urge us on so relentlessly. We lust, we rage, we crave people or things, but we also have learned how to deal with the body's energies and the rules and values a given society, a given era insist upon. Miss Freud shows the ego to be more than a petulant or powerless negotiator, rushing about trying to placate, to compromise—and, if need be, ready to cave in. She dwells, too, on the now famous id and super-ego—abstractions designed to account for the body's instinctual life and the developing conscience most of us both need and more than occasionally suffer from (Freud's vision is calmly tragic: one cannot avoid pain, not even if one is the most successful psy-



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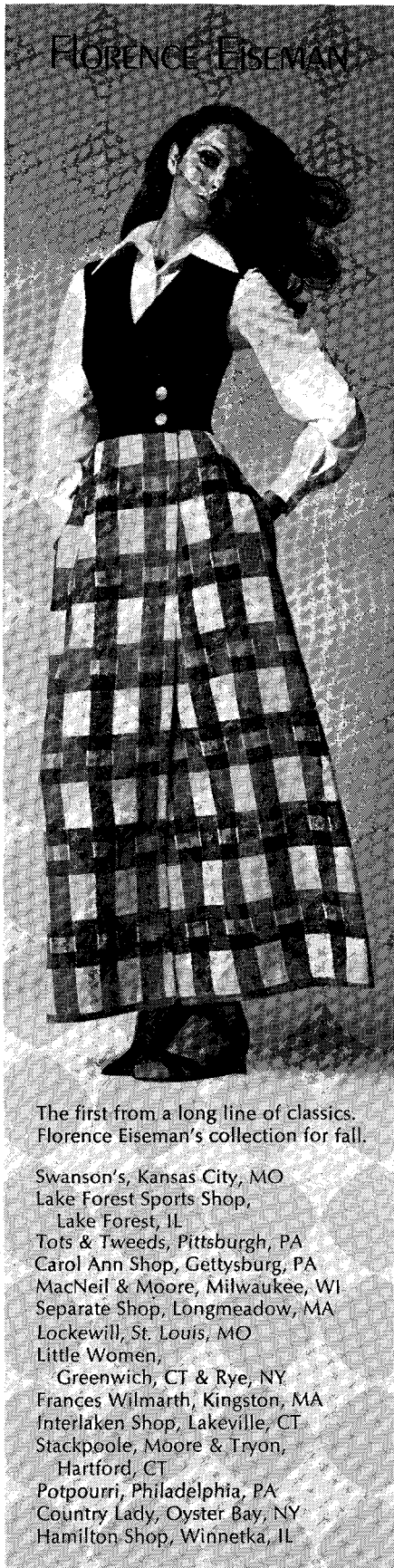
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chological entrepreneur). Still, the ego, like a good juggler, keeps things going, at least for many of us. It holds some things in check, wisely yields on some, or gives ground only to take the offensive later. It is invested with the mind's intellectual skills, which are vulnerable to its occasional stormy emotional life, and so is not merely a cover for what goes on "deeper down." The ego is also part of the unconscious, and it can be as persistent and forceful and demanding as any of the appetites and hungers it has to contend with. In pointing all that out, Miss Freud was again exploring new territory.

By the time the Nazi blitz of England began, Anna Freud was living in London, where her father had died, just three weeks after Hitler invaded Poland. She and her friend Dorothy Burlingham, another psychoanalyst, set to work trying to help children whose parents had been forced to part with them by sending them away to countryside nurseries. Her "War and Children" and "Infants Without Families" tell what happened to them, and, indirectly, tell how long and hard she worked on their behalf. To the children, the Luftwaffe and its bombs, and the fires they caused, were nothing compared to the desolation of their sense of abandonment, however necessary their evacuation from their homes. Miss Freud's writing in this instance is especially lively and affecting, but, as always, in touch with the everyday realities she saw children face. Similarly, in 1965, with the publication of her "Normality and Pathology in Childhood," she continues to demonstrate her willingness to go beyond the clinicians' concern with how to treat the ill and look at how more or less "normal" individuals come to terms with themselves. Her father had allowed some very confused and bizarre patients to give him a view of what the rest of us struggle with more successfully; his daughter now showed how difficult it is, in children, to separate the "healthy" from the "unhealthy," the psychologically adequate from the inadequate. Once more she counsels restraint and caution; once more analysts are asked to be wary of sweeping generalizations. Children are a various lot, she points out, and from clinicians they deserve attentive waiting, lest a merely passing upset be without warrant labelled a "sickness" in need of "treatment." Besides, what is "normal" or "abnormal" has to do with the child's age, the culture to which he is exposed, the particular problems he happens to face, and the relationship between his present troubles and his

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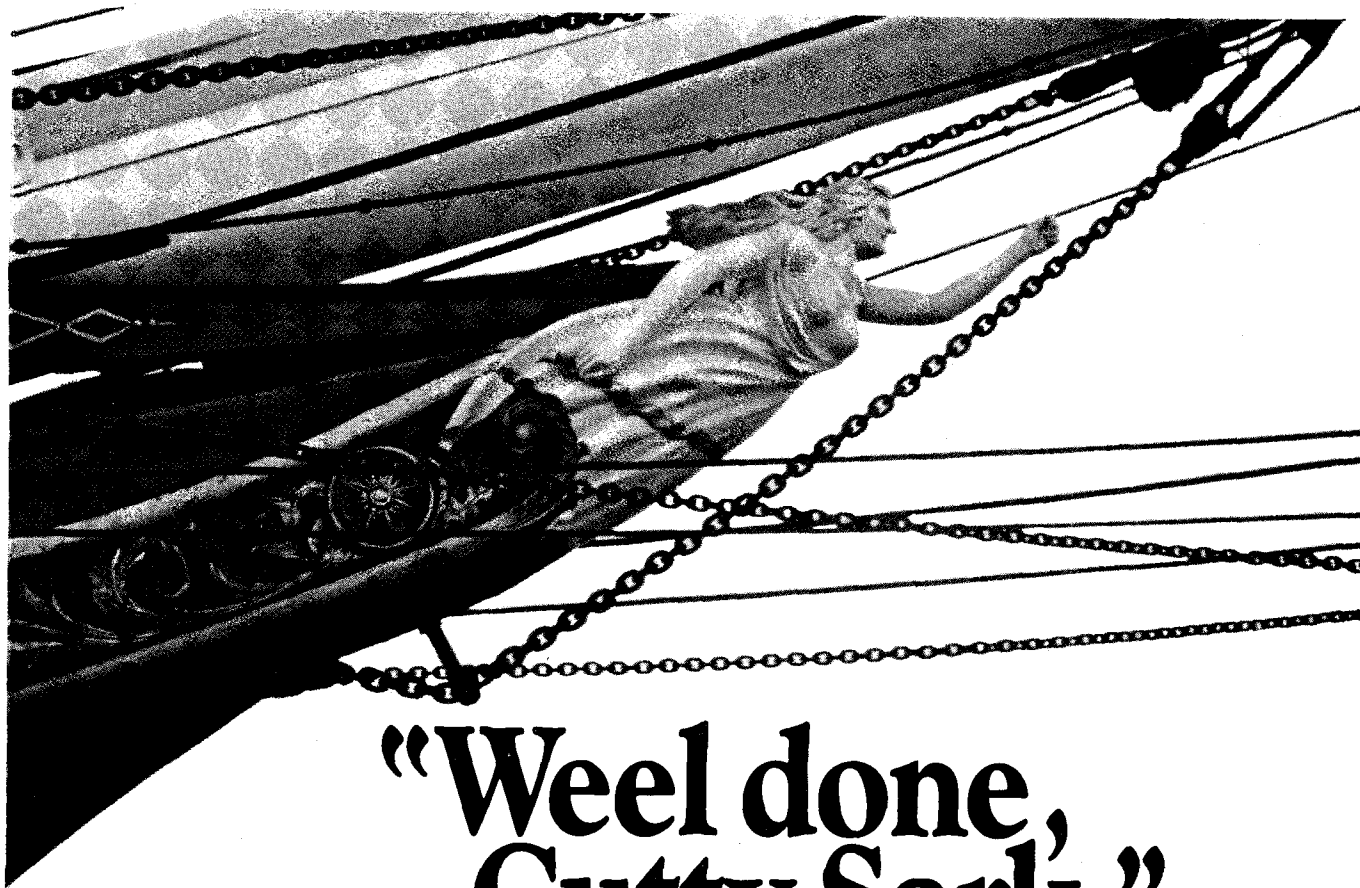
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past achievements, and on and on. (Some children seem "normally" able to "dip" into distress and emerge the better for it.)

All these books are being republished by International Universities Press in a series under the title "The Writings of Anna Freud." Her earliest essays and her work during the Second World War (out of print for a long time—an aching absence) have yet to be re-issued, but the major books on the ego and the problem of assessing "normality" in childhood have been on hand for a year or so. Volume VII, the most recent to be published, is a collection of twenty papers on "problems of psychoanalytic training, diagnosis, and the technique of therapy," most of them having to do with child analysis. It offers no startling conceptual or methodological breakthroughs; she leaves that work to others, asking herself only for the evidence supplied by "direct observation." One cannot escape the feeling that a distinguished psychoanalyst, now in her late seventies, has felt the need to assert, perhaps for the last time, what she has all along believed is important, and to ponder what may challenge her younger colleagues. Not that there is any self-conscious farewell in the essays. Miss Freud remains strong, active, brimming with ideas and interests. She is constantly asked to attend meetings, to comment, to lecture. Since she is inevitably requested to speak about (and maybe help settle) the vexing intellectual controversies that crop up to trouble any living discipline, she tends to offer the broad, reflective attitude younger men and women hope to receive from someone of her age and experience. Always, she argues for caution: the analyst must not mistake the normal, passing difficulties of all children for troubles that require analytic treatment. Nor is it always clear, she says, when their analysis should end. Does the therapist at times forget that he is not, after all, the child's parent? Has the work of analysis gone far enough—or too far? In dealing with older children, does the analyst distinguish between the apparently inescapable pain and turmoil of adolescence and the difficulties that do indeed require a psychiatrist's intervention? What are a patient's activities outside the consultation situation—mere reflections of what has been exchanged between him and his doctor? How much does psychoanalytic treatment affect what the novelist Walker Percy calls "everydayness"—the tone and rhythm of one's dawn-to-dusk (and dusk-to-dawn) life? How far back

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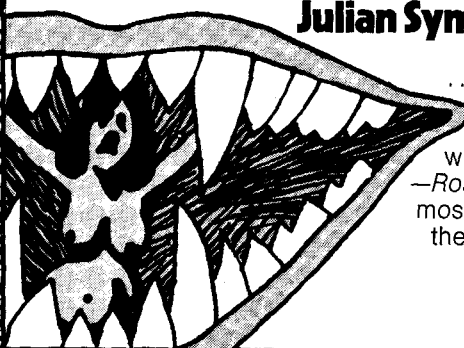
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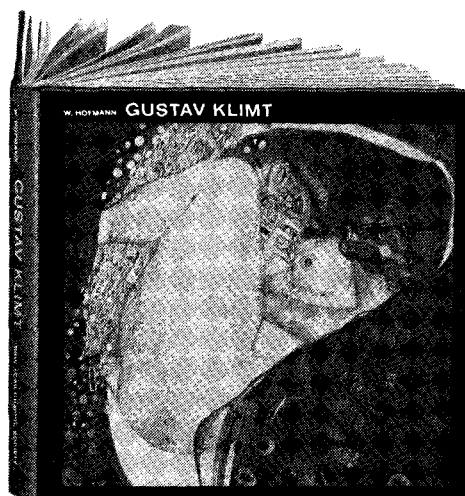
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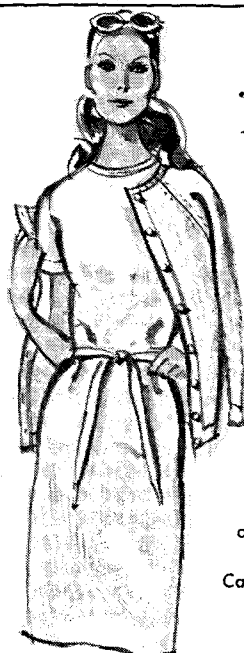
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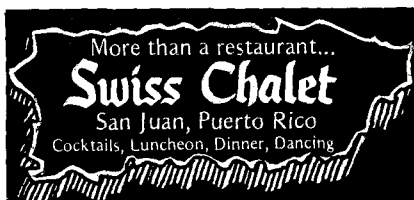
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should psychopathologists go in their search for first causes of psychological disturbance? Do we have any evidence that in the first year of life children go through complicated *emotional* twists and turns—not only the moments of pain and pleasure most mothers recognize but bouts of “depression” or “paranoia”?

Anna Freud cannot give clear-cut answers to such questions. It is not easy to know exactly when an analysis ought to end, be the patient child or grownup. In child analysis, at times the analyst becomes more than necessarily protective and parental. Some adolescents can confuse even the most experienced analysts. What seems the severest kind of emotional disorder can clear away without therapy; what seems a perfectly ordinary upset can be the beginning of lasting mental breakdown. Patients do reenact in their daily lives aspects of what is happening between them and their analyst, but they are also human beings who have lives to lead, and doctors and patients can become so wrapped up in the intricacies of their own involvement that they overread the significance of just about anything that happens to either of them. Much can go wrong psychologically in a child's first year, as analysts like René Spitz have shown; neglected, ignored, brutalized infants six months or a year old can pay a heavy price for the rest of their lives. But it may be unwise to go from that conclusion, based upon the “direct observation” of Dr. Spitz and certain other doctors, to the conclusion that we can tell what, if anything, infants of, say, four months or eight months are “thinking.” We may be attributing to them our own “thinking,” and (not for the first time) the theorists' eagerness for ever-expanding and more inclusive abstractions will have been unwisely indulged.

If this book has a theme, it is the author's effort to keep psychoanalysis a lively, open-minded discipline. Whether theory is being examined, diagnostic practices discussed, a book or film being reviewed, an assembly of students addressed, or an obituary written, the issue somehow is the same: will Freud's successors continue to be loyal not to particular words of his (he was always ready to change his mind) but to the essential spirit he demonstrated—an uncanny ability to go look for himself, to pay close attention, to write of things seen and heard in straightforward, uncluttered prose. He was a man of ideas, and he went far afield, especially in his later years, when he wrote about religion and anthropology.



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But what makes him still so influential is the example he gave students of the mind, an example his daughter also offers: be modest and painstaking for a long time before you come up with bold and commanding formulations—if they are to last much longer than a season, let alone a year.

Now and then, the reader briefly meets the author: "I started out as an elementary schoolteacher. I changed from that to the field of analysis and child analysis. From then on, I moved constantly back and forth, from the theoretical study of these problems to their practical application. I agree that one has to have special luck to do this, and that most people do not have this." The word "luck" is not sufficient. Throughout her long and dedicated life, Anna Freud has never wanted to be far away from children. They have puzzled her, moved her to have second thoughts, obtained from her an astonishing degree of curiosity, attention, and concern. They have been the ones who have carried her back and forth, from the world of the mind to the world of the engaged heart. Maybe all this is responsible for the luminous coherence of her writing; maybe the saving grace that even troubled children can radiate has been communicated to this long-time friend of theirs. Luck, yes, but the kind of luck an inspired worker in any field always stumbles upon. And, speaking of luck, the rest of us have to be mentioned, too; we are the lucky children who are being left quite a lot to have and profit from, but also live up to.

—ROBERT COLES

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

DRAGON BY THE TAIL: AMERICAN, BRITISH, AND RUSSIAN ENCOUNTERS WITH CHINA AND ONE ANOTHER, by John Paton Davies, Jr. (Norton). This book is by no means an "I told you so," although Mr. Davies did tell us, and, for his frankness, was harassed by Joe McCarthy and fired from the State Department by John Foster Dulles. Mr. Davies reported in the nineteen-forties that the Chinese Communists were likely to win a Chinese civil war, and that they were longing for close ties with the United States, so that they would not need to rely on Russia. He suggested that we might take advantage of their anxiety—the equal of our own—to diminish postwar Soviet influence in Asia. But Mr. Davies' book is not a

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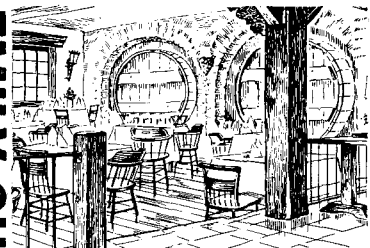
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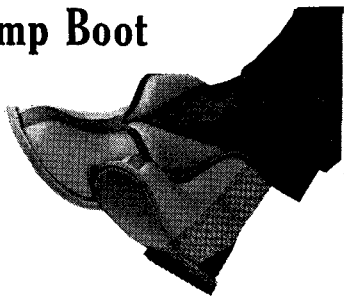
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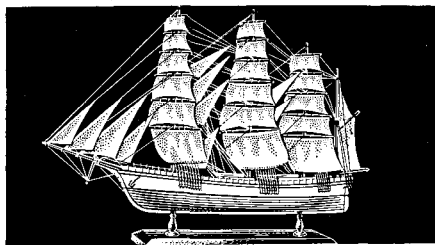
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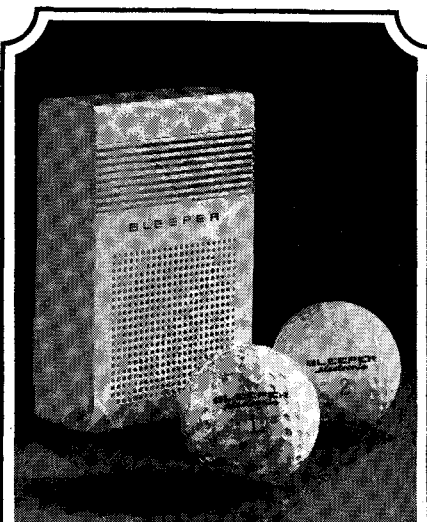
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work of self-justification; instead, it is history and memoir, and its point is that China and the Chinese as a people have upset everybody's expectations, including those of Mao Tse-tung. Why this happened, what China was and became, is the book's story. It uses Mr. Davies' enormous first-hand experience as a missionary's child, as an American consular employee in the nineteen-thirties, and as General Stilwell's political aide in the nineteen-forties. He is an exceptionally gifted writer; his ability to describe landscape and to convey personality, and to shape clusters of events into a narrative, his precise and witty style, and his sound feeling for history are remarkable, and their effect is to make reading about stupidity and disaster a high pleasure.

A **GOD WITHIN**, by René Dubos (Scribners). In this intelligent, profound, and encouraging book, Dr. Dubos talks about man on this planet, about the diverse ways men have adapted themselves to—and have altered—markedly divergent natural environments, and about his own hopes for a reasonable, practical compromise between human requirements and the stability of the natural world on which human life depends. Dr. Dubos' perspective is long indeed; he points out, for example, that while the European landscape is the result of constant modification by human beings ever since the Stone Age, the almost manic mining of every resource is very recent. Men have never resigned themselves to nature's wilderness, but they need not—and, he thinks, will not—accept a wilderness of slag, either. The prose is easy, personal, and evocative.

SPECIMEN DAYS, by Walt Whitman, with an introduction by Alfred Kazin (Godine). This affecting book, one of the minor classics of American literature, was first published in 1882 and consists of reminiscences of Whitman's youth on Long Island, extracts from travel diaries and from the little notebooks he carried in his pocket when he was visiting the sick and dying in Washington hospitals during the Civil War, and set paragraphs about objects in nature, written in late middle age, when he was partially recovered from a paralytic stroke and living in solitude in the Jersey woods. The prose ranges back and forth between Whitman's characteristic grandiloquence and simple, accurate, unaffected, timeless report-



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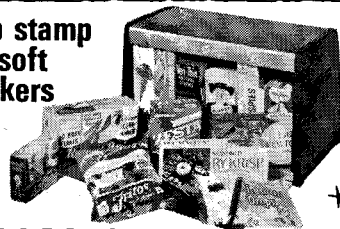
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ing, of which this is a fair example: "AUGUST 12: I see the President almost every day, as I happen to live where he passes to or from his lodgings out of town. He never sleeps at the White House during the hot season, but has quarters at a healthy location some three miles north of the city, the Soldier's Home, a United States military establishment. I saw him this morning about 8:30, coming in to business, riding on Vermont Avenue, near L Street. He always has a company of twenty-five or thirty cavalry, with sabers drawn and held upright over their shoulders. They say this guard was against his personal wish, but he lets his counselors have their way. The party makes no great show in uniform or horses. Mr. Lincoln on the saddle generally rides a good-sized, easy-going gray horse, is dressed in plain black, somewhat rusty and dusty, wears a black stiff hat, and looks about as ordinary in attire, etc., as the commonest man. A lieutenant, with yellow straps, rides at his left, and following behind, two by two, come the cavalry men, in their yellow-striped jackets. They are generally going at a slow trot, as that is the pace set them by the one they wait upon. The sabers and accoutrements clank, and the entirely unornamental cortege as it trots toward Lafayette Square arouses no sensation, only some curious stranger stops and gazes. I see very plainly ABRAHAM LINCOLN's dark brown face, with the deep-cut lines, the eyes, always to me with a deep latent sadness in the expression. We have got so that we exchange bows." The sepia photographs—hospital and camp scenes, *carte-de-visite* pictures of soldiers, and sixty-five portraits of Whitman, from the Brady and Feinberg Collections of the Library of Congress, the New York Public Library, the Yale University Library, and other sources—are sharp and clear and very much at one with the text. Twenty-five dollars.

ASHES OF VICTORY: WORLD WAR II AND ITS AFTERMATH, by Quincy Howe (Simon & Schuster). The author feels that the issues of the First World War were settled at Munich, which, in turn, led to the Second World War. He says that when the Wilsonian ideal of national self-determination was applied to the Germans in Czechoslovakia, such European order as had been achieved collapsed, and then, by steps none of the principals at Mu-



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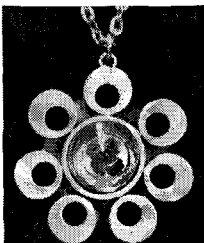
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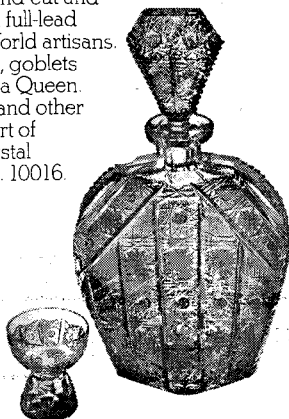
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nich anticipated, there came a world war and the destruction not of a world order—there had been none—but of a variety of old arrangements around the globe. Mr. Howe traces the interaction of war and diplomacy, of military means and political ends, from 1938 down to the present with remarkable skill, intellectual and literary. His theme is irony: the surprising, usually unwelcome effects of almost every important statesman's decisions. Mr. Howe's detachment is indeed cool; the expense of all that blood, sweat, toil, and tears appears to a large extent to be a waste brought about by miscalculations and misunderstandings. The warmth in the book is all of the mind: an intense effort to understand modern history.

THE GOOD LIFE... OR WHAT'S LEFT OF IT, by Phyllis and Fred Feldkamp (Harper's Magazine Press). The message of this book is that France is still there, and still doing incomparably some of the wonderful things she has always done, such as producing great wine, cheese, pastry, and cabinetwork, and racing thoroughbreds under the aegis of the Jockey Club, which deserves to be more famous than any other snob club in the world, since it mattered to Swann. The authors' reports—two of them first appeared in this magazine—afford hours of happy escape reading.

TWICE OVER LIGHTLY: NEW YORK THEN AND NOW, by Helen Hayes and Anita Loos (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). These two eminent women, who happen to be best friends, realized one day that, as tourists, they had explored many foreign cities but in New York, where Miss Loos lives and Miss Hayes has lived and worked, neither had taken time to discover anything off her own beaten path. The book is a merry chronicle of more than a year's worth of safaris they took together to remedy their ignorance of home: trips to the New York waterfront (Whyte's restaurant, the South Street Seaport Museum) and the Jumel Mansion (Mme. Jumel's ghost has been photographed just lately); to the Bronx and Staten Island zoos; to Bellevue Hospital; to schools of astrology, hairdressing, and hypnotism; to Harlem, Shea Stadium, the East Village, the United Nations—and more. They did the town and had a marvellous time, probably because their own high spirits made them irresistible to everyone they

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MYSTERY AND CRIME

MAIGRET AND THE MADWOMAN, by Georges Simenon, translated from the French by Eileen Ellenbogen (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). The Chief Superintendent of the Paris Police Department is approached by a fragile little widow of eighty-six who professes to fear for her life. The reason she gives, which encourages Maigret and his colleagues to consider her a trifle dotty, is that the last three or four times she has returned to her apartment after an afternoon in the park certain ornaments and articles of furnishing have not been quite in their accustomed places. Nevertheless, she is murdered, and a sheepish Maigret is confronted with a seemingly motiveless crime and a cast of suspects limited to the dead woman's niece (a homely but sexually ardent masseuse), her illegitimate son (a rock musician), and a no-account bartender and pimp. Maigret solves it in his best, and most entertaining, plodding, doddering, muddling manner.

THE ALAMUT AMBUSH, by Anthony Price (Doubleday). This ingenious tale of espionage in a very cold war begins with a violent death in London and ends with several violent deaths on a peaceful hillside in Sussex. In between, the mystery deepens, or at least thickens, until we begin to wonder if the "real truth" will ever be brought to light. What starts as a story of British Intelligence soon turns into a neatly layered puzzle that includes various levels and cliques inside and outside British Intelligence, and also inside and outside Israeli, Arab, and Egyptian Intelligence. It is a gigantic and sinister shadow play, with amiable human undertones, and it has a moral. The moral: When clever and desperate men are playing for keeps, heaven help the more or less innocent bystander. Mr. Price has assembled some very attractive characters here, notably the enigmatic Dr. Audley, who is too knowledgeable and too devious for words, and a sharp young ex-R.A.F. man named Hugh Roskill.

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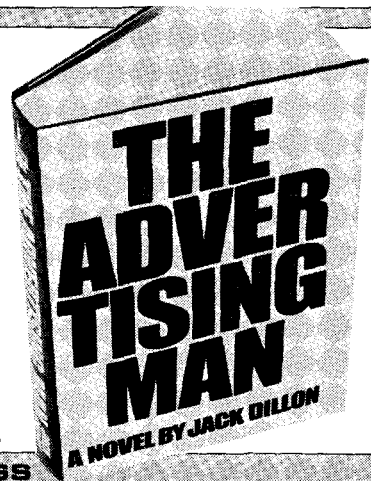
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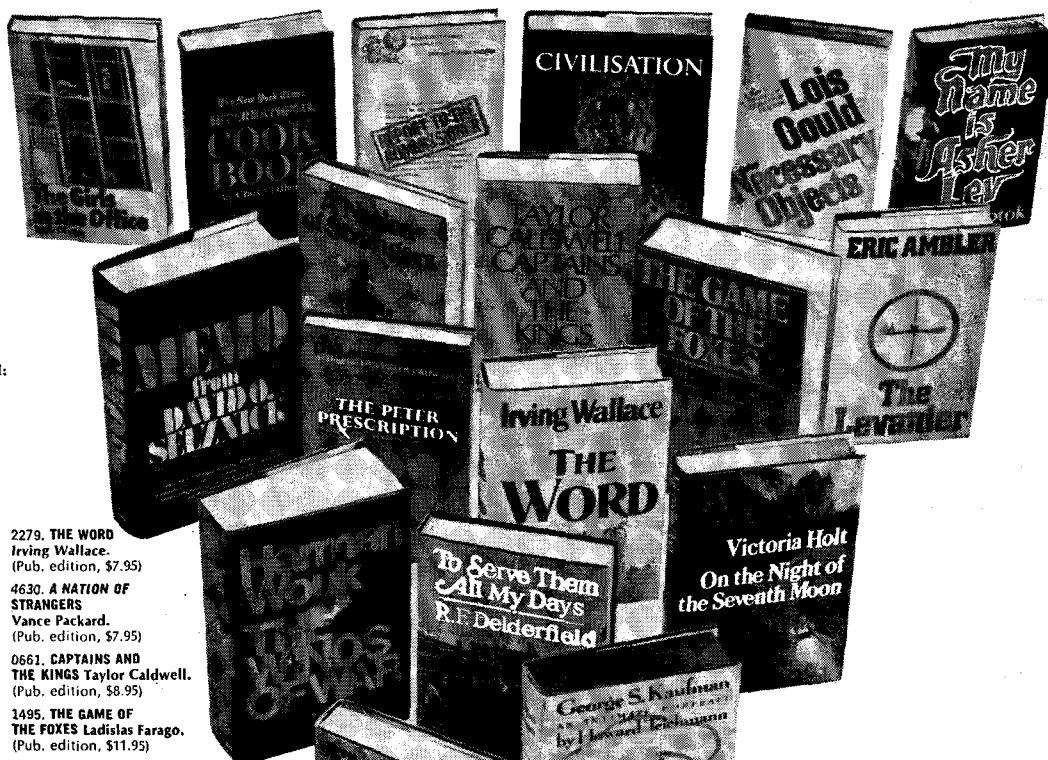
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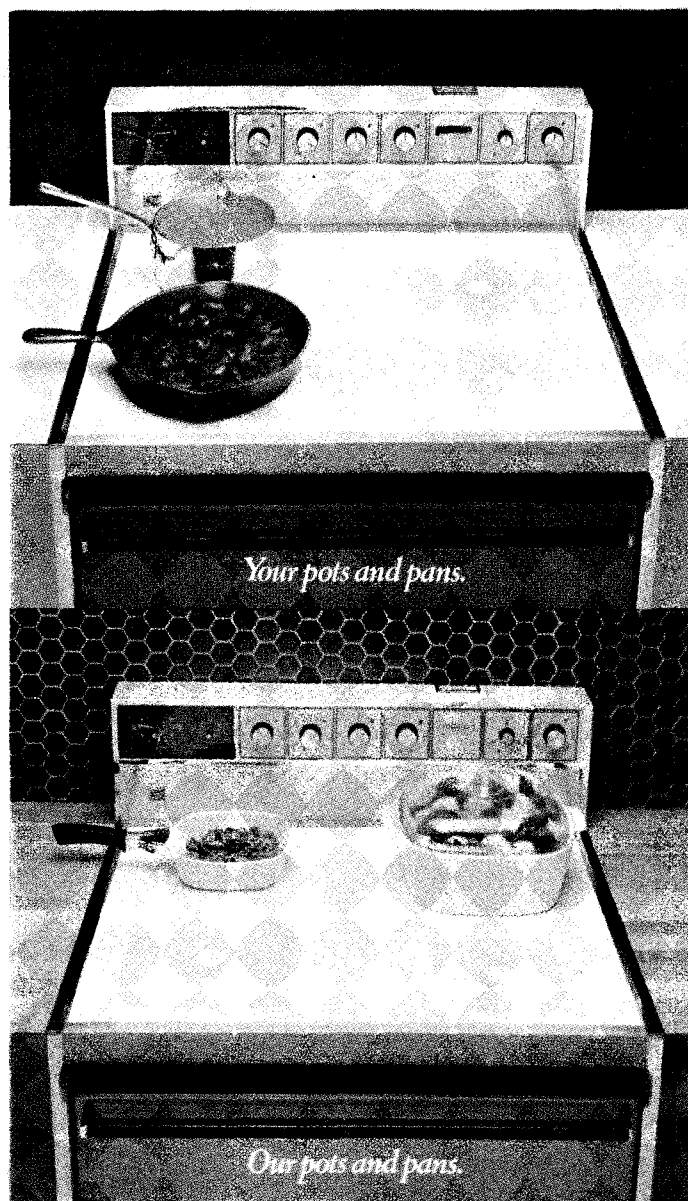
Instead, we'd like to talk a little more about Aunt Sally's pea soup. Funny, but it always seems to taste better when you make it in the old enameled pot Aunt Sally herself bequeathed you.

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